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THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

THE year 1870 will be for ever memorable in the annals of Roman Catholicism, as the fatal date which inaugurated the decline and fall of the spiritual empire of the Vatican. The insane party which has taken upon itself the direction of the Vatican Councils, may boast of having done more to ruin the Roman Church than her bitterest adversaries have ever accomplished. Let us take a rapid survey of what has passed at Rome since the opening and first constitution of the Council which we have more fully characterized in a previous article. We there described the components of the assembly, and pointed out the attitude and proportionate numbers of the two great parties into which it is divided. We showed the evils resulting from the primary decree which limited the right of initiation, confining it entirely to a commission nominated exclusively by the Pope. All free or enlightened concert was thus arrested respecting the great dogmatical and ecclesiastical commis-

sions. This regulation excited the strongest opposition; we have seen how it was met, and with what infatuation things were pushed to the extreme by the Ultramontalist leaders, who found in the Pope a ready tool. If unity of design is a great merit, the Vatican Council may be termed a rare master-piece, for it revolves round one single idea—to exalt the Papacy, and to sacrifice to it every right and every vestige of liberty that remains in the Church; in a word, to carry religious centralization to the highest point, and to constitute Rome the head, the centre, the focus of ecclesiastical life. This design was evident in every question that has arisen; but it is above all conspicuous in that of "Infallibility," which would complete it at one blow, without the slightest restriction. We will endeavor to trace its development through the intrigues and passions of the one party, and the noble but powerless resistance of the other.

An important manifesto from the French

bishops on the Liberal side has just appeared under the title "Ce qui se passe au Concile." It portrays, with force and indignation, the several events which have gradually suppressed all freedom in the assembly, especially since the decree of the 20th of February. This regulation is a genuine monstrosity; never was a more insolent defiance launched against just and rightful claims. The Opposition felt themselves hampered by the rules at first imposed on their deliberations; their complaints were answered by an aggravation of those rules that was simply scandalous. Upon this, they communicated their grievances on the points in debate to one of the great commissions. A summary report on their amendments and objections was presented. The oral debate was opened, but it was deemed sufficient response to these demands, that all discussion of them should be formally adjourned *sine die*.

The following extract from the pamphlet named above, expresses the justifiable indignation of the men who were thus trampled on:—

"Let us call up in thought the simplest notion of an Ecumenical Council, which is that of an assembly of bishops met to deliberate and decide in tranquillity and freedom under the presidency of the Pope, and then let us seek for its realization in the proceedings of the last four months beneath the dome of St. Peter's. Do we find it in the preparation for its work? There the influence of the bishops had been *nil*. Is it to be found in the debates that have ensued? By an unprecedented self-abnegation, the assembly has allowed its power to be absorbed by commissions selected without its privity, under high pressure from one party, and as it were unawares. Debate in general convocation has been a mere illusion; discussion has been muzzled, and free speech gagged. Or is it discoverable at the moment of voting? This also is without warrant or control, always at the mercy of a triumphant majority. On the other hand, passion is dominating more and more; old traditions and usages are abandoned, just claims forgotten, and the most elementary rules set at naught. We ask ourselves where is the Council? Those who form the majority are nevertheless persons distinguished for piety and virtue; they know that the mere name is not enough to constitute an Ecumenical Council; that certain rules cannot be disregarded with impunity; that a good cause does not need to be supported by violence!"

From the same source we give the following information concerning the proceedings of the Council during the last three months:—

"According to official statistics lately published at Rome, the number of Fathers actually seated in conclave at the Vatican is 759: seven having died since its opening, and four having obtained leave of absence. Of these 759 there are, in round numbers, 50 cardinals; 100 vicars-apostolic; 50 generals of orders and mitred abbots; more than 100 bishops of the Propaganda, 276 Italians, of whom 143 belong to the Pontifical States."

These numbers require some comment in order to convey their full significance. "Vicars Apostolic" occupy a relation to the Pope similar to that of civil functionaries in a despotic State to the sovereign who appoints them. The Propaganda founded by Gregory XIII. in 1585, consequently after the Council of Trent, added a new and powerful contingent to the docile soldiers of the Pope. The Episcopate of South America, Italy, and Spain is, in consequence of recent political revolutions, entirely at the mercy of the Holy See, to which it clings for support against the civil power. Besides this, the Papacy has acquired the right to nominate the bishops of more than 900 sees, all of which are absolutely dependent on it. While France, Germany, and Portugal, which reckon eighty-three out of the one hundred and eighty millions of Catholics, are represented by only one hundred and fifty-three bishops, the States of the church, which cannot exceed one million of Catholics, send one hundred and forty-three, almost thirty times more in proportion than the afore-named countries. We must not forget, moreover, that more than half the assembled Fathers are boarded and lodged at the Pope's expense. Many of these have been seen to shed tears under a conflict of feeling between the claims of conscience and the duties imposed by the hospitality they have received. Such are the elements of the majority on whose decisions hang the destinies of the church.

That which greatly aggravates the state of things as regards the minority, is the constant and eager interference of the Pope in every proceeding of the Council. We have already seen him, before its opening, making every preparation to secure the accomplishment of his own purpose; from

that time he has taken advantage of every opportunity, not hesitating even to decide beforehand the gravest questions submitted to the Council, and proclaiming to all who would listen, his own divinely appointed infallibility, as a characteristic of which nothing can deprive him, and declaring that those who dispute it are "bad Catholics." We ask, then, what is the use of a Council, and is it not a farce to pretend to submit to its deliberations a question which is predetermined?

As an example of Papal influence and abuse we may cite the terms in which M. de Montalembert, immediately after his decease, was characterized as a monster of pride, because, in his last letter, he had denounced Ultramontane idolatry. On this account the Pope set himself against the religious service which had been arranged by the friends of M. de Montalembert, substituting in its stead a low mass in an obscure church, simply to be said for "un certo Carlo." This was meant as a gross insult to the whole of Liberal Catholicism, which into the bargain was accused of semi-Catholicism. The affair with the Orientals is of a still more serious nature. The Oriental Catholics have always been allowed some special privileges as relics of their ancient freedom. They have been permitted to use their own form of worship, to elect their own bishops subject to the appointment of their Patriarch, and were only required to furnish the Pope with a document containing a profession of faith which constituted their union with the Papacy. The Holy Father, taking advantage of the complaisance of Monsignor Hassam,—a former pupil of the Propaganda, now Patriarch of the Armenian Church,—obtained from this courtly prelate the renunciation of his own rights and those of his community. But the scheme has not proved successful, and a section of the Armenian Church has just formed a schism at Constantinople. Neither threats nor promises could prevent this recoil from Roman tyranny. An Armenian archbishop who was known to the Vicar-General as strongly opposed to Monsignor Hassam's compliances, was compelled to take refuge in an Armenian convent, to escape being arrested in the streets of Rome. Pontifical authority did not even draw back from the conventual inclosure, but threatened to seize the rebel in his retreat. The convent resisted, and claimed Turk-

ish protection after allowing the archbishop and his vicar to make their escape. The Chaldean Catholics found themselves despoiled of their rights in a similar fashion. The Pope had himself appointed, without their intervention, two of their bishops. Their ancient bishops and patriarchs refused to come to Rome except under the promise that these newly-made bishops, whom they regarded as thrust upon them, should not also be present. But the Propaganda took care to override this promise, and in a tumultuous scene, wrung from the aged Patriarch of Babylon the renunciation of the liberties of his Church. His signature, obtained unawares at the close of a discourse in which he had maintained the right to liberty of worship, will have no weight in Chaldaea, where it will, no doubt, lead to a schism. It seems that the gentle Pontiff shrinks from nothing that he deems requisite to quell resistance.

He has not dared to use similar means with the recalcitrant bishops of the west; but he has not spared them in his briefs and discourses, as may be inferred from the following extract of a brief address to Dom Guéranger, the great champion of infallibility, whose work entitled "*La Monarchie Pontificale*," is the most important manifesto of the Ultramontanists:—

"BELOVED SON,

"It is a thing greatly to be lamented, that we find among nominal Catholics, men who, while they glory in that name, are wholly imbued with corrupt principles, which they hold so obstinately, that they will not submit their minds to the judgment of the Holy See, when it runs contrary to their own, even though it be corroborated by common consent, and the sanction of the Episcopate. Nay, they go still farther, and in defence of modern progress, and the welfare of society, they endeavor to bring the Church to their own views; regarding themselves as possessed of all wisdom, they do not blush to give the name of Ultramontanist to all who differ from them.

"They carry this folly to such an extreme, that they propose to remodel the divine institution of the Church, and adapt it to modern forms of civil government, in order that they may, with the greater ease, overthrow the authority of the supreme chief whom Christ has Himself appointed, whose prerogatives they dread. Their object is to disturb men's minds, to excite those of their faction and the ignorant vulgar against the faith generally professed. Beside the evil which they do in thus throwing the apple of dis-

cord among the faithful, and making a street-squabble out of questions of the most serious importance, they display a senselessness which we cannot but deplore, and which is equalled only by their audacity.

"For these reasons, we deem that you have done the Church great service in refuting the principal assertions which are met with in the works published under this influence, and by bringing to light the spirit of hatred, violence, and artifice, which characterizes them. You have achieved this work with so much firmness and brilliance, and with such abundant arguments drawn from antiquity and from ecclesiastical lore, that, condensing many things in few words, you have stripped off all their pretence of learning from men who have wrapped up their thoughts in language utterly bereft of sense."

After briefs of this class, which have been multiplied beyond all proportion, and which have been chiefly addressed to Infallibilist priests, who are under the influence or ecclesiastical sway of liberal bishops, we have had Papal allocutions addressed to the numerous visitors who came to offer to the Pope almost idolatrous incense. Pius IX. has taken advantage of every opportunity to crush the opposition bishops, and to exalt his own partisans. His fury knows no bounds, and no respect of persons. Witness the following fragment of the Allocution of January 9th.

"I am the Pope; the Vicar of Jesus Christ; the chief of the Catholic Church, and I have called this Council, which shall do His work. Some pretentious wise men would like to tamper with certain questions, and would not have us take one step against the ideas of the times, but these are leaders of the blind (*duces cæcorum*). I say,—I who cannot but speak the truth,—that if we would establish liberty, we must never fear to speak the truth, and to denounce error. I too would be free as well as the truth itself."

We give another fragment from a discourse delivered by the Pope on March 23rd, to his beloved Vicars Apostolic, who are as his body-guard.

"It is my joy to see you, and I believe also that it is your joy to be near to me. Pray;—for great difficulties surround us. A thought occurs to me, which I wish to communicate to you. It is at this moment as it was when Jesus stood at Pilate's bar—that which happened to Jesus is reproduced in the person of his

Vicar. The Jews were furious; Pilate wished to send them away, and to deliver the innocent One; but *si hunc dimittis non es amicus Cæsaris!* The Jews, the Pharisees, the multitude uttered that cry. Pilate dared not to be just! (Here, according to the *Univers*, the Pope made a gesture of disdain, and his words were uttered with an expression truly sublime.) And there are those now who are in fear of the world! They fear revolution! They know the truth well enough; they do not hate it; but, *non es amicus Cæsaris!* They will sacrifice all the rights of the Holy See, and their love for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Miserable men! what must they do? They seek the applause of men. We, my children, we seek the approbation of God. You must sustain the claims of truth and righteousness. It is the duty of the bishops fearlessly to fight in the defence of truth alongside of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. My children, do not forsake me! (Cries of no, no!)"

The exultation of the inferior clergy knows no bounds. Every means are employed to fire their enthusiasm. The *Univers* continues to publish its ever-swelling list of signatures, accompanied with the demands of the Infallibilists, and with insult to all who oppose them. Priests who are daily arriving at Rome from all parts of France, are in a state of triumphant joy, which beggars description, but which surrounds the Council with an atmosphere of fanatical enthusiasm. On Saturday, May 14th, 300 of these men were received at the Vatican, when nothing could be heard but extatic and passionate shouts of *Vive l'Infaillible! Vive l'Infaillible!! Vive l'Infaillible!!!* The Pope blessed them with peculiar tenderness. Manifestations of this kind are organized whenever he goes out to visit a church, or to drive on the Pincian. A council held under such circumstances cannot be free. This circumstance will ultimately prove the stronghold of the Liberal party. The *Journal des Débats* has published letters from two of the most eminent French bishops, which breathe fiery indignation at Roman intrigues and Pontifical tyranny. The Germans use similar language. Both declare that such entire disregard of all conciliar rules has never been witnessed, that the constitution of the Church is trampled under foot, and that it is impossible to recognise the legitimate authority of such an assembly. Now that we know the way in which mat-

ters are managed at the Vatican, we can better understand the results of the first deliberations of the Council.

The canons of faith publicly proclaimed on Sunday, April 24th, present in themselves nothing of importance, except as their definition marks the first triumph of the Infallibilists. We cannot understand the admiration which they have elicited from some distinguished and liberal minds; such for instance as that of the author of the article in the *Correspondant* of May 10th, unless it be that in view of the long list of deplorable canons in the following chapters, he finds himself obliged to praise those which alone failed to rouse his indignation. In contrast with a thing which is altogether abominable, that which is less bad sometimes assumes the guise of goodness. *Prima facie*, it is preposterous that the discussion of questions which open up all the canons of faith, should, because they do so, be fenced about by authority, and guarded by anathema. It may be conceded that a Council should decide points in dispute among Catholics, and determine the faith of those who acknowledge its authority, but in the face of the free thought which does not recognize its competence, it is imbecile to fulminate excommunications against those who laugh at its pretensions, and disdain the questionable advantage of its communion.

This discharge of ecclesiastical artillery makes a great blaze, but it is only a manifestation of weakness. It may have been of some importance when the Church was really queen and mistress of the nations, and when she alone possessed the right to teach, to restrain, and to chastise refractory minds. Her refusal to relinquish such pretensions only makes her the laughing-stock of Europe; for there is now but one spot in the wide world where she can enforce them, and that is Rome. There, her anathemas can still reach not only thought, but the thinker. But we do not believe that all this grand artillery of denunciations against free thought is aimed solely at the imprudent *savans* and critics who congregate in the Eternal City. The target would be too diminutive for weapons of such calibre. Arm-strong guns are not wanted to subdue a few recalcitrant schoolboys. No—the condemnations hurled against contem-

porary philosophy have no kind of significance; all this power is squandered not in serious fights, but in a species of fire-work, which the Council is letting off for its own diversion. The mere setting up of a tribunal is not enough to make its judgments effective; it is further necessary that the two contending parties should agree to appear at its bar, otherwise the judgment is little better than that of a Judge and Jury Club, or the decisions of *Perrin Dandin*, in Racine's "Plaideurs." Of the two adversaries between whom the Council professes to arbitrate, which are implicit faith and freethought, one party only is willing to appear; unfortunately it is the one who is already seated on the tribunal, and who has pre-determined its own triumph. Reason and knowledge will not trouble themselves even to listen to its sentence, which is but a useless formality! When will the Church learn that in disputes touching questions of religion and philosophy, her only power consists in bringing argument against argument, and that the domain of discussion begins where that of docile superstition ends? Now-a-days, to mingle anathema with apology, is but to relinquish the hope of convincing without the power of compelling thought; it is but the sign of imbecile fury springing from a consciousness of a power for ever gone. A Council condemning freethought is doing a thing of about as much practical value as a French *Corps Législatif* pretending to make laws for Austria, or for England.

If we consider the canons of faith apart from the anathemas which accompany them, it will be seen that in view of the present state of religious thought, they are of the weakest possible character. Eschewing the broad affirmations on reason and faith, which are accepted by all Christian communions, the Council limits itself to the formation of a supra-naturalism, that is altogether superannuated. According to it, reason and faith are two distinct provinces, each of which has its own jurisdiction. There is not a trace in these canons of the grand moral apologetic of the Alexandrian fathers, of Pascal, or of Vinet, who did not content themselves with saying, that the mysteries of Christianity call for supernatural illumination, but who further established that between these mysteries and the sublime elements of our being,

there are subtle and mighty affinities,—that God is accessible to the heart of man,—and that faith is the upward glance of the soul, and of the conscience penetrating the invisible. The whole of this grand mysterious problem is resolved by the “Holy Father” in a few formulæ utterly destitute of originality or power. Surely, it is not worth while to pretend to have received extraordinary divine assistance, in order to enable one to lag behind the broad and copious apologetic of the times, and to content oneself with that which may be found in any nursery catechism. The fathers of the Council do not seem to suspect that there can be any truer, grander notion of divine revelation than that which they give us, and which simply assumes a supernatural knowledge of God’s will and decrees. In revelation considered as an actual manifestation of redeeming love, in a divine history, or rather in a divine person, who could say, “I am the Truth,” we have the central idea, and the most precious aspect of contemporary evangelical theology, one which raises it far above all the scholasticism of the past, but one which is of small account in the sacerdotal squabbles of the Vatican.

On two points of the highest importance, the Council has fallen into serious error. It has proclaimed the indisputable canonicity of all the books contained in the Vulgate translation of the Bible, comprising therefore the Old Testament Apocrypha, and utterly ignoring the enormous critical labors of the nineteenth century, and setting at naught the value of the testimony of fathers of the second and third centuries on such points as the origin of the Gospel of Matthew, or the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Catholic Church is thus afresh disabled from taking part in one of the principal departments of Christian research, which is, by free yet conscientious investigation, to conserve the canon of Holy Scripture. What confirmation can such a theology bring to the points that are questioned by rationalists; such, for example, as the authenticity of the Gospel of John? The bare examination of these questions is forbidden, inasmuch as the canons must be swallowed whole. How many powers of high value are rendered barren and useless by such a decree!

The Council has placed itself in a still more aggravating position, by its canon

on the relations between science and the Church, which is thus defined. “If any shall say that human science ought to be treated with such liberty that its assertions should be held as true, even when they are contrary to revealed dogma, or that the Church cannot proscribe them; let him be anathema.” These words either mean nothing, or they imply that science, by whatever name it is called, must submit itself to orthodoxy—that consequently there is an orthodox chemistry and orthodox physics, and that the Church has the right to impose on them her conclusions. Verily, the moment is well chosen for the successors of those who condemned Galileo to hurl their defiance at modern science. One might suppose it to be their fixed resolution to stir up fierce conflict by thus mixing up matters of faith with wholly irrelevant questions. God has specially revealed that, and that only which man cannot discover for himself. Science belongs to the region of investigation. There is nothing more dangerous than to mix up two subjects which should be kept wholly distinct. This one canon is enough to show the fatal preponderance of the ultra party in the Council, for we may be sure it was carried, in spite of the strongest opposition from the liberal bishops. It is reported that they obtained some fortunate modifications in the compilation of the chapter *De Fide*, and that the original draft bristled with many other absurdities. We do not doubt it, but quite enough remain.

At the beginning of the chapter *De Fide* we find—possibly somewhat softened—the celebrated tirade against the Reformation which has made so much stir, in which it is represented as a kind of Pandora’s box, from whence every sort of mischief has issued. We are familiar with the noble protest raised by Bishop Strossmayer against this accusation, which he characterized as unjust, because it made no exception in favor of the truly Christian element in Protestantism. For this he had to encounter a deluge of abuse and the charge of heresy. The designation of the Church as the Catholic Apostolic Roman, has raised a storm, inasmuch as the last epithet seemed to be swallowed up in the others, until it was discovered that a lucky comma had prevented this fatal absorption, at least in the above-named phrase.

It was, however, for the last paragraph of the chapter that the opposition reserved its most strenuous efforts. To show the import of this we must quote it: "We warn all Christians that it is their bounden duty to observe the constitutions and decrees by which the Holy See has proscribed and condemned perverse opinions of this order which are not here enumerated at length (!)" This winding up of the chapter entirely destroys the value of any slight modifications that may have been obtained in the course of discussion; for it has reference to all decisions of the Roman congregation, past and to come. This final paragraph delivers over to the bigots every doctrinal question, and sanctions beforehand all their narrowest decrees. The Roman Index issues triumphant from this great deliberative assembly; but that which is victorious over all is the power of the Pope to formulate dogma. His infallibility is thus indirectly decreed in the very chapter where one would least have expected it to appear. We learn from the *Augsburg Gazette* that this article, when it was first propounded, excited strong opposition. To avoid compromising the whole chapter, the cardinal legate, in putting it to the vote, left out the concluding paragraph, which he promised to reserve for special discussion. This discussion has never come off, under the pretence of lack of time. The liberals have not insisted on it; eighty-three signified their opposition to the preliminary vote, but the fear of creating a scandal brought round all except Strossmayer—who was absent—to join in a unanimous "*Placet*." The liberals unfortunately were keeping their powder dry for the chapter on the "*Ecclesia*;" it was a stupid blunder, as they doubtless were themselves convinced on the very evening of the public "session," when they learnt with dismay that a favorable turn had been given to the *schema* of the infallibility, and that the opportunity for raising the question of its timeliness or otherwise was irrevocably lost.

We now come to the capital question of the Council, "papal infallibility." We have already referred to the publications of Mgrs. Deschamps and Manning on the one side, and to those of Mgrs. Maret and the Abbé Gratry on the other. We have a perfect cloud of pamphlets on the subject, foremost among which we must

place the defence of Pope Honorius by Dom Gueranger. The thunders and lightnings which issue from this cloud have been chiefly directed against Father Gratry. He, however, is nothing daunted by these attacks, and has just responded to them in a fourth letter, in which he still protests against the school of error and falsehood, which is bent on the triumph of the infallibility. We will, however, pass by these extra-conciliar manifestoes, and will speak only of that which passes within the Vatican, where events hurry on with ever increasing speed. There is not the least doubt that the ultramontanists hoped to carry the new dogma by enthusiastic acclamation. They have been disappointed in that hope, and have been compelled to submit to the formalities of a deliberation, the tardiness of which they have singularly abridged by the second rule of February 18th. From the month of January a *postulatum*, demanding the definition, was again laid before the Council. It was thus conceived:

"To the Holy Œcumenical Council of the Vatican. The undersigned Fathers, with all humility and earnestness, entreat the œcumenical synod of the Vatican that it would, by a decree in terms such as should exclude all possibility of doubt, declare that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is sovereign, and consequently exempt from error (*supremam ideoque ab errore immunem esse Romani Pontificis auctoritatem*), when he pronounces on matters of faith and morals, and teaches that which ought to be believed and adhered to, and that which ought to be rejected and condemned by all the faithful of Jesus Christ."

This first *postulatum* was supported by two other *postulata* of similar bearing, originated by the Italians and Spaniards. However, one hundred and thirty-seven of the moderates, after January 23d, signed a counter *postulatum*, in which they besought the Pope "not to permit the dogma of the infallibility to be brought before the Council for discussion." These are the weighty words in which the German prelates addressed the Pope:

"Great difficulties arise from the words and acts of the Fathers of the Church as contained in authentic documents of Catholic history and doctrine, which are opposed to the thesis recommended by the *postulatum*.

Unless these can be resolved, it will be impossible to impose this doctrine upon Christian peoples, as being a revelation from God."

Many of the bishops enforced their opinions by comments added to their signature. "All religion is at an end in Bohemia," said Cardinal Schwarzenberg, "if this definition is affirmed." No words can express the "evils which will accrue to the cause of religion throughout Hungary," says one of the prelates, "if infallibility is affirmed." These considerations, every way deserving of serious attention, have not even obtained an answer. The Pope has accepted the ultra-montane *postulatum*, and has thus settled the question of timeliness. The opposition, beaten here, find themselves driven back to the question of the vote. They have asked that at least it may be considered that virtual unanimity has always been deemed requisite to the proclamation of a new dogma. They take their stand on this basis: that a Council does not originate dogma, but that it simply gathers together and formulates that which has been the object of universal tradition; but the virtual unanimity of the episcopate is a necessary condition of this formulation, because it is clear that if a considerable number of the bishops do not receive a doctrine, that doctrine cannot be the object of universal belief. This argument, which, had it been accepted, would have ruined the whole Jesuit plot, has enraged the ultra-montanists beyond all bounds. Strossmayer saw this clearly enough when he brought it before the tribune of the Council, where it provoked a violent outburst of rage on the part of the majority.

The Roman Curia published an acrimonious reply in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, aimed against the pretensions of the unanimists. The anonymous author of this reply tries to prove that nothing is more canonical than for an Ecumenical Council to carry its decisions by a majority of votes. The mere fact that this question of the infallibility has not been withdrawn, shows that the Pope takes not the least account of the powerless minority who do not cease to protest against it. We have noted that this question was brought forward long before its regular turn, in order that the Council might not separate for its necessary summer prorogation, until it had

been declared. A gigantic effort has again been made by the Liberals. The learned Hœfele, Bishop of Rottenbourg, has treated anew, and in masterly style, the question of Pope Honorius, which, if dealt with honestly and without prevarication, would alone prevent the affirmation of papal infallibility; inasmuch as the condemnation by three Councils of a Pope as a heretic, must for ever overthrow ultra-montane pretensions.

Cardinal Schwarzenberg, in his recent pamphlet, has marshalled anew all the arguments of the minority, and concludes with a warning which, coming from his pen, may be regarded as serious. "He who exalts himself shall be abased. In the days of Boniface VIII. the papacy sought to raise itself above all civil authorities, and it has been miserably degraded as a temporal power. At the present time, it seeks to set itself above every other spiritual power; it will be spiritually cast down, creating at the same time an abyss between the Church and society." Cardinal Rausher looks at the question from the social point of view, and he shows that pontifical infallibility would entail the overthrow of all the existing relations between modern states and the Church of Rome.

It was not without great difficulty that these publications were issued at Rome; for while the infallibilists occupy every pulpit, and placard their manifestoes on all the walls, the minority meet with some rigorous prohibition the moment they attempt to reply. They are not free to correspond even by telegraph, and the Bishop of Orleans has been driven to send his letters through the kingdom of Italy, which he has so often accused of brigandage. A last *postulatum* of the liberals has been submitted to the Holy See. It takes up the plea urged by Cardinal Rausher, namely, the social and political consequences of the new dogma. It has had no effect. The report has been presented in the name of the commission *de Fide*, who have given it a new form, in which, however, the basis is in no degree altered, as may be judged by the following sample of the terms used:—

"The Holy Council approving, we declare and teach as matter of faith, that the Roman Pontiff, to whom in the person of Peter it has been said, among other words by Jesus Christ himself, 'I have prayed for thee that

thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren,' that the Roman Pontiff to whom this promise of divine aid has been made, cannot err; when fulfilling the functions of the supreme teacher of all Christians, he defines by his apostolic authority that which in matters of faith and conduct ought to be acknowledged as according to or contrary to the faith by the universal Church, and that his decrees and decisions in themselves unalterable should be received and maintained by all Christians, as soon as they are known, with perfect submission; and as the infallibility is the same, whether it is considered in the Roman Pontiff as chief of the Church, or whether we consider it as in the whole Church united in its chief, we further define that this infallibility attaches to one and the same object. If any one dare (which God forbid) to contradict this present definition, let him know that he separates himself from the truth of the Catholic faith, and from the unity of the Church."

It is clear that the formula adopted offers no concession. The personal infallibility of the Pope is asserted *de moribus* as well as *de fide*, but *mores* in Roman language comprehends not only all moral, but all social relations, and the encyclical of 1864 has made us acquainted with the all-embracing system of the Papacy. The Bishop of Poitiers has discovered a most ingenious argument to prove that the church rests solely upon its Roman chief. "St. Paul," he says, "was beheaded; consequently his head, which represents the ordinary episcopate, was not indissolubly united to his body. St. Peter, on the contrary, was crucified with his head downwards, to show that his head, which was the image of the papacy, sustained the whole body." This argument strikes us as eminently edifying and worthy of the cause it defends. We learn the entire scope of the arguments of the opposition from their publications. Their leaders, sure as they are of defeat, feel themselves in honor bound to battle to the end. They have even tried to touch the consciences of their adversaries. They have placed in the hands of every bishop a list of questions admirably drawn up, which challenges each father as a matter of obligation to ask himself whether in voting the new dogma he does not violate the rights of the Church, and give the lie to its most sacred traditions. It is verily a pretty story to talk of conscience and Christian morality to men who take the

Jesuits for their guides. Discussion is but a pretence, which they must get rid of with the utmost speed. Their success is predestined. They will not adjourn until they have laid the new idol on the altar. Prostrate worshippers, henceforth you come to listen, not to the voice of a man, but of a God; and that God no longer hidden in the depths of his own heaven, according to the doctrine of all the Paganisms. He does not even dwell in a remote Olympus; he moves before your very eyes; he goes out daily in his coach; and his divine decrees will find the electric telegraph convenient to carry his benedictions and his anathemas from one end of the world to the other.

We have referred to Cardinal Rauscher's pamphlet, and also to his speech in the Council on the gravity of the social and political results of the new dogma; we have also mentioned the postulatium of the Liberal bishops in which this particular point is powerfully urged. It was inevitable that the subject should excite the attention of the European Governments. The project of the Pope's personal infallibility involves a menace against the security of the European States, inasmuch as it is equivalent to a rupture of all the Concordats; for it is impossible to conclude treaties of this nature with a God who is infallibly sure to be always in the right. But the Ultramontane party are not satisfied even with this implicit victory which must carry with it all besides; they have thought it desirable to elaborate a plan of ideal society, that is, society such as they wish to see it, such as they conceive to be possible. This plan is neither more nor less than a carrying out of the *Syllabus*, or rather of its dogmatization. Its character may be inferred from the *schemata* proposed in the chapter *De Ecclesia*. The version of this, which was given in the *Augsburg Gazette*, has not been disputed. The Canons XII., XX., and XXI. are perhaps worth quotation.

"Canon XII.—If any think that Christ our Lord and King has only given to his Church a power to guide by advice and persuasion, but not to ordain by laws, to compel and force by anterior judgments, and salutary inflictions, those who thus separate themselves; let them be anathema.

"Canon XX.—If any say that in the law of the political State, or in the public opinion of men, there exists the supreme rule of con-

science as respects political and social actions, or that the judgments by which the Church pronounces on what is lawful or unlawful does not extend to such actions, that an act which is unlawful in virtue of the divine or the ecclesiastical law can be made lawful by the power of the civil law; let him be anathema.

"Canon XXI.—If any say that the laws of the Church have not binding power, unless they are confirmed by the civil power, and that it belongs to the civil power, by virtue of its supreme authority, to judge and to decide in matters of religion; let him be anathema."

Putting together these three Canons, the logical inference is that of a theocratic government, with all its consequences. The civil power is made subordinate to the Church; charged to place its authority entirely at her service, and to execute the salutary pains which overtake heretics. Such are the propositions which the Jesuits dare to get voted by a Council held in the nineteenth century, more than sixty years after the French revolution, and in the face of Protestant nations. These propositions, once affirmed as dogma, must be believed on pain of damnation. They must be taught in all the schools, and preached in every pulpit. We can well understand that the Governments of Europe are greatly disquieted by them. Only it is not by diplomatic intervention with the appearance of influencing the deliberations of the Council, that they ought to act. This, however, is what was attempted by M. Daru, the French ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet. There is no doubt but that his aid was earnestly sought by the Gallican bishops. This was a grievous mistake; for in asking the assistance of the State, they furnished the Ultramontanists with a pretext for setting themselves up as the champions of the independence of the Church,—an utterly mendacious pretence on the part of those who madly dream of an inextricable intertwining of the spiritual with the temporal. It has always turned out that French bishops who have tried to prop themselves up by Government aid, have taken a disastrous step for themselves and for their country. They have compromised their own position and influence as liberals, and at the same time have exposed their country to insult. M. Daru wished, and endeavored to obtain the

entrée for an ambassador in the Council. Happily, his demand was negatived by the Court of Rome. The representative of France could not have restrained the follies of the Ultramontanists; on the contrary, his presence would have been a stimulus to those who believed that, in defying him, they would earn the confessor's palm. The proposal of an embassy being set aside, M. Daru fell back upon the memorandum to the Holy See. This he despatched from Paris at the moment when, for political reasons, he quitted the ministry, leaving the conduct of this delicate matter to colleagues who did not sympathise with his views upon the subject. The memorandum, after having been solemnly laid before the Pope, was treated as a nullity, notwithstanding that it was supported by diplomatic papers of similar purport from Austria and Bavaria. This document, written with all the ability which usually distinguishes French diplomacy, is disfigured by a flagrant contradiction. On the one side it is profuse in declarations of respect for the independence of the Council, particularly concerning the dogma of Papal infallibility, "which lies entirely beyond the region of politics." On the other hand it protests beforehand against the proposed canons on the relations between the temporal and spiritual powers, because they seriously compromise the foundations of modern society. But to what purpose is this distinction? It is certain that the Church feels itself as much called on to dogmatise on social, as on moral and religious questions. It thinks that it is bound to teach the world the true relations of human society. To oppose this species of dogma is to attack its independence. Besides, who does not know that the dogma of Papal infallibility carries with it all the social consequences which we dread, inasmuch as this proclamation sets the seal of divinity on the most monstrous political theories of the Papacy, and gives the Pope the right for the future to supplement the Syllabus to his heart's content. To declare oneself opposed to the canons of the Church and at the same time ready to accept, without reserve, the dogma of infallibility, is a farce. The memorandum, even if it had been accepted, would have been but a sword-thrust in water; and if the Church had professedly renounced the right of dogmatising on its relations to the civil

power, the dogma of the infallibility must render all this dogmatisation perfectly unnecessary. Besides, Cardinal Antonelli answered M. Daru's memorandum in reference to the appointment of an ambassador, and this was done with that exquisite ingenuity, in that moderate and spiritual tone, which only conceals the inflexibility of the doctrine, under the form of courtesy. The Cardinal declared that Governments had nothing to fear from the decisions of the Council, because the Church is at the same time changeless in her doctrine, and flexible in carrying it out, that she can accommodate herself to existing circumstances, always reserving her own imprescriptible rights, and that she had already found a *modus vivendi* which would cause no difficulty to modern Governments, though she did not for a single moment renounce her belief that the State itself is divine in its final cause, and is bound to subordinate itself to the religious society. It was needful to give such an answer, which is indeed no answer, for it simply means that the Church abstains from re-asserting her despotism as long as she is helpless, and will patiently endure all the circumstances to which she is condemned, ready to watch for a favorable opportunity to assume her old domination. Meanwhile she strives by every means in her power to influence opinion, and makes use of liberty only in the hope of destroying it and re-establishing on its ruins the *regime* that prevails at Rome. Such is the goal that she sets before her.

We think that modern governments will not be content with this answer. They will undoubtedly be driven to the only efficacious reply, namely, to take a counter-step, and boldly to proclaim the separation of the Church from the State. It would be too ridiculous to maintain and protect a formidable power, which is permanently at war with modern society, and which may become the most dangerous conspiracy against the peace of that society.

It is in such a course as this, not in a feeble and superannuated Gallicanism, that we must seek a remedy for the alarming position into which the Council of 1870 is on the eve of throwing all Catholic nations. It will be extremely difficult for France long to continue to be the armed protector of the Holy See, and

while actually receiving a blow in the face, in the way of anathemas directed against her constitution, to mount guard around the Vatican.

The canons on the Church once decreed as commentaries on the proclamation of infallibility will entail on the constitution of the European States results which baffle calculation; and in the end we believe that it will be found that the cause of liberty is effectually served by the acceleration of that separation of the Church from the State, to which everything is rapidly tending.

We are too near the crucial hour of the Council to hazard suppositions on the probable resolutions of the opposition. We cannot believe that after declaring that there can be neither reason, conscience, nor good sense in accepting the new dogma, they can quietly submit. It may be remarked that this is not a question of a particular doctrine, which formulated by canonical rule ought to be accepted by Catholics, even though it may involve many serious difficulties. The dogma of Papal infallibility overturns every canonical rule, changes the constitution of the Church, and falsifies the mechanism of authority, since, as the opposition allege, it introduces into the creed an article which is opposed to all tradition. This has been maintained with equal learning and eloquence by the most distinguished representatives of French, German, and Hungarian Catholicism. They cannot draw back from such declarations.

There has lately appeared in Paris a very touching and eloquent pamphlet, entitled "*La Testament de Lacordaire*," an autobiography, dated by himself from his death-bed. The dying Montalembert edited it, and he has written a few prefatory pages, in which he has expressed all that was in his heart. He had not time to correct it before he sunk under the terrible disease which destroyed him. The pamphlet is the sacred legacy of these two illustrious representatives of liberal Catholicism. We quote the following page, which comes to us from their tomb, as their united protest against that which is now going on at Rome:—

"I do not presume to affirm what was the opinion of Lacordaire, touching the historical or theological question of the personal, indi-

vidual infallibility of the Pope, as it is taught in the present day.

"I simply affirm that his vigorous support, and warm sympathy, would not have been behind any of those who have held out, and will still hold out in the contest on this question, a contest which, far from coming to an end after the desired and pre-determined definition, will only become more enthusiastic and engrossing. I affirm that he would have kicked with no less energy than the Bishop of Orleans or Father Gratry against the Pontifical autocracy being erected into a system, and imposed as a yoke upon the Church of God, to the dire dishonor of France, and what is a thousand times worse, to the great peril of souls.

"Was it not he who witnessed concerning himself, that from the day of his initiatory consecration to God, he had never uttered a word nor written a phrase in which he did not aim to impart to France the spirit of life, in forms most likely to find acceptance, namely, those of gentleness, moderation, and patriotism?

"Was it not he who in a memorable letter, unwisely published by the panegyrist of Monsignor Salinis, gave the first signal of that which we now see as the offspring of Lamennais under the Restoration, and who felt himself from that time obliged to protest against what he denominated the greatest insolence ever authorized in the name of Jesus Christ?"

Let us hope that the voices of the living will re-echo those of the departed, and that the men of the nineteenth century, in face of a more outrageous manifestation of Romanism than any which history records, will prove themselves worthy descendants of those of the sixteenth. The hour is momentous. The fate of Christianity in Catholic Europe hangs in the balance. We dare not contemplate the deluge of impiety, which will spread over these countries, if the Papacy and the Jesuits should gain an easy victory over a liberalism that loses heart in the conflict which awaits it. We trust that the men who form the Liberal party will weigh well their responsibilities in these times, which are without parallel in the past. May they reflect seriously on the irremediable disorders that must inevitably follow their submission to those doctrines of death which raise shouts of acclamation beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

[The Dogma of Infallibility was adopted in the Council on July 13th, by a vote of 450 affirmatives to 88 negatives. The Dogma was proclaimed on Sunday, July 17th.—EDITOR.]

St. Paul's.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

It is difficult to approach the subject of Madame de Maintenon. We must esteem her, but our esteem stops short of love or admiration. Her story is one of the strangest of romances; but a romance without heroism and without passion.

She was born in the room of the warder of a gaol,—in the conciergerie of the prison of Niort; and she came to be Queen of France in all but the name. Her grandfather was the grim, rigorous, dauntless, plain-spoken Huguenot chief and poet, Agrippa d'Aubigné—as different a personage from his granddaughter as can well be imagined. Agrippa d'Aubigné had a son Constant,—a reckless profligate,—the scandal and curse of this noble Huguenot family. He was a gambler and a drunkard from a boy, led early a vagabond life, went to Holland, lived dissolutely there, married a young creature without his father's con-

sent, killed her by ill-treatment, lost twenty times over all he had in the world at play, abjured his religion and became a Catholic, ousted his father out of one of his own castles, made it a rendezvous for women of bad life, till the stern old Huguenot took it from him by surprise and with an armed force in the night. Then he turned Protestant again, to act as traitor and spy upon the Calvinist party. After which his father scorned him, renounced him for ever, and cut off his inheritance. Notwithstanding, the worthless scapegrace managed to marry the gentle daughter of a nobleman of Bordeaux, the whole of whose property he made away with, and then got imprisoned at Niort in Poitou, on account of a treacherous correspondence with the English Government. His faithful, sorrowful, loving wife had followed him to prison, and there Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Marquise de Maintenon, morganatic Queen of

France, was born the 27th of November, 1635. The worthless Constant d'Aubigné got out of prison, and dragged his wife and family to Martinique, where he made a fortune, got rid of it again, and died, leaving Madame d'Aubigné and her children in extreme distress. Poor Madame d'Aubigné under such trials had grown a patient, reserved, joyless woman, spare even of caresses to her children, begotten amid such trials and tribulations. She returned to France, battled with poverty desperately, lived even and sustained her children with the work of her hands. Her life was of the saddest, and something of her sad spirit was inherited by the child who was destined to have no small share in the direction of the destinies of France.

A sister of Constant, Madame de Villete, had already, before the departure of her brother for Martinique, taken charge of the little Françoise,—she now again took the child under her care,—but she was a Calvinist, and another aunt, a Madame de Neuillant, a Catholic, came and carried off triumphantly her little niece with an order of the court, and the grand-daughter of the old Huguenot, Agrippa, was converted into a Catholic. This Madame de Neuillant, with all her intense zeal for the spiritual welfare of her niece, was sordid, mean, and avaricious. She gave the child at first, it is true, an education in convents at Niort and Paris; but when little Françoise had grown up, and was left an orphan,—by the death of her mother,—she made her taste of all the bitterness of dependence, and kept her in a state of privation.

Nevertheless, Madame d'Aubigné, before her death, had taken her daughter a little into the world of Paris, and under Madame de Neuillant, Françoise had seen something of its best society. The young girl, with her quiet reserved beauty, large dark eyes, elegant form, and discreet and ready wit, had made an impression on all she met. "La jeune Indienne," as she was called, from her Martinique residence, was, from the first, considered a very noticeable person. And she gained upon acquaintance with most,—but so poor, alas! Once she cried on entering a room, and sat down on a chair, and hid her feet under her dress, which was too short for her. Alas! Even in these noble days, what were beauty, wit,

and gentle worth to a poor girl who had outgrown her only presentable dress?

And yet, perhaps, there never was a society in which wit, and the grace of manner, and expression possessed by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was more capable of being appreciated. When she returned to Poitou after her first visit to Paris, her letters were handed about as models of style and expression. And a Chevalier de Méré, a bel esprit of the time, has left a record, in which he speaks of her, not only as beautiful, but "as gentle, faithful, modest, intelligent, and using only her wit to amuse and render herself beloved." Poor Mademoiselle d'Aubigné! Had she really loved and been beloved at this time, the severe and shrewd childless Madame de Maintenon would never have been heard of; but there would have lived in the world, perhaps, a true woman the more,—a model wife, and a faultless and devoted mother. However, the irony of destiny was never more apparent than in her case. This peerless and intelligent young beauty, who would have made a fit wife for the noblest prince in Europe, who was destined even at fifty to captivate the proudest of living monarchs, was obliged, from sheer poverty, to accept the hand of a hideously deformed and paralytic buffoon,—as repulsive to appearance as the squatting figure of a Chinese idol. The union of Minerva with Pan or Silenus would be less shocking to the imagination. What must she not have suffered? No wonder, then, in later years she said, if her body was opened her heart would be found, *sec et tors*, like that of M. de Louvois. "J'aime mieux l'épouser qu'un convent," she said, and the resolution to make this sacrifice must have caused a convulsion to her system which paralyzed the healthiest impulse of the heart for ever. Nevertheless, she now, as throughout life, devoured her grief in silence. Her manners, self-esteem, and strength of will, combined with circumstances in forming for her a patience, a power of suppression, and secret indefatigable tenacity of purpose, which has, perhaps, no parallel in history. And she could say later of her life at the court, where the ennui and daily troubles she had to support were immense and unceasing:—"J'ai été vingt-six ans sans dire un mot qui marquât le moindre chagrin."

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had made her entry into the Parisian world at a time when French society was going through one of the greatest changes of modern times. A new idea of simplicity and elegance of social life had found birth amid a sort of common inspiration and conviction that both manners and language contained much that were rude and barbarous. The development of social refinement, which was cultivated in the salons of the Hotel de Rambouillet, by a wondrous sympathetic co-operation of all that was distinguished in France, is one of the most curious events in history, and has helped to form the manners and forms of expression of every country in modern Europe. It was a great social movement.

Besides the brilliant assemblies of the Hotel de Rambouillet,—into which Mademoiselle d'Aubigné early found entrance and admiration, and where she met with ladies like Madame de Sevigné, and others, who remained her friends for life,—there was another society which was hardly less significant of the general tendency of the time, which met at the house, and around the chair, of the distorted cripple and comic writer, Scarron. Here, too, nobles of the court would assemble for the sake of the art and conversation to be found there, though the tone of morality was necessarily less severe than that to be found in the salons of the "déesse d'Athènes." It was a society of joyous livers and free talkers, who would not be scandalized at the presence of Mesdemoiselles Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos. Scarron, the presiding deity of this little salon in the Marais, had been doubled up and twisted by rheumatism and paralysis in such fashion that his knees nearly touched his chin, only his tongue and his brain remained in invincible activity, and his comic spirits never failed him to the last. Scarron was the first man of letters in France who had a salon of his own. At the Hotel de Rambouillet it was the nobility who received the men of letters; at Scarron's it was the man of letters who received the nobility.

The burlesque poetry of Scarron has now little interest, though he was evidently a man of talent. His name would hardly now be often remembered, were it not for his strange marriage, which astonished the Parisian world in 1652.

Little Françoise d'Aubigné had, indeed, made a visit to Scarron's house, at the age of fourteen, being introduced there in company with her mother, by her aunt Madame de Neuillant. Madame d'Aubigné had made a short visit to Paris on law affairs, and lived in the same street and opposite to Scarron, and it was in Scarron's house that the little provincial girl had cried about her shabby dress. Shortly after Françoise having returned to Poitou, found herself alone with a dead mother in a little room at Niort, and no resource but Madame de Neuillant, who then again affected to take charge of her orphan niece, and with her the young girl remained for a time, half clothed, badly lodged, and ill fed.

Some young girls of her age at Paris, however, remembered the little creole stranger—La jeune Indienne—and corresponded with her. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's letters were handed about as models of grace and good writing; Scarron read one of them, remembered his bashful little visitor of a year back, took interest in her lonely fate, and wrote her a kind letter. The young girl was brought again to Paris by her aunt, and again visited Scarron. Scarron seeing her wretched condition, offered her money to enter a convent, which she rejected. Scarron then offered marriage, and was accepted. The marriage took place when Françoise was seventeen years of age. When the marriage contract was drawn up, Scarron declared that he recognized in the bride, property to the amount of four livres of rent, two large mutinous eyes, a very good heart, a pair of pretty hands, and plenty of wit. When the notary asked Scarron what dowry he settled on her, he replied, "Immortality: the names of the wives of kings die with them, that of Scarron's wife will live eternally." So poor was the bride, that her wedding dress was lent her by a friend.

La voilà! la jeune Indienne at seventeen years of age, in the first blush of beauty and grace, married to a cripple, and obliged to live among a society of gay livers, whose talk, as we have said, at times was of the freest. That she succeeded in making herself respected by such company, speaks wondrously for her precocious tact and self vigilance. Yet she held her own, and contributed her

share to the general entertainment; in proof of which, we have on record the speech of the servant to her at a dinner one day when Scarron—though he was often frightfully poor—entertained company. “Encore une histoire, Madame; le rôti nous manque aujourd’hui.” However, it was a hard apprenticeship of self-restraint; but perhaps her life then, after all, was not so hard as that she afterwards knew as the wife of Louis XIV. The worst that is known, indeed, of Madame Scarron at this time is, that she admitted Ninon de l’Enclos to her intimacy, and that Ninon in latter times talked about a certain “chambre jaune” in a mysterious way; yet still she confessed she knew nothing certain. But to excuse Madame Scarron from having formed such an acquaintance as Ninon, it must be remembered that Ninon, styled the Parisian Leontium, was treated as a privileged person even by such ladies as Madame de Sevigné, who encouraged her son to cultivate her society, for the sake of her grace! Nevertheless, be this as it may, it is difficult to fancy Madame de Maintenon ever young, or gay, or passionate; although she said indeed of herself, “that she was gay by nature and sad by profession,” her natural gaiety was too early blighted in her to be at any time exuberant. And there is no trace that Madame de Maintenon ever had in her life a quicker rushing of the blood or a deep emotion of the heart at any time, which not a little chills the sympathies of all who have to deal with her story.

Scarron lived for eight years after his marriage, and his wife was left a widow at twenty-five. She never failed afterwards to speak of “ce pauvre estropié” as she called him, with a certain respect and esteem; but he had left her, for the time being at least, in as difficult a position as that in which he found her; perhaps, as la veuve Scarron, it was worse; he had enjoyed a pension from the queen-mother, but it died with him, and he had no property but his debts. Her friends applied to Mazarin to get Scarron’s pension renewed in her favor; but he, remembering a satire of Scarron’s against him, was inflexible. “Is the petitioner in good health?” he asked. “Yes.” “Well, then, she cannot succeed a man whose health was bad.”

Madame Scarron retired to a convent for awhile, where the Maréchale d’Aumont, a

relative, lent her a room, and offered, at first, to supply all her wants; but the Maréchale thought proper to talk so ostentatiously of her charity to her poor relative, that the pride of the latter revolted at last, and she had a load of wood which had been deposited before her window for winter firing restacked in a cart, and sent back to the Maréchale.

This painful position lasted a year, when fortunately for Madame Scarron, Mazarin died, and Anne of Austria was induced to renew the pension of Scarron to his widow; indeed, by aid of a little diplomacy on the part of Madame Scarron at court, the pension was unconsciously doubled. Madame Scarron now took a room in the convent of the “Ursulines, de la rue Saint Jacques,” where she had been once placed as a child, and mixed again with the Parisian world. Among her chief friends was the Maréchale d’Albret.

The wit and the tact, the gentle and discreet manners of Madame Scarron, made her society a necessity in the house of Maréchale d’Albert, and it was here that she met Madame de Montespan, her relationship with whom exercised so decisive an influence on her life; and it was here, too, that she met with the Princess des Ursins, whose destiny it was to be subsequently, and through Madame de Maintenon’s influence, the female prime-minister of Spain. But the modest fortune which she had obtained was not destined to last. The queen-mother died, and Madame Scarron’s pension was at an end also. She now received an offer of marriage from a rich but old and disreputable noble. This she refused, to the disgust of her friends, and she again fell into a state of distress. After having vainly endeavored to get her pension restored, she was on the point of following in the suite of the Princess de Nemours to Portugal, when a visit of adieu which she made to Madame de Montespan changed her future. The brilliant Madame de Montespan took an interest in the fate of her future rival, and through her interest the pension of Madame Scarron was restored.

The pension of Madame Scarron was thus renewed in 1666. At this time Louis XIV. was still in the height of his passion for Mademoiselle de la Vallière; but in the following year, the attractions of Madame de Montespan began to have effect, and in the year after, that brilliant and

superb lady had completely dethroned her more lowly-spirited and retiring rival, and she reigned absolutely in her stead, and in the face of the Marquis de Montespan. When the children of this double adultery came into being, some remaining regard for decency in the king induced him to determine that they should be removed and brought up in private, and then it was that Madame de Montespan bethought her of that discreet lady of whom all spoke so well, and whom she had so effectually befriended.

Madame Scarron was then coquetting with thoughts of retiring again to a convent, as indeed she coquetted with such thoughts her whole life long, but she had not yet quite abandoned the world, and was by turns studying the book of Job and the Maxims of M. de Rochefoucauld. Madame Scarron was sounded on the subject in mysterious fashion—would she take care of some infants—parents great people, whose names could not be revealed? Madame Scarron, however, could make a shrewd guess, and consented, if the king himself would ask her to undertake the charge.

A lady of very austere principles might perhaps have had some scruples in undertaking the charge of the illegitimate offspring even of a king, and of carrying off each successive child as soon as born to her sequestered domicile. But Madame Scarron, pietist as she was, could well conciliate devotion with a due regard to worldly advantage, and, moreover, could she not fortify herself by the example of Madame Colbert, who had consented to bring up the two children of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Vallière?

At first, nevertheless, the arrangement was kept a profound secret. There were two children; each of them was placed in a separate house with a nurse. To avoid direct suspicion, Madame Scarron was not to live with them, nor to change her way of life, but she was to give them all her care. We can conceive the existence of the beautiful widow at this time, going in disguise on foot to the suburbs of Paris, to one house after the other, carrying packets of linen, of food, and other articles under her arm; sometimes passing whole nights nursing a child; then returning to her own home in the morning by a back entrance; then dressing herself, and departing in a carriage from the front door to make her

visits as usual at the Hôtels d'Albret or de Richelieu, in order to keep the same face to the world.

Her charges increased rapidly in number. Madame de Montespan had seven children in all by the king. As soon as each child was born, Madame Scarron was sent for, who, with masked features, carried off the infant in a wrapper or a scarf in a hired vehicle to Paris.

An agitated existence this for a grave discreet lady, to have to fulfil all the duties of the beau monde—to have to pay due attention to Madame de Sevigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Coulanges, and all the great ladies and fine wits of the time, and to be diligent day after day, night after night, as head-nurse to all the little tenants of the little houses in the suburbs. In 1672, however, a change took place in the life of Madame Scarron. She was instructed to take a fine hotel in the neighborhood of Vaugirard, and to give herself up to the education of the children in secrecy and in retreat. Madame Scarron now for a season disappeared altogether from the world, and it was in this house of the Rue de Vaugirard that Louis XIV. first saw the lady who was destined by an astonishing caprice of fortune to be his wife. At first he could not endure her; "*Votre bel esprit*," he styled her, in speaking of her to Madame de Montespan. However, as he was fond of his children, he was a constant visitor to the Rue de Vaugirard, and his prejudices against her wore away. Seeing what attention the widow devoted to her charges, he said, "*Elle sait bien aimer, et il y aurait du plaisir à être aimé d'elle.*" A letter of Madame Scarron's about this time proves, moreover, that the king was actually already paying strong attentions to the secluded governess; that the fine world of Paris and Versailles were indulging in floods of gossip respecting the nature of the retreat of the fair widow. "*Ce maître vient quelquefois chez moi, malgré moi, et s'en retourne désespéré, sans être rebuté.*"

The prudence of Madame Scarron, which never forsook her in life, did not desert her at this crisis; she sends away the king in a state of despair, it is true; but still, although he was a married man with a mistress, she contrives not to extinguish desire altogether.

After a year, however, there was no occasion for this life of secrecy. In the month of December, the letters of legitimisation of the Duc de Maine, the Count de Vexin, and Mademoiselle de Nantes, were verified by the Parliament of Paris, and the scandal was publicly avowed; and in 1674 Madame Scarron went to reside openly with the children at Versailles, and was received by the queen.

Madame Scarron was at this time forty years of age. The Court of Versailles was then in all its glory. Amid all the temptations which surrounded her, the conduct of the widow was modelled upon this maxim of her own, "Il n'y a rien de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable." And her conduct was indeed immaculate, judged by the rule of a certain conventional religion and morality; but is there no other? This at least is certain, that by a "conduite irréprochable" she managed to supplant her benefactress in the good graces of the king. Madame de Montespan, nevertheless, at the beginning of the residence of Madame Scarron at court, was enchanted to have so prudent, so clever, and so well-behaved a person constantly about her, and even after she began to perceive the attractions of her governess for her royal lover, submitted to the course of events with courage, and without too much jealousy. Indeed, the friendship at first between the two ladies was of the most intimate character. Madame de Montespan confessed every secret to Madame Scarron, and they remained for hours together in tête-à-tête each evening, in a manner to give jealousy to the king himself. However, subjects of heartburnings and discord could not fail to arise between two persons so delicately situated and so different in character. Yet before they broke out, the king had on two separate occasions made presents to Madame Scarron, amounting to two hundred thousand francs, with which she purchased the property of Maintenon, on the road to Chartres, at ten leagues from Versailles.

A life of perpetual gala and fête was that of the court of Louis XIV., which contained within it all that was distinguished and gorgeous within the limits of France; and at Fontainebleau, at Chambord, and afterwards at Versailles and Marly, lived a life of unending revelry. The king, for whom the society of his own

plain and homely wife presented no charm, selected from the midst of this brilliant world a chosen few with whom to unbend. In the beginning of his reign the apartments of the Comtesse de Soissons, one of the nieces of Mazarin, was his favorite rendezvous, and the countess collected around her all the most eminent of the French and foreign nobility in France. Afterwards the charming Henriette d'Angleterre, the wife of monsieur, his brother-in-law, fascinated him with her graces, and he held his little private court sometimes with her and sometimes with the Comtesse de Soissons. What a life of balls, comedies, hunting parties, cavalcades, promenades in carriages in the forest after supper till two or three o'clock in the morning, luncheon in a gilded galley on the great canal at Versailles to the sound of music on the waters, surrounded by the most beautiful women in France as ladies in waiting! Then ensued the brief passion for Mademoiselle de Vallière, whose apartments for a while received the king's private court, in which he first learned to admire the more dazzling glories of Madame de Montespan. Madame de Soissons fell into disgrace, and finally fled from France, more than suspected of having been an accomplice in the poisonings of La Voisin. Madame Henriette d'Angleterre died the sudden tragic death, the shock of which still thrills us as one of the finest orations funèbres of Bossuet. The gentle and timid La Vallière, after a faint struggle with the ascendancy of her haughtier rival, laid aside the state and gorgeous attire of the duchess, and fled to the Carmelites, and passed away her life in midnight vigils, in sackcloth, in continual fastings, while the Grand Monarque and his Vashti-mistress were the centre of all honor and worship in the court.

A truly imperial beauty was this de Montespan, with her floods of blonde hair, her dazzling blue eyes, her deeply-arched eyebrows, her brilliant red and white complexion, and her splendid arms and hands, and her voluptuous graces; and to all the graces of form she added a prompt wit, a lively imagination, and a spirit so caustic, that when she stood at her windows with the king the courtiers feared to pass under them—they called that *passer par les armes*, so piercing was her satire. To all this the Montespan

united the attraction of infantine playfulness, toying with birds and pet animals like a child, to the diversion of the king. She had, too, as helpmates in her task of amusing the king, her two sisters, the Abbess of Fontevault and Madame de Thianges, both of whom possessed an almost equal share of the wit and the graces of their family—the Montemarts, renowned for such qualities.

Such was the lady, and such the society, towards which Madame Scarron had, for a high-minded, scrupulous, and devout lady, to play a very delicate part—a part rendered infinitely more difficult by the caprices and wayward airs of the chief daughter of the Montemarts, the mistress of the king. Her favorite maxim, "*Il n'y a rien de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable*," has a greater value after one has become bosom friend of the mistress of the king and governess of her children. She lived at first retired with her little charges, clearing the ground we may say, gliding more and more by soft gradation into the intimacy of the king and his mistress, always, according to her own account, astonished at her progress, and wishing all the time for the strictest privacy and retirement. To believe her, she detested court life—*le pays*, as she called it, where she lived, but where the air seemed to agree with her passing well for somewhere about forty years.

A strange family existence that of these three persons—Louis XIV., Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon. The disputes between the two latter became constant; the education and treatment of the children were eternal topics for disagreement, not to mention that the mistress before long began to perceive that she had a veritable rival in the governess of her children. Madame de Maintenon contrived at length to interest the king in her disputes, and the great monarch said he had more trouble in keeping them on good terms than in settling the peace of Europe.

Had Madame de Maintenon any suspicion of the astonishing height of power which she was destined to reach? The question is impossible to answer. This is certain, that she unweariedly, and in the most dexterous manner, directed little moral hits both at the Montespan and at the king, at the improper character of their relations, and so prepared the way

for a separation. Madame de Montespan, to do her justice, took them very well. She had from time to time attacks of remorse, more especially when she was ill and weak, and of these the Maintenon always took advantage. "Come and see me," the mistress wrote to her, after the birth of a child; "but, above all, do not make a promenade over me with those black eyes of yours, which frighten me."

Madame de Maintenon, indeed, but came in aid of the exhortation of Bourdaloue and Bossuet at this time, and Madame de Montespan did precipitately, during the religious festival of Easter, retire from Versailles. The Grand Demoiselle de Montpensier, who had a tenderness for Madame de Montespan, went to see Madame de Maintenon to inquire if her friend was not coming back. "*Elle se mit à rire et ne me répondit rien*," she says in her "*Memoires*." Does Made-moiselle de Montpensier report correctly? If so, this is the worst thing we know about Madame de Maintenon. Was this dismal agony of her benefactress such a laughing matter? "*Elle se mit à rire et ne me répondit rien*." Did so discreet and decent a lady ever go to such unseemly lengths? Alas! that laugh, if it really took place, was a touch of sincerity which is not to be found in her whole life.

Louis XIV., on his side, too, backed up by his bishops and confessors, and urged by the discreet smiles and approaches of the Maintenon, was now wholly resolved to break off so naughty a connection. He went away to his army without even seeing Madame de Montespan. Before he departed, he saw Bourdaloue, and he said to him, "*Mon père*, you ought to be content with me. Madame de Montespan is at Clagny." "Yes, sire," replied Bourdaloue; "but God would be more content if Clagny was at sixty leagues from Versailles." Madame de Montespan had, in fact, come from Paris to Clagny, which is not very far from Versailles.

This retirement of Madame de Montespan caused an unusual sensation among the Court people. Madame de Sevigné and Russey Rabutin hardly knew what to make of it. What was the part which Madame de Maintenon played in this affair?

It is said that at a review of the Mousquetaires, at which the king had expressed great satisfaction, she had the audacity to

say, "Que feriez vous cependant, sire, si l'on vous dirait qu'un de ces jeunes gens vit publiquement avec la femme d'un autre comme si elle était la sienne." Madame de Caylus, Madame de Maintenon's own niece, is the authority; and she says, "Le discours est certain." If Madame de Maintenon did make such a speech, it did not prevent her from writing to Madame de Montespan, after the taking of Ghent, "Le roi va revenir à vous comblé de gloire, et je prends une part infinie à votre joie!"

One can well conceive what impression a still handsome lady, with discreet and pleasant wit, playing the part of Minerva and Mentor at once upon the king, might exercise in such a conjunction. Nevertheless, Madame de Montespan, alas! did return to court. Bossuet, while the king was still on his way back, had written a tender and imploring letter to him, deprecating the return of the favorite and exhorting him to give his attention to the wretched condition of his provinces, "crushed beneath the disorders of the military and the abuses of the administration." And the king was exemplary in his devotions at Whitsuntide. Madame de Montespan, she, too, followed suit, in a milder way, and managed to content Bossuet. She found consolation in playing *hoca*,—a game of cards,—rather extravagantly at St. Cloud. *Hoca*, and building and a little divinity, and some respectful attentions to the queen, seemed at this time to fill up her existence. The queen and Madame de Montespan were for two hours on one occasion together in conference at the Carmelites, and both appeared equally content with each other. What was the subject of their conversation one would really like to know. Afterwards, the queen and Madame de Montespan were always together. The virtue of Madame de Montespan seemed on the point of rising to transcendent extremities. Madame de Sevigné thinks, if she can only stay where she is, her "greatness will pierce the clouds." She admires her building fancies beyond measure,—“You cannot tell the triumph she enjoys in the credit of her workmen, who number twelve hundred. Alas! poor France! The palace of Apollidon and the garden of Armida are but the poorest of shadowing of what she is about. As for me, I think of Dido building Carthage when I think of her. The wife of her 'substantial friend,'—the queen,—makes

her visits, and all the royal family, one by one." This effort of virtue on the part of Madame de Montespan was an immense success. Was it likely the king would remain long behind the rest in showing his admiration,—the more especially as the Maintenon was now far away with her young charge, the precarious little Duke de Maine, who had a lame leg, at the baths of Barèges, and the time of year was the sunny month of May. That Madame de Maintenon was inexpressibly anxious her letters show. She urges her friends to give her news. Still she had one consolation unknown to all; the king was in correspondence with herself.

Nevertheless his Majesty gave orders for his reception in July at Versailles,—and that the Montespan should be there to receive him.

As he approached Versailles, Bossuet and M. le Dauphin—Bossuet's pupil—met him with serious faces on the road to Versailles. The king noticed their mien, and said, "Say nothing. I have given orders for Madame de Montespan to have a lodging at the Château." However, at first the king gave his word that he and the Montespan should remain on terms of Platonic friendship. And so indeed they did, apparently, for a time,—a time long enough to let Madame de Maintenon return; a time long enough to let winter go by; a time long enough to let the king go again, campaigning in his heavy coaches, to Flanders, and to return therefrom in July, 1676. At the king's return the question then was, should Madame de Montespan remain or no at the court? It appears that Bossuet, even the grave Bossuet, was of opinion she might do so; but still it was thought wise (?) that there should be a preliminary meeting in private between the pair before they met in public, and this preliminary meeting, it was arranged, should take place in the presence of some of the most respectable and gravest ladies of the court. The king therefore paid a visit to Madame de Montespan; the grave ladies were there; the erring couple met in their presence. After a first greeting, however, the king drew the lady to the window. They talked a long time in a low voice; they shed tears, and then and there they both made profound bows to the most respectable and gravest ladies of the court, and retired to another room; from which retirement came, in course of

time, says Madame de Caylus, the Duchess of Orleans and M. le Comte de Toulouse.

The next letter which we have of Madame de Maintenon, after this event, is written in a kind of rage. She accuses Bossuet of having been made a dupe, and of lacking the spirit of the court, as he no doubt did. "Why does not the Père La Chaise," she asked vehemently, "absolutely forbid the king the sacraments?" Jealousy and spite really ought not to be suspected as having tainted any letter of so Christian a lady as Madame de Maintenon.

This last liaison of the king with Madame de Montespan was by no means of so solid a character as before. The king had sundry fugitive passions, which gave his mistress some lively fits of jealousy and anger. We have an account of one of the scenes between the king and the lady, caused by a temporary attachment of the king to Mademoiselle de Fontanges (Diane).

However, Madame de Montespan began veritably, by this time, to be aware that her real rival was Madame de Maintenon herself; signs, indeed, of the high place which she held in royal favor began to be apparent to all. Boileau and Racine, who had been named jointly "historiographers" to the king, and read passages of their composition from time to time in the room of Madame de Montespan, sometimes stayed to see the king and his mistress play cards. They observed that when Madame de Montespan gave utterance to some burst of humor, the king regarded Madame de Maintenon with a smile. On one occasion they found the king in bed, and Madame de Maintenon seated in a chair by the bedside. The king would sometimes pass two hours together in Madame de Maintenon's cabinet. At last came direct accusations and stormy scenes between Madame de Maintenon and the reigning mistress.

"Les bontés du roi ne me dédommagent point de la perte de ma tranquillité. Madame de Montespan veut absolument que je cherche à être sa maîtresse. Mais, lui ai-je dit, il en a donc trois? Oui, m'a-t-elle répondu; moi de nom, cette fille (la Fontanges) de fait, et vous de cœur. Je lui ai répondu en toute douceur qu'elle contait trop ses ressentiments. Elle m'a répondu qu'elle connaissait mes artifices, et qu'elle n'était malheureuse que pour n'avoir écouté ses ressentiments. Elle m'a reproché ses bien-

faits, ses présents, ceux du roi, et ma dit qu'elle m'avait nourris et que je l'étouffais."

When matters had reached this pitch, it might be imagined that the two ladies could not meet together at any time on very pleasant terms. Nevertheless, Madame de Montespan, who, with all her caprice and fits of ill-humor, was at bottom extremely good-natured, managed to laugh at times with the stealthy Maintenon, and to get all the gaiety out of her which she could. Madame de Caylus reports, "that on one occasion when the court was on one of its usual journeys, and Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon found themselves in the same carriage tête-à-tête, Madame de Montespan opened the conversation and said, "Ne soyons pas les dupes de cette affaire-ci. Causons comme si nous n'avions rien à démêler; bien entendu que nous reprendrons nos démêlés au retour," and that Madame de Maintenon accepted the proposition, and both kept the compact. Madame de Maintenon writes herself that on another occasion she and the mistress "walked arm-in-arm together, laughing a good deal, but none the better friends for all that." Like the preux chevaliers of old, the ladies could suspend their warfare, pass a gay hour or two together, and then resume their fighting.

The king at last, however, found a way out of this life of eternal bickering and jealousy for Madame de Maintenon. M. le Dauphin was about to be married to the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria. The Dauphine must have a household, and the king named Madame de Maintenon second dame d'atours, creating the place especially for her. Adieu, Madame de Montespan!

However, Madame de Maintenon moralises again in a letter to her director, l'Abbé Gobelin, in her usual fashion,— "Malgré l'envie que j'avais de me retirer, et malgré toute ma haine pour ce pays-ci, j'y suis attachée; c'est Dieu qui a conduit tout cela." It is pleasant always to think that "Dieu" thrust that greatness upon us, which our modesty and piety decline; and it was pleasant also for Madame de Maintenon to have so convenient a confessor as l'Abbé Gobelin, who always replied to her threats of retreat,— "Remain! God wishes you there!" This

was in 1680, and the queen did not die till 1683; during these three years the favor of Madame de Maintenon went on increasing, and Madame de Montespan's ill-humor increased in proportion. Majesty now passed very frequently two hours in the Maintenon's cabinet,—nay, even three hours when she had the migraine. Madame de Sevigné tells us that these conversations of Majesty with the veuve Scarron went on ever increasing, and became more and more beautiful—each of them was seated in an arm-chair, and the Dauphine paid them visits from time to time. The lady now began to inspire fear and respect, and the ministers even to pay her court. The king appeared to take more and more pleasure in her steady power of self-possession and her reasonable way of treating all things;—he appeared to be “charmed.” The staid and prudent lady was now forty-five. Nevertheless, her equable temperament had various struggles and agitations. Witness a letter to a lady friend: “J’obtiens tout, mais l’envie me le rend bien cher. Mon cœur est déchiré, le sien n’est pas de meilleur état. A quarante-cinq ans il n’est plus temps de plaire, mais la vertu est de tout âge. Priez Dieu pour moi, je ne fus jamais si agitée ni si combattue . . . Je le renvoie toujours affligé et jamais désespéré.”

Not long after this letter, when the brilliant and fair Fontanges died at twenty years of age, and the king had ceased to see Madame de Montespan, except in public, the courtiers began,—tout bas,—to call Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Maintenant. And Madame de Maintenant passed every evening, from eight to ten, with his Majesty.

“M. de Chamaraude,”—first maître d’hôtel of Madame la Dauphine,—says Madame de Sevigné, “le mène et la remène à la face de l’univers.” Signs of royal favor now, indeed, rained thick on the Maintenon. What was she, in fact? She was a sort of Platonic mistress of the king, and in such capacity had to set a high moral example. She took the unfortunate queen under her protection. In consequence of Madame de Maintenon’s manoeuvres, the poor deserted lady met with greater attention than she had enjoyed during the whole time of her marriage. The retiring nature of the unfortunate queen was quite overcome with

such unwonted attentions, and so unequal, from timidity, to receive unwonted favors from her Olympian lord, that Madame de Maintenon had sometimes to push her, all trembling, into the royal presence. However, the queen did not support long this unexpected display of conjugal affection; it was too much for her apparently, for she died suddenly in 1683. The king, it was thought, felt her loss severely, saying, “Voilà le premier chagrin qu’elle m’ait jamais causé.” Madame de Maintenon was with her mistress when she died, and after the death-bed scene was about to retire to her apartments, when the Duc de Rochefoucauld took her by the arm and drew her towards the king, saying, “This is not the time, Madame, to quit him; in the state in which he is, he has need of you.”

Did Madame de Maintenon now entertain design of absolute marriage with Olympian majesty itself? Madame de Caylus tells us that during the journey of the court shortly after to Fontainebleau the agitation of the king’s lady counsellor was extreme, and that from thenceforward she was always with the king; she took part in all the journeys, travelling in the very carriage of his majesty, who never failed to visit Maintenon on his way to Chambord. Madame de Sevigné is astounded at her position. “La place de Madame de Maintenon est unique en son genre; il n’en a jamais eu, et il n’y en aura jamais de semblable.”

The deserted Montespan still figured in a spectral way about the court, the king still appearing every day, for form’s sake, for an instant or two in her apartment. The ex-mistress, for diversion and consolation, threw herself fervently upon devotion.

The exact date of the marriage of Madame de Maintenon with the king is unknown, but the fact is certain. It took place apparently about eighteen months or two years after the death of the queen, in the year 1685. The king was forty-seven, and Madame de Maintenon was the representative of fifty years of a conduite irréprochable; but la vertu est de tout âge. The court, accustomed to see Madame de Maintenon so constantly with the king, at first observes no difference in their relations. When the marriage began to be suspected, various indeed were the ways in which it was regarded. By some it was received with

admiration, by some with envy, by some with hopes of profit, and by some with profound astonishment and disgust. Indeed, the contrast which destiny here offered to the world was astounding. Louis the Superb,—after his Mazarinettes, his De Soissons, his La Vallières, his Montespan and his Fantanges, and a crowd of young and brilliant beauties,—had come to settle down in strict conjugal domesticity with a staid and serene elderly lady, three years older than himself.

Some rigorists, however, insisted still that a clandestine marriage was not sufficient to render the relations of the Maintenon with the king wholly without taint; that consequently they still partook of the nature of a criminal attachment; and some have asserted that Madame de Maintenon, after having by force of intrigue and cunning contrived to get the king to marry her privately, continued still the same manoeuvres to get him to give the marriage publicity. As to this latter point, there is no doubt that there was a great deal of scheming and counter-scheming. According to Saint-Simon, the Maintenon had at one time prevailed upon the king to have the marriage made public; but Louvois, who had always sided with the Montespan, got wind of the project, went to Versailles, threw himself on his knees before the king and drew his sword, and implored his majesty to kill him on the spot rather than let him be the witness of such an infamy befalling the royalty of France; and that the king, troubled, embarrassed, and stammering, gave his word that the marriage should always be kept secret. It cannot be known how far Saint-Simon's account is true; but this is sure, that before the marriage Louvois received the confidence of the king; and on hearing it, threw himself at his feet with tears, and besought him not to dishonor himself by marrying the "veuve Scarron."

Saint-Simon believes also that a second attempt of the same kind was made by Madame de Maintenon, but was rendered abortive by the influence of Fénélon and Bossuet.

Nevertheless, Madame de Maintenon was addressed by a few of her intimate associates—four or five, perhaps—as "Your Majesty;" and the court paid to her on all sides was without limit, since it was well known what influence she had upon the royal counsels. This veiled kind of

majesty, however, was in truth but a disguised servitude of the most painful and unavoidable character. Her chief occupation was to keep the king amused, or as she expressed it, make "piety tasteful" to his majesty—"à faire goûter la piété au roi;" and without the help of cards and the lighter graces of the Montespan, to keep the king always amused, was a very serious undertaking. Louis XIV., to say the truth, had too much dignity of character to allow him to fall into the shameful excesses of a dishonored old age, like that of his grandson, Louis XV.; and after the irregularities of his early life he found a support and stay in the prudent wisdom of Madame de Maintenon, of which he knew how to make good use. Louis XIV. finished his career with Madame de Maintenon by his bed-side; Louise XV. died very nearly in the arms of the Du Barry; and the difference between the two death-beds is significative of the difference of the two epochs in which they happened.

One cannot, however, feel any kind of real sympathy with Madame de Maintenon at any epoch of her life,—there is no real greatness, no real attraction about her; secret contentment, secret delight, secret satisfactions of pride were the pleasures she aimed at having, and these she succeeded in obtaining. Her whole life was a sacrifice to this end, from the time of her marriage with the poor cripple Scarrion. In her letters are to be found pictures from her own hand of her life at Versailles, which, as Sainte-Beuve says, almost make us pity her. From the hour of her rising to the hour of her going to bed she had no respite. She was obliged to be everything, not to the king alone, but to the princes also who had been her pupils, and to all the royal family in the palace. She was a veritable servant of all work, for Louis would not sacrifice the smallest of his habits to make her more comfortable or put her more at her ease. Old as she was,—suffering from the cold in the vast apartments of Versailles and Fontainebleau, with huge doors and great windows on all sides of her,—she could not even put a screen round her chair to keep off the draughts, because the king never suffered from cold and liked symmetry in all things,—"*Il faut périr en symétrie,*" she writes. On one occasion, when she was ill in bed, suffering from a

fever, the king arrived, and had the windows at once thrown open. He liked air.

The only consolation that Madame de Maintenon can draw from her discomfort is, that all this agrees very well with the health of the king. Sometimes, when she was ill, anxious, tired, and worn out, the king would enter her room, and she would have to exert herself to amuse and entertain him for hours together; after which she would say to her attendant, as she retired to rest and the curtains were drawn around her,—“I have only time to tell you that I can do no more.” If she allowed the king to see her troubles or discomforts she was afraid that he would think that devotion was the cause of it, and so take devotion as dislike. On one occasion, after an evening of severe exertion in supporting the ill-humor of the king, she said, “I was driven to the last gasp, but the king did not perceive it; now I will go and weep between my four curtains.” All the squabbles of the royal family, all the jealousies of the legitimate and illegitimate princes and princesses fell upon her shoulders. All difficulties of the royal household she was bound to settle in discreet fashion, and with a smiling face, however vexed at heart and tired in soul. Besides this, a mass of business matters were thrust upon her, especially those connected with church matters; for, says Saint-Simon, she thought herself the “*Abbesse universelle* ;” and in her own letters she styles herself “*la femme d'affaires des évêques*.” People aimed at making her the channel of every kind of demand and solicitation;—it was in vain for her to busy herself in secrecy and try and make herself inaccessible.

On all affairs of state too she was obliged to keep herself informed, and have her opinions ready for the king; for every evening he transacted all his business with his ministers in her presence. Madame de Maintenon usually sat apart, occupied with reading or writing, or tapestry work. When on some difficult point, the king would say, “*Consultons la raison*,” then turn to the lady, and ask, “What does your Solidity think of it?” *Votre Solidité*, indeed, was a name habitually employed by the king to Madame de Maintenon. He said to her, “we call Popes *votre Sainteté*, kings *votre Majesté*,—you, madame, must be called *votre Solidité*.”

Amid the incessant torment and pain of such a life expressions escaped Madame de Maintenon at times indicative of the anguish she concealed beneath her smile. “*J'en ai quelquefois*,” she remarked, “*comme l'on dit, jusqu'à la gorge*.” And one day when she saw some little fish evidently ill at ease in one of the sumptuous basins of clear water at Versailles, she said “They are like me; they regret their destiny.”

This kind of life she had to endure till she was eighty, when the king died. Did she love him? The question is difficult to answer. At all events she did not wait to see the breath out of his body. As he was on his death-bed and his end evidently near she consulted her confessor. “You can depart,” he said, “you are no longer necessary.” “This conduct,” says Sainte-Beuve, “for which she has been reproached, proves at least one thing, that in such instants of separation and eternal farewells, she would rather trust to the guidance of her confessor than take counsel of her heart.”

After the king's death she retired to St. Cyr, where she died in 1719, at the age of eighty-four.

To treat of her influence on public affairs, of her part, real or supposed, in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and other great events, would have taken us beyond our limits. The truth is she initiated nothing, yet gave her countenance to all the senile follies of the concluding years of Louis XIV. How much of the intolerance of the declining years of the king can be traced to her cannot be surely known; but she had a passion for converting Calvinist children to the Catholic faith, and spared no means to accomplish her purpose. She looked upon herself as a kind of demi-saint—a sort of mature Esther raised up by Providence to guide the great king into the paths of righteousness. When counselled to write her life, she excused herself from the task by saying it consisted wholly of “miraculous passages in her inner nature.” The modesty of which expression must be patent to all. Michelet, a few words of whose sometimes reveal a character as with a flash of lightning, says of Madame de Maintenon, “*Sous son extérieur calculé de tenue de convenance son âme était très-âpre, comme on l'est volontiers, lorsque l'on a beaucoup pâti*.”

With one who,—as Michelet says,—had suffered much, one would not be too severe; yet Madame de Maintenon had a consolation amid all her trials, and under the astonishing weight of earthly grandeur she had to endure,—her pride in the conviction that she was a secret saint and

martyr as well as an unacknowledged queen. Job and the Maxims of M. de Rochefoucauld we know were at one time her favorite reading, and her chosen motto, "Il n'y a rien de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable."

Cornhill Magazine.

THE HEART OF CRETE.

AMONGST the fateful accidents of earth's surface,—the chances of rift and upheaval which have determined the character of the tribes of men,—one of the most remarkable is the Island of Crete, the home *par excellence*, from remotest antiquity, of intestine wars and insurrections, the coveted prize of all the nations who have hoped to control the Levant. In one of the playful spurts of the volcanic force which have made the earth the beautiful thing it is, a bit of the bed of the Mediterranean (then a fresh-water lake it is said) was hove up sharp on edge, some 16,000 feet, of which half is in air and half in water. On the south side it still plunges sheer from summit to abyss as precipitously as rock will lie; but on the other, it breaks by gentle degrees, and with occasional re-assertion of upheaval, into laughing plains, extended by the alluvium of a thousand torrents, furrowing the rock into ravines and gorges, for picturesqueness and defensibility unsurpassed in the whole world; and like natural robber dens, menacing the fertile fields once the granary of imperial Rome as of later Venice.

The highest section of this ridge, which is the backbone of Crete, forms the district of Sphakia; and the magnificent plain which lies at the northern foot of the chain, and reaches out towards its kindred Argos, is the ancient domain of Cydonia, "mother of cities," as she was known in the earliest days of Greek history. Here broke, in instinctive routine, the spray of those waves of Arian emigration which came from the north down on Italy, Hellas, and the Dorian lands; and here conquest always put the first foot on shore, driving back on those snow-capped mountains the heroic remnants of the preceding races. Here the Pelasgi, winged race (if they were a race), organized those invasions of the eastern shores of the Mediter-

anean, which have left indestructible memorials in the cyclopean city walls of almost every known antique seaside site, and poured into Egypt and Syria the progenitors of the Philistines, whose advent in the Delta, and his munificent permission to abide there, Thotmes III. records at Karnak. Here landed Metellus, and here, last of all, the Turk.

The Sphakian mountains have been always the centre of insubordination and revolt; and to overawe the mountaineers Venice rebuilt Cydonia, long destroyed, and called it Canéa, evidently a corruption of the old name, and made it a superb seaside fortress and naval arsenal. As you approach it from the seaward it is like all other Levant cities: a long line of white-washed houses, a light-house first singling itself out from the mass, then a tawdry building, higher than the rest of the town by its own height, the konak or governor's palace. It is only when you have entered between the two points of the reef which make the harbor, that you are enabled to see the old town huddling in on the semicircular port; the picturesque bits of Venetian architecture, appendixed with Turkish latticed balconies; gateways where the lion of St. Mark still looks, though with mutilated face, seaward, whence his aid was wont to come. At the right a crumbling Venetian battery, and at the left the substructure of the old citadel, whereon is built the rubbishy konak, underneath which is the line of embrasure of a water-battery, and down the side of a lateral basin of the port a long line of gallery-houses, belonging to the arsenal, all of the same masonry and time, show that what the Turk has done to the town since he took it has only been surface work. The outer wall of the city, a superb example of Venetian military architecture, is in the same state as when the

city was taken from the Republic, save that the shot-holes have been filled up rudely; and the guns on the parapets are Venetian and contemporary Turkish, old bronze pieces whose discharge would certainly be more fatal to the gunners than to an enemy.

The great gate of Canéa opens towards the White or Sphakian Mountains, the ancient Leucæ Ora (in Cretan, Asprovouna), which rise in a succession of abrupt ridges from the verge of the plain of Canéa. The distance from city to summit, for a goat, is about twelve miles, but for a traveller, about forty. The mountaineers, who are, in their capacities, between the two, can come down from the highest ridges in five or six hours, and get back in twice as many. Looking from the city wall on the mountains there is a wide plain, covered with olive-groves, whose luxuriant green contrasts with the silvery grey of the Italian olive in a most remarkable manner, and from whose masses peep, here and there, the roofs and pinnacles of summer-houses and kiosks, the villas of the wealthier Turkish beys. Three miles of this bring us to a plunging ridge of mountains, cut into ravines by the torrents, sparse of vegetation of any kind, obdurate ungrateful rock, and then six or seven miles of undulating table-land before the precipitous upheaval of the Asprovouna, whose summits, grey and glistening, pinnaced and crystalline, look out from their 8,000 feet of supremacy over all the Grecian seas and most of the Grecian lands. From October to March, these crags, otherwise bare, are mantled in snow, which lies perpetually in the ravines. Here the cypress tires of climbing, and the wild goat defies the hunting of two thousand years to exterminate him; and here glens—to cross which is not given to man, scarcely to goats—cut up and forbid travel of any kind.

Where the tallest peaks cluster at the west of the long chain, which, from where we look, is plainly a dorsal ridge, there is a precipitous plunge in the mountain lines, and apparently the position of a glen. There is the Heart of Crete, the impregnable fortress of centuries of turbulence, insurrection, war; in whose defiles the mountaineer could trust his family and his treasure as long as he could wield his weapons. Here only, perhaps, in Christian

lands, has warring invader never set his foot. This is Samaria.

In the summer following the end of the Cretan insurrection, and the last of a term of consular residence in Crete, I made the visit, none should neglect who touch in the island, to this redoubtable glen,—visit which the state of hostilities previously existing had rendered unadvisable, not to say impossible, from the Turkish lines. And even when peace had been restored, and not a recusant fugitive remained in the mountain hiding-places, the local authorities could, with difficulty, reconcile themselves to the idea of my going there; and it was only after the failure of several petty intrigues to prevent my getting away, that they determined to pass to the other extreme and do handsomely what they could not avoid doing. I set out in the dawn of a July day with an officer of the mounted police, a chosen and trusty man, with one private of the same force, and my own cavass. The private rode a hundred yards a-head *en vidette* against any attack on the official dignity by unknowing peasant, or unheeding patrol or straggler of the faithful, and discharged his duty on the road to my complete satisfaction, no countermarching troops daring to hold the narrow way to the detriment of the consular dignity. The lawlessness of the Turkish administration in Crete has kept alive, more than in most of the Christian provinces of the Ottoman empire, the power of, and respect for, foreign officials. Just as much as the unjust governor dreads the inspecting eye and the exposing blue-book, so much the Rayah hopes from them, and honors the Effendi as the Turk curses the Ghiour; and so in Crete, the extreme of official deference is kept up, corresponding to the degree of official oppression hitherto* obtaining.

So when my avant-courier announced to the awkward squad of Anatolian infantry, ragged, sullen, that the "Consolos Bey" demanded the road, a savage frown of unwelcome gleamed through the disciplinary respect; while the shouting, chattering groups of Christian peasants ambling along on their mules and donkeys, with their little loads of fowls or oil for the market

* I should be unjust if I did not add that, from all that I could see after the war, the administration of the affairs of the island has wonderfully improved in all respects.

at Canéa, were generally arrested by the summons of the guard, and drew up respectfully at the road-side, the most respectful dismounting until I had passed.

The road, for ten or twelve miles, runs westward over a level plain, the ancient bed of the Iardanos, by whose banks we know, from Homer, that the Cydonians dwelt. The fact that the Iardanos (now called Platanos, from the immense plane-trees growing on its banks) now empties into the sea ten miles from Canéa, has puzzled geographers to reconcile Cydonia with Canéa; but on arriving at the point where the river debouches into and cuts across the plain, it will be seen that the new channel to the sea has been cut through the hills by the action of the river, and that the ancient course was evidently eastward through the still marshy plain into the bay of Suda, passing close to the position of Canéa.

The roads in Crete are marked with historical associations of all ages, as the Appian Way with recollections of the great dead. The town that we pass, near the mouth of the Platanos, was the ancient Pergamos, whither Lycurgus, to evade the possibility of his laws being evoked, banished himself, died, and was buried. The town, which we enter as we cross the Platanos at the ford, is Alikianu, the scene of one of the most atrocious and perfidious massacres which Venice ever perpetrated to secure her dominion. It is a town of half-ruined villas—some of the Venetian days—buried in orange-trees, and so surrounded with olive-groves that but little of it can be seen from the river. The road we must follow only skirts it, following the river, until it rises on a ridge of mountains, zigzag and undulating, up to Lakus, one of the immemorial strongholds of Crete. The Lakiotes are accounted amongst the bravest of the Cretans; and though military science, flank movements, and artillery made their town untenable in the later insurrection, it is still a formidable position. The village itself lies along under the summit ridge of the chain of hills which form a buttress to the Asprovouna, stretching north, with steep approaches from every side.

In the last insurrection, Lakus was taken by surprise and a flank movement of the Turkish irregulars, the Lakiotes having only time to secure their most valuable and portable goods, and to bury the church

bell, retiring up the mountain slopes beyond, firing a few shots of defiance as they went. South of Lakus is an almost impassable ravine, whose opposite slopes recede from their precipitousness, to give place to a village called Zourba, to which the Lakiotes retired, and where they made their depôt and hospital during the first year or more of the insurrection, resisting successfully bombardment and assault until the whole country round about was occupied. When A'ali Pacha arrived in Crete, he ordered the reconstruction of the church of Lakus, demolished by the Turks at the capture of the village, and the primates were ordered to find the bell. Declining to know its whereabouts, they were thrown into prison, to lie until they did; a few days of which treatment produced the desired effect, and the bell was hung over the reconstructed church. That afternoon notes of compulsory joy sounded from the belfry, and the insurgents from the ridge of Zourba opposite came down to the brink of the ravine, to ask who had betrayed the bell. Their submitted townsmen replied by an avowal of the *modus operandi* of getting at the required knowledge; and the "patriots" replied, "Ring away, we will come and ring it to-night." And, agreeably to promise, a band of insurgents came across the ravine at midnight, carried off the bell, and hanging it on a tree near Zourba, rang the night out. The Turkish guard, which occupied the block-house in the village, scarcely thought it worth while to risk the defence of the bell, if indeed they knew of its danger.

At Lakus I had made my plans to breakfast and pass the noon-heat, but I had reckoned without my hosts, for, on "pitching my tent," and sending out my cavass to find a lamb to roast, I found evidence of the inroads of civilization—I could not get one for less than three pounds sterling—about fifteen times the usual price. Fortunately my escort had amply provided themselves, and we had bread and cheese, caviar and coffee to stay our appetites until we should reach Omalo, where was a garrison and an army butcher. So I ate my modicum of what they gave me, smoked my cigarette, and tried to doze, while the chattering villagers, holding themselves aloof in reminiscent dread of the Moslem, mingled their hum with that of the bees from the hives near us. My "tent" was an ancient mulberry-tree above, and a

Persian carpet beneath; and, though I tried to sleep away the time, I did nothing but listen to the story my cavass, Hadji Houssein, was telling his companions of an adventure we had had the year before in the valley below, and which, lest he have not given the true version, I will tell as it happened.

In the bottom of the valley at our feet lies the village of Meskla, built along the banks of the Platanos, where it is a pure, cold, rushing mountain brook, of which, in any other part of the world, the eddies would have been alive with trout, but in which now there are only, as in all other Cretan rivers, eels. A party of official personages in Canéa, including her Britannic Majesty's consul, myself, the American ditto, with the captain and officers of the English and French gunboats on the station, and an English colonel in the Turkish army, had made a picnic party to Meskla, in August of the last year of the war. The Turkish troops held Lakus and Omalo, and the western bank of the Platanos down to the plain; but the insurgents still remained in possession of all the northern spurs of the Asprovouna, from Lakus east for twenty miles, including Zourba; and while we drank toasts and ate our roast-lamb under the plane-trees by the river, a perpetual peppering of rifles was going on from the hill-tops on each side of the valley above. Was it fighting, or was it fun? I began to climb one of the nearest spurs on the Turkish side of the ravine to see, and, not to be suspected of both sides, took my way to the picket of Turkish irregulars, which, sheltered by a group of trees on the summit, was firing across the valley in a desultory way. As I showed myself in one of the windings of the path to the patriots at Zourba, I saw the smoke-puff of a rifle on the edge of a ravine, and the ball glanced along the rocks within three feet, spattering the lead over me in a most convincing way. I naturally made a flank movement, which shortly degenerated into the retrograde of a satisfied curiosity.

The incident had a side interest to the whole party, for it showed us that the road we proposed to take might be dangerous, the more as we had a Turkish officer and his two attendants in uniform in our company. We had proposed following the river up still higher, and then crossing the ridge to Theriso, a village

occupying the bottom of the parallel valley of the Kladiso, the river next eastward.

Consulting one of the submitted Meskliotes, who waited his chance for the *débris* of the picnic, we were informed that it would be very far from safe to follow our proposed route, which was exposed in its whole line to the chance of shots from the main mountain ridge; but he offered to guide us by a road running along the side of the ridge furthest from the insurgents, and where he could warn any outposts of them that we were coming. This road was a fair sample of those which existed in Crete before the war, a mere bridle-path scratched in the slope of a huge land slide, which rose above us two or three hundred feet, and descended three or four times that distance into the bed of the Platanos. Part of it was too dizzy and dangerous to ride, and we led our beasts hesitating and hobbling along. We were soon amongst the outposts of the insurgents, as we had unmistakable evidence on arriving at Theriso, where we found a detachment of a dozen or more, rough, motley-looking fellows, armed with all kinds of guns, and clad in all ways except well. They looked askance at our fez-wearing colonel and his two cavalymen, but from respect for the consular presences respected *their* persons. We drank with them at the spring, exchanged identifications, and pursued our way down the celebrated ravine, the scene of two terrible disasters to the Turkish army, during different insurrections. Nothing can be more uncomfortable, in a military point of view, than one of these Cretan ravines. Cut in the limestone rock by the glacier torrents of ages, zigzag in their courses, and shut between abrupt ridges, with no road but an unsatisfactory bridle-path, the troop which is incautious enough to enter without crowning the heights on each side as they advance, is certain to be hemmed in, and to be severely treated by a comparatively small foe, or exterminated by a large one.

We had delayed too long, and as we entered the most precipitous portion of the ravine, the red sunlight on the eastern cliffs told us that the sun, long shut from direct view, was sinking; and in our haste we missed the way, and fell into a vineyard-path, out of any line of travel. Immediately we heard voices hailing us from the hill-tops, to which we paid no atten-

tion, thinking them the cries of shepherd boys, and continued until we found ourselves in a maze of vineyards, and the path and sun gone at the same instant. Now the hailing began with bullets. The uniforms of our Turkish escort demanded explanation, and as our guides had left us at Theriso, we were helpless. To go back and explain was to be a better mark, and to march a-head, anywhere, was our only chance. Unfortunately, Hadji, who carried my rifle, considered it his military duty to return the fire, and in a few moments, other pickets coming in, we had above forty sharpshooters popping away at us in the twilight. Our further passage was shut by an abrupt hillside, along which we must make a movement by the flank towards the road we had lost, and directly across the line of fire. The ping-ing of the bullets suggested getting to cover, and as all path had now disappeared, we all dismounted and led our beasts at random; no one knowing where we were going, or should go, and only aiming to turn the point of the ridge above us, to get out of the fire, which was increasing, and the ping-ing of Enfield bullets over our heads was a wonderful inducer of celerity. It was a veritable *sauve qui peut*. I saw men of war ducking and dodging at every flash and whistle in a way that indicated small faith in the doctrine of chances, according to which a thousand shots must be fired for one to hit. We found, at length, where the ridge broke down, a maze of huge rocks, affording shelter, but beyond was a deep declivity, down which, in the dark, we could see nothing; further on again was the river, along which the road led. We could hear the shouts and occasional shots of a detachment running down the road to intercept us and another coming along the ridge above us. My mule was dead beat, and could scarcely put one leg before another, and few others were better off. A short council showed two minds in the party—one to lie still to be taken, with the chance of a shot first; the other to push on for the road before the insurgents reached it. The only danger of any moment was to Colonel Borthwick and his Turks, who would be prizes of war, and to me the chance of a fever from lying out all night. The majority, nine, voted with me to go on, and, abandoning mules and horses, we plunged, without

measuring our steps, down the slope, falling, slipping, tripping over rocks, in bogs, through overtopping swamp-grass, bushes (for the hillside was a bed of springs), pushing to strike the road before the insurgents should head us off, so as to be able to choose our moment for parleying. I knew that if I could get there first, saving the chance, that all would be well; if a rash boy of fourteen saw me first, I might be stopped by a bullet before any explanation would avail.

Tired, muddy, reeking with perspiration, bruised on the stones, exhausted with haste and trepidation, we won the race and halted behind a little roadside chapel to gather the state of things. Above, we heard voices of a colloquy, and knew that the remainder of the party were in safe custody, and our road was quiet. A short walk brought us to the outpost of the Turkish army, a village garrisoned by a couple of companies of regulars and a few Albanians. The commandant, a major, was out-ranked by Borthwick, who ordered him at once to send out a detachment to rescue Consul Dickson and his companions. The poor major protested and remonstrated, but in vain. "It was dangerous," he said; but the colonel insisting, he ordered out a detachment, and then called for pipes and coffee, after which, under a heavy escort, we started for Canéa. Borthwick obtained a battalion of the regulars in garrison and started next morning at early dawn to rescue our friends; but no persuasion could induce the Turkish commander to enter the ravines. He posted his troops along the overlooking ridge and waited in ambush. I have it on Borthwick's word that while the troops were lying concealed, under orders to keep the most profound silence, a hare started up at the end of the line, and the Turkish commander instantly ordered the first company to their feet, and to make ready, and was about to give the order to fire when a hound of the battalion anticipated the volley by catching the poor beast and despatching him on the spot.

Meanwhile, Dickson and his companions were in the hospitable hands of a party of Hadji Michali's men, and at about eight A.M. came down the road into view of the ambush, escorted by a guard of honor of insurgents, none the worse for their adventure, and bringing back our

beasts and baggage; but nothing would induce the Turkish officer to go the mile separating them from the insurgent outpost which had fired on us.

While Hadji told his story to his admiring companions (he was an excellent raconteur, and put the whole of his barbaric soul into the narration, though his respect for the Effendi kept his voice low, and quieted a little his camp manner,) one or the other of the three made my cigarettes and brought me fire, and only when the sun began to sink from the meridian did we move on.

As we passed the blockhouse, I found that the general-in-chief had preceded me a day, and given orders that the honors due to a consular personage—the same as those paid to a superior officer in their own army—should be carefully observed, and so we had the whole garrison of each blockhouse on the way out at the “present arms.” The road not only zigzags going from Lakus to the plain of Omalo, but makes such ascents and descents as well accounted for the fruitlessness of so many attempts to enter the plain, which is a sort of portico to Samarià. But now a fair artillery road followed the ridges up to the very plain, and blockhouses covered with their fire every point where an ambush could be made, and those little glens, famous in Cretan tradition for extermination of Turkish detachments, will never again help native heroism against organized conquest. We passed, in one of the wildest gorges through which the road passes, a blockhouse perched high on a hill-top like an eyrie, a peripatetic atom on the parapet of which caught my eye as a wild goat might have done amongst the cliffs around. As we came into sight, looking again, I saw the garrison swarming down the hillside amongst the rocks like ants, wondered what they were at, and rode on, when at another turn the officer said, “They salute, Effendi.” I looked around, and, only on his indication, saw drawn up in line, hundreds of feet above me, a line of animalcula, which, by good eyesight, I could perceive was the whole garrison presenting arms, and they so continued presenting until, after turn upon turn of the road, they disappeared from view definitely, when I supposed they swarmed back to their fastness.

We passed through the ravine of Phokes,

where Hadji Michali once caught a small detachment which incautiously attempted to penetrate to Omalo. I had heard the story of the fight, told at the time by an Albanian, who was in it, in a brief but graphic way. The Christians waited invisible, he said, till the troops were in the bottom of the ravine, and then began to fire from many directions. The troops stopped, made a show of resistance, and then broke and made for the blockhouse at Lakus; “and those who couldn’t run well never got there,” he interjected, laconically. He frankly admitted that he was so far in advance that he saw very little actual fighting, and made no halt, nor did any others, Mussulman or Christian, till they arrived at the door of the blockhouse, which he was surprised at their shutting in time to keep out the Christians.

It was well into the afternoon when we entered the plain of Omalo, evidently a filled-up crater, its level about five thousand feet above the sea. The snows and rains of winter and spring flood it, and as no stream runs from it, the waters disappear by a Katavothron—a gloomy Acherontic recess—into whose crooked recesses no eye can pierce, and down whose depths is heard a perpetual cavernous roaring of water.

In the plain was no vestige of human habitation visible, except the tents of a battalion of regulars, and a two-story blockhouse on a spur of hill which projected into the plain. We rode into the camp, and were received with emphasis by the Pacha, who, with true eastern diplomacy, expressed unbounded surprise at my visit, “so entirely unexpected;” and learning the result of my attempts at feeding in Lakus, called to the mess-boy to bring me the remains of the breakfast, apologizing abundantly, and informing me that I should be expected to dine with him and the commander of the post at eight. The residual breakfast, supplemented by a plate of kibabs, the mutton-chop of the east, despatched; the ceremonial pipes and coffee finished, and the more than usually complimentary speeches said; the shadows meanwhile falling longer on the plain: I accepted the Pacha’s offer of a fresh horse, and rode across to the famous descent into the glen of Samarià, the Xyloscala, so called from a zigzag colossal staircase made with fir-trunks, and formerly the only

means of descent into the glen. There was a detachment of troops building a blockhouse to command the upper part of the glen, and the commander kept me salaaming, coffee-taking, &c., until I saw that the sunlight was getting too red to give me time to explore the ravine, and I contented myself with a look from the brink down into the blue depths.

I doubt if, in the range of habitual travel, there is another such scene. It was as if the mountains had yawned to their very bases. In front of me were bare stony peaks 7,000 to 8,000 feet high, whose precipitous slopes, on which, as they descended, the pines got courage, little by little, to take root, plunged down unbrokenly, and ended in a narrow gorge. At the side, the rock rose like the *aiguilles* of Chamouny, cloven and guttered, with the snow still lying in its clefts, and broad fields of it, rosy red, on the opposite eastern peaks. I looked down through the pines and cedars that clung in the crevices of the rocks below me, and the bottom of the glen looked blue and faint in their interstices. The *Xyloskala*, destroyed by the insurgents at the beginning of the insurrection, was replaced by a laborious zigzag road, which sidled off under crags, and came back along slopes, blasted out of rock and buttressed up with pines, seeming to me where I stood, as if it finally launched off into mid air, and would only help another *Dædalus* into the mystery of the labyrinth of pines and rock gorges below.

As I watched, the flame of the sunlight crept up the peaks across the glen, the purple-blue shadow following it up, across the snow-fields, changing from rosy to blue, and tinging the peaks of pale grey rock to russet where the day died away. The chill of night reminding me to put my overcoat on, we rode back across the plain in the twilight, accompanied by the building gang, whose polyglot murmur was as cheerful and full of mirth as though they were peasants going home from the vintage.

Nothing can surpass the good-humor and patience of the Turkish soldier. Brutal and barbarous they doubtless were when their fanaticism and the rage of battle united to excite them, but in camp and in peace I have found them always models of the purely physical man.

Our dinner was luxurious, and in the

true eastern manner. The Pacha, the Bey commanding the place, and his aide-de-camp, made four with me, and one dish, placed in the middle of the table, served our fingers or spoons according as the viand was dressed, each one of the four scrupulously adhering to his quadrant of the copper circle. The dinner was almost interminable; it was dark and cold when the end did come.

The soldiers, gathered round their camp some half a mile away, had eaten their suppers and were at ease, the shouting of their merriment coming to us occasionally above the general hum. Presently we saw them taking fir-branches, and, each lighting one at the nearest camp-fire, come running to us at full speed, making a long mad-cap procession of torch-bearers, the pitchy fir giving out an immense flame, and, making for the headquarters, followed by the battalion band playing, they threw their branches in a pile on a little level space before the Pacha's tent, and then, turning to the right and left, sat down in a semicircle, open towards us. A detachment was told off to keep up the fire, and a sort of glee club, accompanied by rude instruments, drums beaten by the hand, and a kind of flute and mandolin, commenced singing, at the top of their voices, the plaintive monotonous songs which all who have been in the east know and cannot describe.

This was the overture to a terpsichorean and dramatic entertainment most unique and amusing. The programme opened with a dance of *Zebeques*, the barbarous race who occupy the country behind Smyrna. They are wrapped in a sash from the armpits to the hips, with a sort of baggy knee-breeches, and bearing long knives thrust crosswise through their sashes. They formed a circle and began a movement, which seemed like a dance of men in armor, half stage stride and half hop. The music struck up an appropriate air, and the dancers, joining in the song, circled slowly two or three times in the same staid and deliberate manner, then drawing their knives, brandished them in time, quickening their pace, and hurrying around quicker and quicker as the song grew more excited, when they finally came to a climax of fury, rushing in on each other at the centre of the circle as if to cut each other

down. But the raised knives were arrested by the opposing empty hand; and, the paroxysm passed, the song died down to its lower tone and moderate time, and the dance began a new movement, each dancer thrusting his knife into the ground at the centre, and then repeated the quickening circles; this time rushing, at the climax, on their knives and drawing them from the earth, they threw themselves on an imaginary enemy outside the circle, and, having hypothetically demolished him, returned to their gyrations, varying the finale by lifting one of the company into the air on their hands, and dropping him simultaneously with their voices. This lasted half an hour.

After an intermission, in which the soldiers, unawed by the presence of the Pacha, laughed and joked and shouted to their content, a soldier entered the circle dressed as an Egyptian dancing-woman. He was one of the tallest men in the regiment, capitably travestied, and all who have seen the dance of the *Almah* can imagine the bursts of laughter with which his grave precise imitation of one of them was received by the circle. I have never seen anything more exquisitely ludicrous. His figure seemed lithe as a willow-wand, and he twisted and bent, and bowed and doubled with the peculiar expression of physique which seemed impossible to any other than the slender Egyptian girl.

Roars of applause followed this performance, and the next was a pantomime—"The Honey Stealers." Two men entered dressed as peasants, one carrying a gun on his back, and begin groping about as in the dark—run against each other, stumble and fall, and finally, by much listening, find a box, which had been placed to represent the hive. The thief lays down his gun to be more free in his motions, and a soldier runs into the circle and carries it off. Enter presently, a third honey-seeker, blacked to represent a negro, or some diabolical personage, it was impossible to say which, and, stumbling on the other two, an affray ensues, in the course of which the bees get disturbed, and come out in swarms, the luckless black getting the lion's share of the stings. At this moment an alarm is given, and the gunner misses his gun, upon which he falls on the black as the thief, and between the stings and the blows the intruder expires, the play ending with the efforts of the two

living to carry out and dispose of the one dead, interfered with greatly by a spasmodic life remaining in the members, which refuse to lie as they are put. But this finally subsiding, the body is satisfactorily disposed of, and the pantomime gives way, amidst the most uproarious laughter and applause, to a Circassian dance. The dancers were few, and the dance tame, and not meeting any appreciation, gave way to a repetition of the Zebeque salutations, of which they seemed never disposed to tire.

The entertainment lasted till eleven o'clock, when, each soldier taking a branch of fir, the actors and audience raced off like a demoniac festival breaking up, the band following with a blare of trumpets and bang of drums, and we were left to our dignity and the dying embers of the theatre fire.

Although in July, the night was so intensely cold that, sharing the Pacha's tent, and with all the covering he could spare me, in addition to my own Persian carpet over instead of under me, I was almost too cold to sleep, and the morning found me well disposed to put my blood in motion by vigorous exercise. Coffee served, we rode over to the *Xyloscala*, and, after more coffee-and-pipe compliments, we began the descent of the new zigzag road. It was so steep that no loaded beast could mount it, and it took me two hours' walk to get to the bottom, where the road straitens and follows the river, here a dancing, gurgling stream, rushing amongst boulders and over ridges, under overhanging pines, as though there were no tropics, and the land had not had rain for two months. The whole gorge was filled with the balsamic odors of firs and pine, which covered the slopes wherever the rock would give them place; and above that, bare splintery cliffs overhung the gorge, so that it seemed that a stone would fall three thousand feet if thrown from the summit. A few Turkish soldiers, lazily felling or trimming pines for the block-houses, were the only signs of humanity we saw. Above, in the pines, we heard the partridge's note, as the mother called to her young brood to follow her. The gorge widened to a glen; the slopes receded slightly, and then, after another hour of walking, we came to a sharp turn in its course, where the high mountains walled up the glen to the west, with a sheer slope

of five or six thousand feet from the peaks to the brook bed, and the rocks on each side shut in like the lintels of a doorway. Here is the little village of Samarià, so long the refuge of the women and children of this section of Crete, and where, so long as arms and food lasted, a few resolute men might have defended them against all comers. I doubt if in the known world there is such another fortress. No artillery could crown those heights; no athletes descend the slopes; while the only access from below is through the river-bed, in one place only ten feet wide, and above which the cliffs rise perpendicular over a thousand feet; the strata in some places matching each other, so that it seems to have been a cloven gorge—the yawn of some earthquake, which suggested closing again at a future day—and for two hours down from the glen there is no escaping from the river course, except by goat-paths, and these such as no goat would care needlessly to travel.

Pashley has described the village of Samarià, and its magnificent cypresses and little chapel, as they are now. No invasion, no sacrilege, has entered there; and perhaps this is the only church in Crete, outside the Turkish lines of permanent occupation, which has not been desecrated. The roof of the chapel is made of tiles, which must date from the early Byzantine Empire.

The river below here, the St. Rumeli, is a rapid perennial stream, which at times of flood shuts off all travel by the road. Lower down is a tiny village of the same name as the river, in a gorge into which only an hour's sunlight can enter during the day—damp, chilly, and aguish—the residence of a half-dozen families of goat-herds. Pashley identifies a site near

the mouth of the river as that of Tarrha, the scene of Apollo's loves with Acalis, who, if bred in this glen, must have been of that icy temperament which should have best suited the professional flirt of Olympus.

To travellers who care to visit Samarià I would give the hint to leave their horses at Omalo, and have a boat to meet them at the mouth of the St. Rumeli, as the ascent is long and painful, even by the new road, which, since I saw it, the torrents may have demolished. They may thus visit the Port Phoenix of St. Paul, which lies a few miles to the eastward, and landing at Suia, west of St. Rumeli, have their horses come down by the pass of Krustogherako, and so return by way of St. Irene—a very wild pass of the Selino mountains—to Canéa.

We had made no such provision, and so were obliged to toil back in the intense heat of the July sun beating down into the gorge, and, arriving past noon, to be refreshed by sherbet and coffee by the hospitable commander of the station at Xyloscala, the snow of the sherbet being brought from the opposite cliff two hundred yards away, but an hour's climb to get to it. The commander was a more intelligent man than it is usual for Turkish officers to be, and he related how he had led a detachment round to the top of the opposing cliffs, and how when they got there they were like the twenty thousand men of the King of France, and had to come back by the way they went.

However, they have now a blockhouse at the Xyloscala, another at Samarià in sight and signalling of it, and a third at St. Rumeli, so that, for the future, there need be no doubt as to who holds the Heart of Crete.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE OLD PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR INMATES.

THE DUNGEON OF VINCENNES.

THOSE dismal dwellings set apart for the safe custody of real or supposed criminals, have always indicated the character and spirit of the era when they were raised. Selfishness, self-indulgence, and disregard to the weal of the middle and lower orders marked the dispositions of the go-

verning classes in Paris during the middle ages, and to the close of the last century, and it would be vain to seek for the prevalence of a humane spirit in the interior economy of the houses of detention during this long lapse of time.

For the substance of this paper we are

partly indebted to the illustrated work of Maurice Alhay and Louis Lurine, 1846; and the following abridgment of their notice of the once royal residence of Vincennes, which was used as a state prison from the time of Louis XI. to the date 1784, will illustrate the amenities of prison life as experienced under the *Ancien Regime*. A once resident in the royal dungeon thus sketched the uncomfortable housekeeping:—

It was generally in the night that a prisoner was introduced into the fortress, a single lamp lending its feeble light to point out the way. Two guides conducted him, and numberless keys saluted his eyes and grated on his ears. Iron doors rolled back on their enormous hinges, and the vaulted ceilings resounded to the frightful noise. A twisted, narrow, steep stair prolonged the distance. They crossed vast halls, the trembling lamp affording glimpses in the ocean of darkness, of padlocks, iron bars, and gratings. The unhappy man at last reached his destination, which was furnished with a wretched bed, two straw-bottomed chairs, a cracked chamber-utensil, and a dirty table. The governor then directed the turnkeys to search the new man, himself commencing the operation, and every moveable article in his possession was then removed from him. Finally he received an insolent and laconic injunction not to make the least noise.

The turnkey came to visit him three times a day, not through a motive of kindness, but for the purpose of inspection. He seemed ever a herald of misfortune. A hard or insolent look, an imperturbable silence, a heart inured to the sufferings of his prisoners, made up the portrait of the greater number of gaol guardians. In vain the prisoner proposed questions. "I know nothing about it," was the unvarying answer.

The more favored of the prisoners were allowed a promenade of one hour in the day in a yard thirty feet long, in company with their gaolers, who were never to quit them, nor to take their eyes off them, nor ever to answer one of their questions.

Those who were fated to return to the society of their families and friends, were searched as scrupulously on leaving their cells as on entering them, and this in an indecent manner. They were also obliged to swear never to reveal the circum-

stances of their prison life. They were told that by an infraction of this oath they would incur the displeasure of the king; and well knowing what this threat meant, they generally kept their promise. Such treatment as is here instanced was afforded to the less important class of *detenus*. Those distinguished by station or office were treated with more consideration.

Vincennes, at first only a hunting-lodge, was enlarged by Philip Augustus, who peopled the surrounding woods with wild animals brought from England, and enclosed the park. Philip of Valois demolished the old building, and raised in its stead a royal chateau, which in time degenerated into a prison.

First a hunting-lodge, then a palace, then a prison, and in our days an arsenal, a barrack, and a place for military exercises combined, during its proudest days its state apartments resounded with music, and song, and joyous discourse, while its dungeon cells echoed the groans and lamentations of captives. That rather unscrupulous and self-willed queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, did not enjoy her meals and her slumbers the less, that the future Henri Quatre and other noble offenders against her will were badly lodged and fed under the same roof with her. Woe to the prince, courtier, or minister, who heard from her lips the endearing words "my friend." It was the prelude of disgrace or punishment. "Madame," said Bois Fevrier to her one day when she used those words, "oblige me by calling me your enemy."

It was at Vincennes that Catherine consulted Ruggieri, the astrologer, on the place of her death. He traced various circles and signs on the floor round the Queen, and finally pronounced the words "SAINT GERMAIN!" Henceforward she endeavored to belie the prediction. She deserted the Tuileries because that palace was in the parish of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, and her palace of L'Abbaye, which adjoined Saint-Germain des Pres; more particularly still she avoided Saint-Germain-au-Laye. The Hotel de la Reine au Paris and the Donjon of Vincennes were her residences of choice. Still the prophecy was fulfilled after a fashion. She died fourteen years after the consultation, supported in her last moments by one of the king's confessors, whose name was Saint Germain.

In the good old times many things intolerable to the feelings and sentiments of the great of the earth in modern times were looked on and endured by the kings and queens of the day as only suitable, or, at the worst, indifferent. We can fancy the shock it would give the nerves of our gracious Sovereign if informed one fine morning by Mr. Gladstone, that for the well-being of the state it was decreed by her faithful commons that a portion of Buckingham Palace would, from the first of April next ensuing, be appropriated to the lodgment of sundry folk convicted of Fenianism, and other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Omitting many notable personages who were forced to reside for a time in the Royal donjon, we lay decided blame on the powers that kept the brave Marshal Rantzau there against his will. It would be more near the truth to say the half of Marshal Rantzau, for at Dole, at Sens, and at Gravelines, where his arms were successful, he left an eye, an ear, an arm, and a leg—in short, half of those members which nature had provided him with in duplicate.

The great Condé, the prince of Conti, and the Duke of Longueville, endured the dreary hospitality of Vincennes in the 17th century, but in very different modes. While Longueville inwardly pined, and Conti wept, the Great Commander cheerfully tended and watered the flowers in the little garden of which they had the enjoyment. On the subject of these illustrious captives, the Duke of Orleans exclaimed, "Oh, what a lucky cast of net which secured at the same moment a lion, a monkey, and a fox!"

"The lion (we quote the work named in the beginning of the article) did not lie submissive at the feet of the hunter who had wounded him. The Prince of Condé called to his aid music, the science of war, devotion, and horticulture. He drew plans of battles to be fought against the enemies of France or France itself. He sung pious lays, and lays the reverse of pious. He fasted three times a week, and cultivated carnations, the ugliest flowers in the world."

Condé's admirers in the City improved the occasion by assuming that his horticulture chiefly consisted in the planting of laurels, and a lady, a *precieuse*, requested him not to omit planting some roses among these evergreens.

The sojourn of the famous Cardinal de Retz at Vincennes, was as gay and apparently devoid of unhappiness as could be. "He figured in the part of a petty prince. He had his valets, money in abundance, a good table, and a good bed. Great ladies visited him. Friends came to flatter him. Comedians came to amuse him. He occupied himself with everything—politics, literature, the theatre, religion even. Occasionally he recollected he was a priest, and obtained permission to celebrate Mass in the chapel of the Chateau."

But the mercurial politician became tired of being happy in a prison, and invented such plans of escape as would have done honor to Latude himself. But the elements were against him; wind and rain conspired, and one night the storm closed a heavy door, ordinarily left open, and upset his calculations.

A Parisian wit thus afforded useful instructions to candidates for the Bastille, and for Vincennes in the days of arbitrary rule:—

"Show your wit by making an epigram on a minister, on a titled courtesan; make ballads, and put a political couplet together; be a philosopher, and hazard a social theory;—your admission to the Bastille is certain. But be a powerful nobleman, and dare to look royalty in the face sword in hand; be the king's brother, and refuse to obey your august master; be a cardinal, and lose your breviary in the musical tumult of the Fronde; be a chief of a party, a chief of a sect, a head of a troublesome school, an enemy to be dreaded—with these advantages you will become a guest at Vincennes. If you are merely a wit without prudence, you will sleep in the Bastille. If you are endowed with will and power, the donjon of Vincennes is ready to receive you." These directions were applicable in particular to the times of Louis XIII.

What a long array of noble and distinguished personages slept within the walls of the tall and strong building! Henri Quatre, the Duc d'Alençon, the Marshal Montmorency, the Duke of Vendôme, Sigismund, King of Poland, the Duke of Beaufort, the Cardinal de Retz, the great Condé, and in later times, Diderot, Mirabeau, &c. &c. In its dry fosse, the poor Duc d'Enghien was mur-

dered, a few formalities being gone through for credit sake.

Diderot, one of the quasi-regenerators of humanity, who put the *Encyclopédie* together, after some course of imprisonment, was removed to Vincennes, and allowed the liberty of the park. His wife was permitted to visit him every day, his friends often enough, and Madame Pui-sieux sometimes. It was to gratify this Dalilah that he wrote some of his worst essays and libidinous stories. At the instance of his wife, some of his least harmful pieces were composed.

Like other pretenders to unbelief, Diderot was under the influence of superstition. Thus did Diderot announce his manner of seeking knowledge of things to come:—

"I had a little *Plato* in my pocket, and I sought on the first page, opened by chance, what would be the duration of my captivity. The passage which met my eyes at the top of the page ran thus,— 'This affair will promptly come to a conclusion.' I smiled, and a quarter of an hour afterwards I heard the grinding of the key opening the door of my prison. It was Berryer, the lieutenant of police, who entered to announce my liberation for the morrow."

The work which procured for Diderot a lodging in the Vincennes' dungeon, was *Lettre sur les Aveugles, à l'usage de ceux qui voient*—"A Letter on the Blind, for the use of those who see,"—a work of rank atheism.

Mirabeau had a longer experience of life at Vincennes than Diderot, his term being two years. He had been acclimatized to durance from his youth. At 17 years of age, his father, author of *L'Ami des Hommes*, had got him imprisoned in the Isle of Ré for some duels and other youthful escapades. He was afterwards confined to the little town of Manosque as a prisoner at large, but breaking bounds to punish the Baron de Villeneuve for insulting his sister, he was newly immured in the Chateau d'If, once more at the request of the author of *L'Ami des Hommes*. He there wrote his *Essai sur le Despotisme*, and so pleased his commandant that he got him removed to a pleasanter place of detention, the Citadel of Joux.

But the restless youth would persist in coveting his neighbor's wife, and dreading

a new *lettre de cachet*, of which his father, the "Friend of Man," had always a provision in his pocket, and also dreading being produced before a criminal court by the lady's husband, he fled the country; and after a lonely sojourn in Switzerland proceeded to Holland, where he was joined by the lady, whom in his writings he has sung under the name of *Sophie*.

Sentence of death being recorded against him, that punishment was inflicted on his effigy; and the king and the judges, and the outraged husband, remained content with that punishment. Not so the "Friend of Man." He got a writ of extradition filled, and had the unlucky pair arrested, and conducted, one to the prison of Vincennes, the other to a convent of St. Clare.

Mirabeau was not a man to submit to any authority but his own will. So his incensed guardians nearly deprived him of every convenience. But he managed to get pens, ink, and paper into his possession, and write out his famous work on *Lettres de Cachet*. When not employed on this essay, or not pondering on recon-dite questions of religion, morality, or politics, he was writing his *Lettres à Sophie*, or bewailing his forced separation from her.

Latude has been incidentally mentioned above. His fortunes were probably the most extraordinary among prison histories. When a young man, he endeavored to ingratiate himself with Mme. de Pompadour, by revealing a supposed plot against her life. The police, however, could detect no conspirator in the com-plot but himself, and for the best part of a life he was tossed from the Bastille to Vincennes, and from Vincennes to the Bastille.

An ingenious, patient, indefatigable man, Latude contrived his escape from Vincennes; but M. de Sartines, the great police chief, was not to be circumvented. He secured his man, and inserted him in a kind of tomb, where he could not distinguish night from day, and where existence bordered on the miraculous. At last came a surgeon, who found his flesh in such a state that it continued to retain for a time the mark made on it by the pressure of the finger or thumb. He ordered him to be brought into a more airy place, and thus preserved his life.

In the passage to his new chamber he

secured an iron rod three feet long, and a bit of a broken sword, and with these poor tools he bored a hole through a wall five feet thick, and held communication with other prisoners when at their daily promenade. The operation took two years and two months to be completed. All the ingenuity of the artist resulted in getting him conveyed back to a cachot in the Bastille. His final deliverance thus came about. A piece of paper, on which he had written an abstract of his wretched case, had been blown by the wind from a window in the donjon, far and farther, till it came into the hands of a worthy citizeness, Madame Legros; and she became so interested in the poor sufferer's fate, that she never ceased her exertions till she procured his release. She had the less difficulty, as the great Madame had been dead for some time. We do not give entire credit to some wonderful circumstances related in the sufferer's narrative.

Time introduced little or no amelioration in the condition of individual prisoners, from the days when Louis XI. conversed with, or taunted his caged captives, to those when Louis XV.'s unworthy favorites might use their own wicked pleasure on any unlucky wights who had the ill-fortune to offend them. We dare not dwell on the horrible and disgusting details of sufferings and cruelties endured during part of last century by the hapless inmates of Vincennes.

SAINTE-PELAGIE.

Sainte-Pelagie was another Mary Magdalen, who having given much disedification to her fellow-citizens of Antioch, led a most austere life in penitence and piety till her death. The reformatory at Paris, which bore her name, gave a shelter to repentant young women of ere-while evil life, till the regenerators of 1793 converted it into a prison for the loyal and really patriotic members of the community.

The noble-souled woman, Madame Roland, who entered so zealously into the views of the moderate section of the revolutionists, was one of the first of those estimable women offered as victims to the so-called spirit of liberty. She had got a foretaste of the tender mercies of the Jacobins at the Abbaye before she was

immured at Sainte-Pelagie. Thence she wrote to a friend:—

"I have begun to take pleasure in inuring myself to privations. I have begun to try how far human will can go in diminishing our wants. For four days I have done without breakfast, substituting bread and water for coffee and chocolate. I have directed that no more than one course of meat should be served at dinner; in the evening some pot-herbs, no dessert. I began to take beer, to get rid of the habit of drinking wine; now I have laid aside the beer. However, as I have as much aversion as contempt for a purposeless economy, I have commenced to aid the pauper class of prisoners; so that when I am eating my dry bread in the morning, I may have the satisfaction of adding something to the bread of the poor at dinner. If I remain here six months, I hope to leave it fat and fresh-colored, feeling no need of anything beyond bread and soup, and having merited some unknown blessings."

At Sainte-Pelagie the poor lady found herself next neighbor to women who had lost all claim to respectability. Often while writing her memoirs, she was disturbed by the orgies of these abandoned creatures and their quasi-custodians.

Seeing all hopes of the regeneration of society, according to her views, disappointed, she cared no longer for life. Not even for the sake of her husband and child, would she consent to any plan of escape. As her execution would deprive her daughter of her inheritance, she first determined to starve herself to death, then to take opium; but she was dissuaded from self-destruction by the right-minded man to whom she applied for the drug.

On her examination her pure and noble nature was outraged by the questions addressed to her by the wretches of the tribunal. At the place of execution she inclined her head before the statue of liberty, exclaiming "O liberty, what crimes do they not commit in thy name!"

Bouchette and his wife, who had charge of the prisoners of Sainte-Pelagie, deserve a place of honor in any account of the once dwellers in the prisons of Paris. The terrible days of September had come, and bands of incarnate demons were proceeding to the different prisons, getting the gates open at the first summons, and

murdering the inmates without regard to age or sex. They had divided their forces for the work, some visiting the Abbaye, others the Carmes, others La Force, others La Conciergerie. The band destined for the work to be done at Sainte-Pelagie were a little behind time. To rouse their ardor, they had entered a tavern of the Marcel district, and drink and song soon put their wills in unison with the dreadful work to be done.

Coming before the prison in this plight, they shouted to have the door opened, but there was no response from within—no footsteps were heard, no grinding of the heavy key in the lock. A shower of blows now fell on the door, but when the strikers ceased for a moment, the same dead silence continued to rule within. At last they procured from the neighboring houses some tools, and the door was smashed, and in rushed the maddened executioners. No welcome sight or sound of male or female aristocrat came to their senses; and when they penetrated to the room occupied by the guardians, there they found the man and his wife bound in the most effective and artistic style, but not the shadow of an aristocrat was to be found in the whole building. The poor captives, of course, related a thrilling tale of having been secured at a disadvantage by the malignant nobles, who, on finishing the nefarious job, had all escaped by the rear entrance. That they had been bound was a fact, but it had been accomplished at their own request by the grateful ladies and gentlemen whom they had just managed to liberate. Odd enough, the red caps believed the fiction, and the worthy couple escaped with life.

The passage of the amiable Josephine to the imperial throne lay through one of the cells of Sainte-Pelagie. M. de Jouy found on the wall of this cell the initials of the noble occupant. In her forced solitude, and perhaps expectation of death, she derived some confidence from the contemplation of that talisman which never quitted her, and which presented in rude hieroglyphics the prophecy of her Mulatto nurse, Anica:—"Thou shalt lament, thou shalt suffer; but hope and wait—thou shalt be queen of a great empire."

The Spanish Chief Mina being detained in the same prison, made the most of the situation. He converted a portion of the

premises into a racquet court, and when tired of playing at ball, got colors, and, taking brush in hand, painted the walls of his room so artistically that they seemed as if covered by suits of curtains.

Under the Restoration, Sainte-Pelagie was appropriated to the security of political prisoners as well as of debtors. Among the first-class were Colonel Duvergier and a friend of his, Captain Laverderie, whose escape was effected by the ingenuity of Eugene de P., an artist and poet, detained on the debtors' side at the time. Having contrived to make the two officers acquainted with his plan, he thus proceeded to execute it. He first obtained from the proper office two passes to visit the debtors' prison, for two gentlemen to whom he felt no scruple in giving assumed names. The next operation was to transfer the two political offenders from their side of the prison to that of the debtors, in which he himself was detained, and this move was also successful. A yard for recreation was common to both wings, the inmates of which used it in turn. On a certain day Colonel Duvergier and his friend contrived to escape the notice of their guardians when their time of relaxation had expired, and when the prisoners for debt took possession of the court they mixed among them.

As soon as their time for relaxation expired, the officers entered the house among them, and in the apartment of a friendly prisoner they got rid of beards and moustaches, and made other simple but effective changes in their appearance, and waited to ascertain the success of their young friend's next proceeding.

He paid a visit to the head gaoler at the proper time, on the pretence of entertaining him with the contents of his portfolio. The official being a man of some taste, was soon deeply intent on the works of art, and their owner sitting at the table talked at his ease on different themes. Casting his eye over the passes lying loosely on the table, he suggested to his intended victim the desirability of a small portfolio to keep them together. "I wish I had one," said he. "If the governor does not supply me, I will get one with my own money." "Oh!" said the other, "this small one of mine is just the thing; you are entirely welcome to it." Suiting the action to the word, he gathered the loose papers, adroitly

slipping the two he had procured among them, and put all into the case. The gratified man in power went on admiring the sketches, and soon the two gentlemen presented themselves at the inner grating, mentioning their assumed names, and requesting to be let out. The guardian did not recollect their features nor names. However, he rummaged in the portfolio, and there the two papers were, with these names written on them. He was somewhat puzzled, but suspecting no trick, he admitted them, gave them their passes, and opened the outer door for them. When the evasion was discovered there was a great commotion, and the art-loving gaoler would have been dismissed for negligence, but the brave poet acknowledged his share in the plot, and was rewarded with three months' strict confinement. However, the sympathy and admiration which his action aroused made him amends.

During the restoration the political prisoners occupied the second floor of the principal building of Sainte-Pelagie. From 1816 to 1830 fourteen hundred and thirty-five of these discontented individuals took their promenade in its sombre corridors. A Parisian man of letters, when dwelling on the inconveniences, and troubles, and sorrows of political prisoners, never entertains the idea of the woes these revolutionary spirits would inflict on society at liberty, and able to work their will. It is, and ought to be, the duty of every good Government to prevent plotters against the common-weal from doing mischief. However, where incarceration becomes necessary, let the underlings who come in immediate communication with prisoners, be carefully prevented from exceeding their duty or exercising cruelty on those committed to their charge.

With the other class of prisoners detained at Sainte-Pelagie for debt, at least with all who were not brought into that uncomfortable domicile by laziness, improvidence, or extravagance, our sympathies are entirely enlisted. A visitor whose account lies before us, found among the inmates an officer covered with decorations and wounds, who was now imprisoned for the fourth time for the same debt. He was first lodged for an obligation of 2,000 francs, but released at the end of five months, on condition of paying 2,500 in a quarter. The pay day came, but not the

money, and he returned to Sainte-Pelagie for a year. He then put 1,000 francs together, and was let out on his engagement to pay 2,000 more at six months' end. On his fourth return he was liable for one-third more than the original sum, and the 1,000 francs paid went for nothing.

Our authority recognised in duration the honest Auvergnat, who formerly supplied him with water in the same fashion as our milk-boys and milk-girls dispense milk. Leonard had lived without care till he aspired one unlucky day to the possession of a little cart and barrel. He extended his commerce, but alas! was only a tenant at will of these articles. Another Auvergnat, a genuine skinflint, was the proprietor, and when Leonard was not able to pay up at the regular days, interest at a high rate was added to the principal. At last the amount coming up to the required legal tariff, Leonard was summoned before the tribunal of commerce.

There he could not plead that he was only a water-carrier. He was a "man in business," and as such, liable to be arrested for debt. Thereupon the poor man wished to avail himself of the bankruptcy law, betook himself to the office and presented his schedule. But the commercial Areopagus decided that he was not a man in business; he was a mere water-carrier. Leonard appealed from this sentence; his brother furnished him with the fees. But he owed only 300 francs, and the man of law whom he consulted informed him that the debt should at least amount to half a billet of 100 francs to entitle him to a revision.

So the poor Auvergnat was put in the stronghold, and his wife, for fear of being declared a "woman in business," and thus sent to Saint Lazare, and her children thrown on the streets, set out for her native mountains.

"Leonard (writes our authority), to whom I gave some trifle, left me to enjoy a game at *Siam*, and treat himself to a glass or two of white wine. 'It is the sole relaxation of these creatures,' said a captive to me, and the greater number, brutalized before the period of their release, bring back to their families nothing but lazy and drunken habits."

Besides the really poor creatures in the prison, thoroughly unable to procure their release, there was a certain Colonel Swan, who chose rather to spend several years

in Sainte-Pelagie than gratify the rapacity of a Parisian citizen with whom he had had dealings.

This good man was a particular providence to many of the poor inmates. It was an interesting sight when he would be found approaching the casements which opened on the *Jardin des Plantes* to get fresh air, to see the poor people removing the things out of his way. Those who would be cooking their little meal over the braziers, would get them back as far as possible, in order that he might not be incommoded by the smell of the charcoal.

Those who had no means of support but the trifling sum given them every five days at the expense of their creditors, never knocked at his door without getting relief, and, sometimes, a sum sufficient to obtain their liberty.

As many of these as had the opportunity became the servants of those better off, and thus brought some alleviation to their extreme need. Colonel Swan had a room to himself, and was waited on always by one or other of the poorer class. One of these, who was detained for a few hundred francs, and had a family outside struggling for existence, hearing that the generous American had just parted with his help, offered himself for the place, demanding only six francs per month. Some questions and answers ensued, and the good man, finding how he was circumstanced, began to pile some five-franc pieces in his desk, and said, when he had completed a certain sum:—"Here is five years' pay, and if you can't come in from your outside work, you may send your wife."

Another time, a little girl coming in with a nosegay for her poor old father on his birthday, received from the head gaoler a bit of paper, which he requested her to hand her father along with the flowers. This turned out to be a receipt in full from the creditor, obtained by the Colonel. Such good deeds as these were of frequent occurrence. He had but one creditor, and once a year this man invariably presented himself in the warden's room requested him to be called, and proposed terms. His fellow-prisoners, his prison-guardians, and all, would counsel him to accept the offer; but his will was not to be bent. He invariably said, with a smile on his face, to the turnkey, "Let us back, my friend;" and addressing his creditor, he

wished him good-bye for a twelve-month.

A gallery commanded the prison on the side of the *Jardin des Plantes*, not unprovided with sentry-boxes and sentinels. There was this deacon of the prison allowed to take the air when it was observed that the close atmosphere within was telling on him.

On the second of the "Three days of July" this Commercial Bastille was opened, and soon after Colonel Swan had the pleasure of embracing his old companion in arms, General La Fayette, on the steps of the Hotel de Ville. This was the twentieth year of his detention, and it turned out as he had foreseen. The free air of heaven was too keen for one who had breathed for such a length the confined air of Sainte-Pelagie; he expired next day. The incident about to be related, is not surrounded by the same moral atmosphere as was any of Colonel Swan's prison experiences. A debtor named L. managed to make his escape. The same evening he presented himself to his creditor, as he was sitting to supper, and gave him no small fright. "Is it the ghost of Monsieur L. I see?" said he. "By no means," said his man. "I am the living L., and am come to propose a profitable speculation to you. I am your debtor for 6,000 francs, and if I do not choose to return to my cell in Sainte-Pelagie, the governor is responsible to you for that sum (such was then the law). In that case you will exchange an insolvent for a solvent debtor. Give me 500 francs, and I take the diligence for the south." The creditor, as deficient in moral rectitude as the debtor, agreed to the proposal, paid the man's fare, and for the greater surety, saw him in the public vehicle, clearing out of Paris.

The next morning the lucky creditor was betimes at Sainte-Pelagie, asking for an interview with the governor. He apologised for disturbing him at so early an hour, but the ill-news must be his excuse. "What ill-news?" "The escape of M. L., my debtor and your ex-pensioner." "M. L. is at this moment in his room, as he was yesterday and the day before." "Pardon me, but I'd like to have evidence of this with my own eyes." An official was summoned, and directed to request M. L.'s presence in the reception-room. The creditor continued to chuckle inwardly at the fright into which the director would be

presently thrown, but in came M. L. and saluted him respectfully, and his surprise could only be matched by his annoyance and self-reproach for his foolery.

The roguish M. L. had got out of the coach at the Barrier, and returned to town, installed himself at Very's, and sent the following message in a note to the director of Sainte-Pelagie :

"Monsieur the director : If you wish to gain 6000 francs of which I am a living representative, please present yourself at Very's this evening at eleven o'clock. I shall thankfully take supper at your expense, and afterwards return to your birdcage, on my honor.—Signed, L."

The director finding that L. was really not at that moment on the premises, went to Very's, treated his man, and returned well pleased in his company to Sainte-Pelagie.

CLICHY.

Since shortly after the revolution of 1830 Sainte-Pelagie has held no debtors in thrall. They have been, on the whole, better accommodated in the Rue de Clichy. Old abuses, when under the protection of authority, are removed but slowly, and that with much trouble. Jacques Lafitte had pronounced at the tribune : "The requirements of commerce need not bodily restraint. It is exercised only for the advantage of usury. It encourages laziness and debauchery when it does not produce them."

A writer said that the effect of the law was the depriving of the debtor of power ever to pay his creditor. Many another good thing was said, and finally modifications were made.

Henceforward, as before, the body of the debtor was the property of the creditor ; but the length of captivity depended on the amount of the sum due. A franc, more or less in some cases, made a difference of one or two years in the period of confinement.

Government added eighteen centimes (about 1½d.) to the daily allowance which the creditor was obliged to make for the support of his destitute man.

In some cases the creditor could seize under the old law the man and his wife. Under the Citizen King only one could be imprisoned. The case of the American colonel had made a serious impression on

the feelings of the legislators of the new order. They considered that the fact of a stranger being kept in durance for twenty years was not calculated to maintain the character of the ancient hospitality of the country. So they made it law that if a stranger owed some yards of cloth, or some weeks' rent, his tailor or his landlord would not have it in his power to send him to prison for more than ten years ! If these foreigners felt grateful it must have been for small mercies.

The furniture devoted to the convenience of the prisoners was not remarkable for finish or indeed goodness ; but no paying inmate was under any obligation to use it. However, the carpets, or beds, or sofas of citizen life were not easily got into the rooms of Clichy. Among the *fasti* of the institution there is record of a Sybarite who hired a chair, called after Voltaire, at the rate of eighteen francs per month, and, like an honest man, paid a month in advance. He remained three years in that room, and, on his release, was found in debt to the proprietor of the *Fauteuil Voltaire* 630 francs.

Another bizarre occurrence connected with Clichy was the imprisonment of a man of forty for the expense of his nursing. This was the series of events which brought about the queer result. His parents were indebted 400 francs to his nurse and her husband at the period of his weaning. They gave a bill for the payment, died soon after, and the debt remained unpaid till the youngster came of age. He then gave a bill for the original debt and interest. Before it became due the foster-father's affairs fell into disorder, and, through a complication of matters, the instrument, having been often renewed, came into the hands of a money-lender twenty years after the first bit of stamped paper was signed. This worthy sued the debtor for 11,000 francs, principal and usurious interest.

How the person about to be mentioned retained his senses till his time was up is mysterious enough. Count B., a noble Dalmatian, was imprisoned in 1838, by a tailor, Rue d'Helder, for 6000 francs. He spent five years in his chamber. Not once did he go down to the garden ; he was never seen taking exercise in the corridors. Though displaying much politeness when casually spoken to, he never visited nor invited a fellow-prisoner. He

passed his days before his window, well-cravated, and his coat buttoned up to his chin. For a length of time he was without a shirt, but his boots were carefully polished by a fellow-prisoner of the lowest grade. For the five years he never took a bath, but his abundant black beard continued to be carefully combed and perfumed. During his imprisonment he received two letters and two visits.

Two years after his entrance he sent for his creditor, and represented to him that his own means were now exhausted; that his allowance of a franc a day for his support was on a rather niggardly scale for an nobleman; that he could not live on less than about two francs per diem more, and that when he could sell his estates in Dalmatia, he (the tailor to wit) should be paid, *foi de noble*, in full of all demands. The tailor complied, and (could the tailor's trust go farther!) at the end of five years he presented himself at the prison parlor, in consequence of a communication from his count. Two commissionaires, bearing a heavy portmanteau, followed on his steps, and this portmanteau included everything needful for the appearance of a gentleman on his travels. He presented him with 500 francs for pocket-money during

a fortnight's enjoyment of life in the city, his lodging being already paid for, and having got him to execute a little act on stamped paper, he saw him on his journey to Dalmatia, accompanied by his own second clerk, who was furnished with 3000 francs to pay all expenses attending a journey, and empowered to bring back 21,000 francs to his master from the sale of the Dalmatian estates.

Never did a second clerk out on a holiday, enjoy a journey more. But alas! the news he returned with was not calculated to give pleasure to the confiding clothier. Owing to various claims, including mortgages, the Dalmatian estates were not in a condition to afford him a hundred crowns.

Were we disposed to dwell on the wretched and tragic phases of our subject, many touching incidents could be recorded illustrative of the most desolate condition of creatures torn from the bosoms of their families, rendered incapable of toiling for their support, oppressed with the idea of the destitution of the beings so dear to them, and in several instances losing their reason, or resorting to drink to get rid of harrowing thoughts, or even to suicide.

St. Paul's.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It seems to have been but the other day that, sitting where I now sit, in the same chair, at the same table, with the same familiar things around me, I wrote for the "Cornhill Magazine" a few lines in remembrance of Thackeray, who had then been taken from us; and, when those lines appeared, they were preceded by others, very full of feeling, from his much older friend, Charles Dickens. Now I take up my pen again, because Charles Dickens has also gone, and because it is not fit that this publication should go forth without a word spoken to his honor.

It is singular that two men in age so nearly equal, in career so nearly allied, friends so old, and rivals so close, should each have left us so suddenly, without any of that notice, first doubting and then assured, which illness gives;—so that in the case of the one as of the other, the

tidings of death's dealings have struck us a hard and startling blow, inflicting, not only sorrow, but for a while that positive, physical pain which comes from evil tidings which are totally unexpected. It was but a week or two since that I was discussing at the club that vexed question of American copyright with Mr. Dickens, and, while differing from him somewhat, was wondering at the youthful vitality of the man who seemed to have done his forty years of work without having a trace of it left upon him to lessen his energy, or rob his feelings of their freshness. It was but the other day that he spoke at the Academy dinner, and those who heard him then heard him at his best; and those who did not hear him, but only read his words, felt how fortunate it was that there should be such a man to speak for literature on such an occasion. When he took farewell of the public as a public

reader, a few months since, the public wondered that a man in the very prime of his capacity should retire from such a career. But though there was to be an end of his readings, there was not, therefore, to be an end of his labors. He was to resume, and did resume, his old work, and, when the first number of *Edwin Drood's Mystery* was bought up with unprecedented avidity by the lovers of Dickens's stories, it was feared, probably, by none but one that he might not live to finish his chronicle. He was a man, as we all thought, to live to be a hundred. He looked to be full of health, he walked vigorously, he stood, and spoke, and, above all, he laughed like a man in the full vigor of his life. He had never become impassive as men do who have grown old beneath burdens too heavy for their shoulders. Whatever he did seemed to come from him easily, as though he delighted in the doing of it. To hear him speak was to long to be a speaker oneself; because the thing, when properly managed, could evidently be done so easily, so pleasantly, with such gratification not only to all hearers but to oneself! We were, indeed, told some time since that he was ill, and must seek rest for awhile; but any one may be ill for a period. What working man does not suffer occasionally? But he never looked ill when he was seen at his work. As I am now writing, it is just two years and two months since I entered the harbor of New York as he was leaving it, and I then called on him on board the "*Russia*." I found him with one of his feet bound up, and he told me, with that pleasant smile that was so common to him, that he had lectured himself off his legs; otherwise he was quite well. When I heard afterwards of his labors in the States, and of the condition in which those labors had been continued, it seemed to be marvellous that any constitution should have stood it. He himself knew, no doubt, where the shoe pinched him, where the burden was too heavy, where the strain told,—that strain, without which such work as his could not adequately be done; but there was a vitality in the man, and a certain manliness of demeanor, which made those who looked upon him believe that nothing that he had yet done had acted injuriously upon the machine of his body. But that it had so acted there can now be but

little doubt. We have been told that he complained in his own home that his present work was burdensome to him, and that the task of composition was difficult. When making pecuniary arrangements for the publication of "*Edwin Drood*," he especially stipulated by deed that the publishers should be reimbursed for any possible loss that might accrue to them should he be prevented by death or sickness from completing his work,—a stipulation which can hardly have been necessary, but which, as it betrays his own nervousness, so also gives evidence of his high honor and thoughtful integrity.

The event, which he alone thought probable enough to require provision, has taken place; and "*Edwin Drood*," like "*Denis Duval*," and "*Wives and Daughters*,"—the novel on which Mrs. Gaskell was engaged when she died,—will be left unfinished. To speak here of the circumstances of his life,—or of the manner of the sad catastrophe which has taken him from us,—would be unnecessary. The daily and weekly newspapers have already told the public all that can be told at once;—and that which will require later and careful telling, will we hope be told with care. Of the man's public work and public character it may perhaps not be amiss for one who remembers well the "*Sketches by Boz*," when they first came out, to say a few words. Of his novels, the first striking circumstance is their unprecedented popularity. This is not the time for exact criticism; but, even were it so, no critic is justified in putting aside the consideration of that circumstance. When the masses of English readers, in all English-reading countries, have agreed to love the writings of any writer, their verdict will be stronger than that of any one judge, let that judge be ever so learned and ever so thoughtful. However the writer may have achieved his object, he has accomplished that which must be the desire of every author,—he has spoken to men and women who have opened their ears to his words, and have listened to them. He has reached the goal which all authors seek. In this respect Dickens was, probably, more fortunate during his own life than any writer that ever lived. The English-speaking public may be counted, perhaps, as a hundred millions, and wherever English is read these books are popular from the highest to the lowest,—

among all classes that read. In England his novels are found in every house in which books are kept; but in America his circulation is much more extended than it is in England, because the houses in which books exist are much more numerous. I remember another novelist saying to me of Dickens,—my friend and his friend, Charles Lever,—that Dickens knew exactly how to tap the ever newly-growing mass of readers as it sprang up among the lower classes. He could measure the reading public,—probably taking his measure of it unconsciously,—and knew what the public wanted of him. Consequently the sale of his books has been hitherto so far from ephemeral,—their circulation has been so different from that which is expected for ordinary novels,—that it has resembled in its nature the sales of legs of mutton or of loaves of bread. The butcher or baker will know how many of this or of that article he will “do” in a summer or in a winter quarter, and so does the bookseller know how many “Pickwicks” and how many “Nicklebys” he will “do.” That there should be an average and continued demand for books as for other commodities, is not astonishing. That readers should require an increasing number of Shakespeares, or of Euclids, or of “Robinson Crusoes,” is not strange. But it is very strange that such a demand of an author’s works should have grown up during his own life, that the demand should be made in regard to novels, that it should have continued with unabated force,—and that it should exceed, as I believe it does exceed, the demand for the works of any other one writer in the language.

And no other writer of English language except Shakespeare has left so many types of character as Dickens has done,—characters which are known by their names familiarly as household words, and which bring to our minds vividly and at once, a certain well-understood set of ideas, habits, phrases, and costumes, making together a man, or woman, or child, whom we know at a glance and recognize at a sound,—as we do our own intimate friends. And it may be doubted whether even Shakespeare has done this for so wide a circle of acquaintances. To constant readers of Shakespeare, Iago and Shylock, Rosalind and Juliet, Falstaff and Sir Toby, Lear and Lady Macbeth, have their characters so clearly discernible as to have become

a part and parcel of their lives;—but such readers are as yet comparatively few in numbers. And other great authors have achieved the same thing with, perhaps, one or two characters. Bobadil, Squire Western, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Colonel Newcomb, are among our very intimate friends, and have become types. With Scott’s characters, glorious as they are, this is hardly the case. We know well the characters, as Scott has drawn them, of Ivanhoe, Meg Merrilies, Mr. Oldbuck, Balfour of Burley, and the Master of Ravenswood;—but we know them as creations of Scott, and not as people in our own every-day world. We never meet with Meg Merrilies, or have any among our acquaintance whom we rank as being of the order of Ivanhoe. If we saw them in the flesh we should not recognise them at a glance. But Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby and Wackford Squeers, Fagin and Bill Sikes, Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff, and Bucket the Detective, are persons so well known to us that we think that they, who are in any way of the professions of these worthies, are untrue to themselves if they depart in aught from their recognized and understood portraits. Pickwick can never be repeated;—*nulli similis aut secundus*, he is among our dearest and nearest, and we expect no one to be like him. But a “boots” at an hotel is more of a boots the closer he resembles Sam Weller. Many ladies talk like Mrs. Nickleby, and are perfect or imperfect in our estimation as they adhere or depart from their great prototype. With murderous Jews and their murdering agents we have probably but a distant acquaintance, but we fancy that they should be as are Fagin and Sikes. A schoolmaster who lives by starving his boys will certainly have but one eye, as was the case with Mr. Squeers. The man with whom something is ever about to turn up, is well-known to us, and is always considered by us to be going under an alias when he is not called Micawber. The lady who follows a certain profession that has ever been open to ladies is no longer called by the old name, but is Mrs. Gamp. Every hypocrite who knows his part, wears the Pecksniff shirt-collar! Every detective is to us a Bucket. And Dickens has given us conventional phrases of which everybody knows the meaning, though many are ignorant whence they come.

To have "one's greens on one's mind" is as good English as "to be at sea" or "to be down in the mouth;" but many who can do nothing while their greens are on their mind, who are always talking of their greens, forget that the phrase began with that old warrior Mrs. Bagnet.

Most of us have probably heard Dickens's works often criticised, want of art in the choice of words and want of nature in the creation of character, having been the faults most frequently attributed to him. But his words have been so potent, whether they may be right or wrong according to any fixed rule, that they have justified themselves by making themselves into a language which is in itself popular; and his characters, if unnatural, have made a second nature by their own force. It is fatuous to condemn that as deficient in art which has been so full of art as to captivate all men. If the thing be done which was the aim of the artist,—fully done,—done beyond the power of other artists to accomplish,—the time for criticising the mode of doing it is gone by. Rules are needed in order that a certain effect may be obtained;—but if the effect has certainly been obtained, what need to seek whether or no the rule has been obeyed? The example, indeed, may be dangerous to others; as they have found who have imitated Dickens, and others will find who may imitate him in future.

It always seemed to me that no man ever devoted himself so entirely as Charles Dickens to things which he understood, and in which he could work with effect. Of other matters he seemed to have a disregard,—and for many things almost a contempt which was marvellous. To literature in all its branches his attachment was deep,—and his belief in it was a thorough conviction. He could speak about it as no other man spoke. He was always enthusiastic in its interests, ready to push on beginners, quick to encourage those who were winning their way to success, sympathetic with his contemporaries, and greatly generous to aid those who were failing. He thoroughly believed in literature; but in politics he seemed to have no belief at all. Men in so-called public life were to him, I will not say insincere men, but so placed as to be by their calling almost beyond the pale of sincerity. To his feeling, all departmental work was the bungled, muddled routine

of a Circumlocution Office. Statecraft was odious to him; and though he would probably never have asserted that a country could be maintained without legislative or executive, he seemed to regard such devices as things so prone to evil, that the less of them the better it would be for the country,—and the farther a man kept himself from their immediate influence the better it would be for him. I never heard any man call Dickens a radical; but if any man ever was so, he was a radical at heart,—believing entirely in the people, writing for them, speaking for them, and always desirous to take their part as against some undescribed and indiscernible tyrant, who to his mind loomed large as an official rather than as an aristocratic despot. He hardly thought that our parliamentary rulers could be trusted to accomplish ought that was good for us. Good would come gradually,—but it would come by the strength of the people, and in opposition to the blundering of our rulers.

No man ever kept himself more aloof than Dickens from the ordinary honors of life. No titles were written after his name. He was not C.B., or D.C.L., or F.R.S.; nor did he ever attempt to become M.P. What titles of honor may ever have been offered to him, I can not say; but that titles were offered I do not doubt. Lord Russell, a year ago, proposed a measure by which, if carried, certain men of high character and great capacity would have been selected as peers for life; but Charles Dickens would never have been made a lord. He probably fully appreciated his own position; and had a noble confidence in himself, which made him feel that nothing Queen, Parliament, or Minister, could do for him would make him greater than he was. No title to his ear could have been higher than that name which he made familiar to the ears of all reading men and women.

He would attempt nothing,—show no interest in anything,—which he could not do, and which he did not understand. But he was not on that account forced to confine himself to literature. Every one knows how he read. Most readers of these lines, though they may never have seen him act,—as I never did,—still know that his acting was excellent. As an actor he would have been at the top of his profession. And he had another gift,—

had it so wonderfully, that it may almost he said that he has left no equal behind him. He spoke so well, that a public dinner became a blessing instead of a curse, if he was in the chair,—had its compensating twenty minutes of pleasure, even if he were called upon to propose a toast, or to thank the company for drinking his health. For myself, I never could tell how far his speeches were ordinarily prepared;—but I can declare that I have heard him speak admirably when he has

had to do so with no moment of preparation.

A great man has gone from us;—such a one that we may surely say of him that we shall not look upon his like again. As years roll on, we shall learn to appreciate his loss. He now rests in the spot consecrated to the memory of our greatest and noblest; and Englishmen would certainly not have been contented had he been laid elsewhere.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREATEST SEA-WAVE EVER KNOWN.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A. F.R.A.S.

ON August 13, 1868, one of the most terrible calamities which has ever visited a people befell the unfortunate inhabitants of Peru. In that land earthquakes are nearly as common as rain-storms are with us; and shocks by which whole cities are changed into a heap of ruins are by no means infrequent. Yet even in Peru, "the land of earthquakes," as Humboldt has termed it, no such catastrophe as that of August 1868 had occurred within the memory of man. It was not one city which was laid in ruins, but a whole empire. Those who perished were counted by tens of thousands, while the property destroyed by the earthquake was valued at millions of pounds sterling.

Although so many months have passed since this terrible calamity took place, scientific men have been busily engaged until quite recently in endeavoring to ascertain the real significance of the various events which were observed during and after the occurrence of the earthquake. The geographers of Germany have taken a special interest in interpreting the evidence afforded by this great manifestation of nature's powers. Two papers have been written recently on the great earthquake of August 13, 1868, one by Professor Von Hochstetter, the other by Herr Von Tschudi, which present an interesting account of the various effects by land and by sea, which resulted from the tremendous upheaving force to which the western flanks of the Peruvian Andes were subjected on that day. The effects on land, although surprising and terrible, yet only differ in degree from those which

have been observed in other earthquakes. But the progress of the great sea-wave, which was generated by the upheaval of the Peruvian shores and propagated over the whole of the Pacific Ocean, differs altogether from any earthquake phenomena before observed. Other earthquakes have indeed been followed by oceanic disturbances. But these have been accompanied by terrestrial motions, so as to suggest the idea that they had been caused by the motion of the sea-bottom, or the neighboring land. In no instance has it ever before been known that a well-marked wave of enormous proportions should have been propagated over the largest ocean tract on our globe, by an earth-shock whose direct action was limited to a relatively small region, and that region not situated in the centre, but on one side of the wide area traversed by the wave.

We propose to give a brief sketch of the history of this enormous sea-wave. In the first place, however, it may be well to remind the reader of a few of the more prominent features of the great shock to which this wave owed its origin.

It was at Arequipa, at the foot of the lofty volcanic mountain Misti, that the most terrible effects of the great earthquake were experienced. Within historic times Misti has poured forth no lava-streams, but that the volcano is not extinct is clearly evidenced by the fact that in 1542 an enormous mass of dust and ashes was vomited forth from its crater. On August 13, 1868, Misti showed no signs of being disturbed. So far as their volcanic neighbor was concerned, the 44,000 inhabitants

of Arequipa had no reason to anticipate the catastrophe which presently befell them. At five minutes past five an earthquake shock was experienced, which, though severe, seems to have worked little mischief. Half a minute later, however, a terrible noise was heard beneath the earth; a second shock more violent than the first was felt, and then began a swaying motion, gradually increasing in intensity. In the course of the first minute this motion had become so violent that the inhabitants ran in terror out of their houses into the streets and squares. In the two next minutes the swaying movement had so increased that the more lightly built houses were cast to the ground, and the flying people could scarcely keep their feet. "And now," says Von Tschudi, "there followed during two or three minutes a terrible scene. The swaying motion which had hitherto prevailed changed into fierce vertical upheaval. The subterranean roaring increased in the most terrifying manner: then were heard the heart-piercing shrieks of the wretched people, the bursting of walls, the crashing fall of houses and churches, while over all rolled thick clouds of a yellowish-black dust, which, had they been poured forth many minutes longer, would have suffocated thousands." Although the shocks had lasted but a few minutes, the whole town was destroyed. Not one building remained uninjured, and there were few which did not lie in shapeless heaps of ruins.

At Tacna and Arica, the earth-shock was less severe, but strange and terrible phenomena followed it. At the former place a circumstance occurred, the cause and nature of which yet remain a mystery. About three hours after the earthquake, in other words, at about eight o'clock in the evening, an intensely bright light made its appearance above the neighboring mountains. It lasted for fully half an hour, and has been ascribed to the eruption of some as yet unknown volcano.

At Arica, the sea-wave produced even more destructive effects than had been caused by the earthquake. About twenty minutes after the first earth-shock, the sea was seen to retire as if about to leave the shores wholly dry; but presently its waters returned with tremendous force. A mighty wave, whose length seemed unmeasurable, was seen advancing like a dark wall upon the unfortunate town, a large part of which

was overwhelmed by it. Two ships, the Peruvian corvette *America* and the United States "double-ender" *Waterloo*, were carried nearly half a mile to the north of Arica, beyond the railroad which runs to Tacna, and there left stranded high and dry. This enormous wave was considered by the English vice-consul at Arica, to have been fully fifty feet in height.

As Chala, three such waves swept in after the first shocks of earthquake. They overflowed nearly the whole of the town, the sea passing more than half a mile beyond its usual limits.

At Islay and Iquique similar phenomena were manifested. At the former town the sea flowed in no less than five times, and each time with greater force. Afterwards the motion gradually diminished, but even an hour and a half after the commencement of this strange disturbance, the waves still ran forty feet above the ordinary level. At Iquique, the people beheld the inrushing wave whilst it was still a great way off. A dark blue mass of water, some fifty feet in height, was seen sweeping in upon the town with inconceivable rapidity. An island lying before the harbor was completely submerged by the great wave, which still came rushing on, black with the mud and slime it had swept from the sea bottom. Those who witnessed its progress from the upper balconies of their houses, and presently saw its black mass rushing close beneath their feet, looked on their safety as a miracle. Many buildings were indeed washed away, and in the low-lying parts of the town there was a terrible loss of life. After passing far inland the wave slowly returned seawards, and strangely enough the sea, which elsewhere heaved and tossed for hours after the first great wave had swept over it, here came soon to rest.

At Callao a yet more singular instance was afforded of the effect which circumstances may have upon the motion of the sea after a great earthquake has disturbed it. In former earthquakes Callao has suffered terribly from the effects of the great sea-wave. In fact, on two several occasions, the whole town has been destroyed, and nearly all its inhabitants have been drowned, through the inrush of precisely such waves as flowed into the ports of Arica and Chala. But upon this occasion the centre of subterranean disturbance must have been so situated that either the wave was diverted from Callao, or more

probably two waves reached Callao from different sources and at different times, so that the two undulations partly counteracted each other. Certain it is that although the water retreated strangely from the coast near Callao, insomuch that a wide tract of sea-bottom was uncovered, there was no inrushing wave comparable with those described above. The sea afterwards rose and fell in an irregular manner, a circumstance confirming the supposition that the disturbance was caused by two distinct oscillations. Six hours after the occurrence of the earthquake, the double oscillations seem for a while to have worked themselves into unison, for at this time three considerable waves rolled in upon the town. But clearly these waves must not be compared with those which in other instances had made their appearance within half an hour of the earth-throes. There is little reason to doubt that if the separate oscillations had reinforced each other earlier, Callao would have been completely destroyed. As it was a considerable amount of mischief was effected; but the motion of the sea presently became irregular again, and so continued until the morning of August 14th, when it began to ebb with some regularity. But during the 14th there were occasional renewals of the irregular motion, and several days elapsed before the regular ebb and flow of the sea were resumed.

Such were among the phenomena presented in the region where the earthquake itself was felt. It will be seen at once, that within this region, or rather along that portion of the sea-coast which falls within the central region of disturbance, the true character of the sea-wave generated by the earthquake could not be recognised. If a rock fall from a lofty cliff into a comparatively shallow sea, the water around the place where the rock has fallen is disturbed in an irregular manner. The sea seems at one place to leap up and down; elsewhere one wave seems to beat against another, and the sharpest eye can detect no law in the motions of the seething waters. But presently, outside the scene of disturbance, a circular wave is seen to form, and if the motion of this wave be watched, it is seen to present the most striking contrast with the turmoil and confusion at its centre. It sweeps onwards and outwards in a regular

undulation. Gradually it loses its circular figure (unless the sea-bottom happens to be unusually level), showing that although its motion is everywhere regular, it is not everywhere equally swift. A wave of this sort, though incomparably vaster, swept swiftly away on every side from the scene of the great earthquake near the Peruvian Andes. It has been calculated that the width of this wave varied from one million to five million feet, or roughly from 200 to 1000 miles, while, when in mid-Pacific, the length of the wave, measured along its summit in a widely-curved path from one side to another of the great ocean, cannot have been less than 8,000 miles.

We cannot tell how deep-seated was the centre of subterranean action; but there can be no doubt it was very deep indeed, because otherwise the shock felt in towns separated from each other by hundreds of miles, could not have been so nearly contemporaneous. Therefore the portion of the earth's crust upheaved must have been enormous. For the length of the region where the direct effects of the earthquake were perceived is estimated by Professor Von Hochstetter at no less than 240 miles. The breadth of the region is unknown, because the slope of the Andes on one side and the ocean on the other concealed the motion of the earth's crust.

The great ocean wave swept, as we have said, in all directions around the scene of the earth-throe. Over a large part of its course its passage was unnoticed, because, in the open sea, the effects even of so vast an undulation could not be perceived. A ship would slowly rise as the crest of the great wave passed under her and then as slowly sink again. This may seem strange, at first sight, when it is remembered that in reality the great sea-wave we are considering swept at the rate of three or four hundred sea-miles an hour over the larger part of the Pacific. But when the true character of ocean-waves is understood, when it is remembered that there is no transference of the water itself at this enormous rate, but simply a transmission of motion (precisely as when in a high wind waves sweep rapidly over a corn-field, while yet each corn-stalk remains fixed in the ground), it will be seen that the effects of the great sea-wave could only be perceived near the shore.

Even there, as we shall presently see, there was much to convey the impression that the land itself was rising and falling rather than that the great deep was moved. But among the hundreds of ships, which were sailing upon the Pacific, while its length and breadth were traversed by the great sea-wave, there was not one in which any unusual motion was perceived.

In somewhat less than three hours after the occurrence of the earthquake, the ocean-wave inundated the port of Coquimbo, on the Chilian seaboard, some 800 miles from Arica. An hour or so later it had reached Constitucion, 450 miles farther south; and here for some three hours the sea rose and fell with strange violence. Farther south, along the shore of Chili, even to the island of Chiloe, the shore-wave travelled, though with continually diminishing force, owing doubtless to the resistance which the irregularities of the shore opposed to its progress.

The northerly shore-wave seems to have been more considerable; and a moment's study of the chart of the two Americas will show that this circumstance is highly significant. When we remember that the principal effects of the land-shock were experienced within that angle which the Peruvian Andes form with the long north-and-south line of the Chilian and Bolivian Andes, we see at once that had the centre of the subterranean action been near the scene where the most destructive effects were perceived no sea-wave, or but a small one, could have been sent towards the shores of North America. The projecting shores of northern Peru and Ecuador could not have failed to divert the sea-wave towards the west; and though a reflected wave might have reached California, it would only have been after a considerable interval of time, and with dimensions much less than those of the sea-wave which travelled southwards. When we see that, on the contrary, a wave of even greater proportions travelled towards the shores of North America, we seem forced to the conclusion that the centre of the subterranean action must have been so far to the west that the sea-wave generated by it had a free course to the shores of California.

Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the wave which swept the shores of Southern California, and even at

San Pedro (nearly 5,000 miles from Arica) rose upwards of sixty feet above the ordinary sea-level, was absolutely the most imposing of all the indirect effects of the great earthquake. But when we consider that in San Pedro Bay, fully five thousand miles from the centre of disturbance, a wave twice the height of an ordinary house rolled in with unspeakable violence only a few hours after the occurrence of the earth-throe, we are most strikingly impressed with the tremendous energy of the earth's movement.

Turning to the open ocean, let us track the great wave on its course past the multitudinous islands which dot the surface of the great Pacific.

The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, which lie about 6,300 miles from Arica, might have imagined themselves safe from any effects which could be produced by an earthquake taking place so far away from them. But on the night between the 13th and 14th of August, the sea around this island group rose in a surprising manner, inasmuch that many thought the islands were sinking and would shortly subside altogether beneath the waves. Some of the smaller islands, indeed, were for a time completely inundated. Before long, however, the sea fell again, and as it did so, the observers "found it impossible to resist the impression that the islands were rising bodily out of the water." For no less than three days this strange oscillation of the sea continued to be experienced, the most remarkable ebbs and floods being noticed at Honolulu, on the island Woahoo.

But the sea-wave swept onwards far beyond these islands.

At Yokohama in Japan, more than 10,500 miles from Arica, an enormous wave poured in on August 14th, but at what hour we have no satisfactory record. So far as distance is concerned, this wave affords most surprising evidence of the stupendous nature of the disturbance to which the waters of the Pacific Ocean had been subjected. The whole circumference of the earth is but 25,000 miles, so that this wave had travelled over a distance considerably greater than two-fifths of the earth's circumference. A distance which the swiftest of our ships could not traverse in less than six or seven weeks, had been swept over by this enormous undulation in the course of a few hours.

More complete details reach us from the Southern Pacific.

Shortly before midnight the Marquesas Isles and the low-lying Tuamotu group were visited by the great wave, and some of these islands were completely submerged by it. The lonely Opara Isle, where the steamers which run between Panama and New Zealand have their coal-
ing station, was visited at about half-past eleven in the evening by a billow which swept away a portion of the coal dépôt. Afterwards great waves came rolling in at intervals of about twenty minutes, and several days elapsed before the sea resumed its ordinary ebb and flow.

It was not until about half-past two on the morning of August 14th, that the Samoa Isles (sometimes called the Navigator Islands) were visited by the great wave. The watchmen startled the inhabitants from their sleep by the cry that the sea was about to overwhelm them; and already when the terrified people rushed from their houses the sea was found to have risen far above the highest water-mark. But it presently began to sink again, and then commenced a series of oscillations which lasted for several days, and were of a very remarkable nature. Once in every quarter of an hour the sea rose and fell, but it was noticed that it rose twice as rapidly as it sank. This peculiarity is well worth remarking. The eminent physicist Mallet speaks thus (we follow Lyell's quotation) about the waves which traverse an open sea: "The great sea-wave, advancing at the rate of several miles in a minute, consists, in the deep ocean, of a long low swell of enormous volume, having an equal slope before and behind, and that so gentle that it might pass under a ship without being noticed. But when it reaches the edge of soundings, its front slope becomes short and steep, while its rear slope is long and gentle." On the shores visited by such a wave, the sea would appear to rise more rapidly than it sank. We have seen that this happened on the shores of the Samoa group, and therefore the way in which the sea rose and fell on the days following the great earthquake, gave significant evidence of the nature of the sea-bottom in the neighborhood of these islands. As the change of the great wave's figure could not have been quickly communicated, we may conclude with certainty that the Samoan

Islands are the summits of lofty mountains, whose sloping sides extend far towards the east.

This conclusion affords interesting evidence of the necessity of observing even the seemingly trifling details of important phenomena.

The wave which visited the New Zealand Isles was altogether different in character, affording a noteworthy illustration of another remark of Mallet's. He says that where the sea-bottom slopes in such a way that there is water of some depth close in shore, the great wave may roll in and do little damage; and we have seen that so it happened in the case of the Samoan Islands. But he adds, that "where the shore is shelving, there will be first a retreat of the water, and then the wave will break upon the beach and roll far upon the land." This is precisely what happened when the great wave reached the eastern shores of New Zealand, which are known to shelve down to very shallow water continuing far away to sea towards the east.

At about half-past three on the morning of August 14th, the water began to retreat in a singular manner from the Port of Littleton, on the eastern shores of the southernmost of the New Zealand Islands. At length the whole port was left entirely dry, and so remained for about twenty minutes. Then the water was seen returning like a wall of foam ten or twelve feet in height, which rushed with a tremendous noise upon the port and town. Towards five o'clock the water again retired, very slowly as before, not reaching its lowest ebb until six. An hour later, a second huge wave inundated the port. Four times the sea retired and returned with great power at intervals of about two hours. Afterwards the oscillation of the water was less considerable, but it had not wholly ceased until August 17th, and only on the 18th did the regular ebb and flow of the tide recommence.

Around the Samoa group the water rose and fell once in every fifteen minutes, while on the shores of New Zealand each oscillation lasted no less than two hours. Doubtless the different depths of water, the irregular confirmation of the island groups, and other like circumstances, were principally concerned in producing these singular variations. Yet

they do not seem fully sufficient to account for so wide a range of difference. Possibly a cause yet unnoticed may have had something to do with the peculiarity. In waves of such enormous extent, it would be quite impossible to determine whether the course of the wave-motion was directed full upon a line of shore or more or less obliquely. It is clear that in the former case the waves would seem to follow each other more swiftly than in the latter, even though there were no difference in their velocity.

Far on beyond the shores of New Zealand the great wave coursed, reaching at length the coast of Australia. At dawn of August 14th, Moreton Bay was visited by five well-marked waves. At Newcastle on the Hunter River, the sea rose and fell several times in a remarkable manner, the oscillatory motion commencing at half-past six in the morning. But the most significant evidence of the extent to which the sea-wave travelled in this direction was afforded at Port Fairy, Belfast, South Victoria. Here the oscillation of the water was distinctly perceived at midday on the 14th of August; and yet, to reach this point the sea-wave must not only have travelled on a circuitous course nearly equal in length to half the circumference of the earth, but must have passed through Bass Straits, between Australia and Van Diemen's Land, and so have lost a considerable portion of its force and dimensions. When we remember that had not the effects of the earth-shock on the water been limited by the shores of South America a wave of disturbance equal in extent to that which travelled westward would have swept towards the east, we see that the force of the shock was sufficient to have disturbed the waters of an ocean covering the whole surface of the earth. For the sea-waves which reached Yokohama in one direction and Port Fairy in another had each traversed a distance nearly equal to half the earth's circumference;

so that if the surface of the earth were all sea, waves setting out in opposite directions from the centre of disturbance would have met each other at the antipodes of their starting-point.

It is impossible to contemplate the effects which followed the great earthquake, the passage of a sea-wave of enormous volume over fully one-third of the earth's surface, and the force with which, on the farthest limits of its range, the wave rolled in upon shores more than 10,000 miles from its starting-place, without feeling that those geologists are right who deny that the subterranean forces of the earth are diminishing in intensity. It may be difficult, perhaps, to look on the effects which are ascribed to ancient earth-throes, without imagining for a while that the power of modern earthquakes, is altogether less. But when we consider fairly the share which time had in those ancient processes of change, when we see that while mountain ranges were being upheaved or valleys depressed to their present position, race after race and type after type appeared on the earth, and lived out the long lives which belong to races and to types, we are recalled to the remembrance of the great work which the earth's subterranean forces are still engaged upon. Even now, continents are being slowly depressed or upheaved, even now mountain ranges are being raised to a new level, table-lands are in process of formation, and great valleys are being gradually scooped out. It may need an occasional outburst, such as the earthquake of August 1868, to remind us that great forces are at work beneath the earth's surface. But in reality, the signs of change have long been noted. Old shore lines shift their place, old soundings vary, the sea advances in one place and retires in another; on every side nature's plastic hand is at work modelling and remodelling the earth, in order that it may always be a fit abode for those who are to dwell upon it.

Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

FOURTH LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, MARCH 12, 1870.

WHEN I came to deliver the first of this short course of lectures, I confess I felt sorry for having undertaken so difficult a task; and if I could have withdrawn

from it with honor, I should gladly have done so. Now that I have only this one lecture left, I feel equally sorry, and I wish I could continue my course in order to say something more of what I wished to say, and what in four lectures I could say but very imperfectly. From the announcement of my lectures you must have seen that in what I called "An Introduction to the Science of Religion" I did not intend to treat of more than some preliminary questions. I chiefly wanted to show in what sense a truly scientific study of religion was possible, what materials there are to enable us to gain a trustworthy knowledge of the principal religions of the world, and according to what principles these religions may be classified. It would perhaps have been more interesting to some of my hearers if we had rushed at once into the ancient temples to look at the broken idols of the past, and to discover, if possible, some of the fundamental ideas that found expression in the ancient systems of faith and worship. But in order to explore with real advantage any ruins, whether of stone or of thought, it is necessary that we should know where to look and how to look. In most works on the history of ancient religions we are driven about like forlorn tourists in a vast museum where ancient and modern statues, gems of Oriental and European workmanship, original works of art and mere copies are piled up together, and at the end of our journey we only feel bewildered and disheartened. We have seen much, no doubt, but we carry away very little. It is better, before we enter into these labyrinths, that we should spend a few hours in making up our minds as to what we really want to see and what we may pass by; and if in these introductory lectures we have arrived at a clear view on these points, you will find hereafter that our time has not been spent in vain.

Throughout these introductory lectures you will have observed that I have carefully abstained from entering on the domain of what I call *Theoretic* as distinguished from *Comparative Theology*. Theoretic theology, or, as it is sometimes called, the philosophy of religion, has, as far as I can judge, its right place at the end, not at the beginning of comparative theology. I make no secret of my own conviction that a study of comparative theology will produce with regard to theoretic theology the

same revolution which a study of comparative philology has produced in what used to be called the philosophy of language. You know how all speculations on the nature of language, on its origin, its development, its natural growth and inevitable decay have had to be taken up afresh from the very beginning, after the new light thrown on the history of language by the comparative method. I look forward to the same results with respect to philosophical inquiries into the nature of religion, its origin, and its development. I do not mean to say that all former speculations on these subjects will become useless. Plato's *Cratylus*, even the *Hermes* of Harris, and Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* have not become useless after the work done by Grimm and Bopp, by Humboldt and Bunsen. But I believe that philosophers who speculate on the origin of religion and on the psychological conditions of faith, will in future write more circumspectly, and with less of that dogmatic assurance which has hitherto distinguished so many speculations on the philosophy of religion, not excepting those of Schelling and Hegel. Before the rise of geology it was easy to speculate on the origin of the earth; before the rise of glossology, any theories on the revealed, the mimetic, the interjectional, or the conventional origin of language might easily be held and defended. Not so now, when facts have filled the place that was formerly open to theories, and when those who have worked most carefully among the *débris* of the earth or the strata of languages are most reluctant to approach the great problem of the first beginnings.

So much in order to explain why in this introductory course I have confined myself within narrower limits than some of my hearers seem to have expected. And now, as I have but one hour left, I shall try to make the best use of it I can, by devoting it entirely to a point on which I have not yet touched, viz. on the right spirit in which ancient religions ought to be studied and interpreted.

No judge, if he had before him the worst of criminals, would treat him as most historians and theologians have treated the religions of the world. Every act in the lives of their founders, which shows that they were but men, is eagerly seized and judged without mercy; every doctrine that is not carefully guarded is interpreted

in the worst sense that it will bear ; every act of worship that differs from our own way of serving God is held up to ridicule and contempt. And this is not done by accident, but with a set purpose, nay, with something of that artificial sense of duty which stimulates the counsel for the defence to see nothing but an angel in his own client, and anything but an angel in the plaintiff on the other side. The result has been—as it could not be otherwise—a complete miscarriage of justice, an utter misapprehension of the real character and purpose of the ancient religions of mankind ; and, as a necessary consequence, a failure in discovering the peculiar features which really distinguish Christianity from all the religions of the world, and secure to its founder his own peculiar place in the history of the world, far away from *Vasishtha*, *Zoroaster*, and *Buddha*, from *Moses* and *Mohammed*, from *Confucius* and *Lao-tse*. By unduly depreciating all other religions, we have placed our own in a position which its founder never intended for it ; we have torn it away from the sacred context of the history of the world ; we have ignored, or wilfully narrowed, the sundry times and divers manners in which, in times past, God spake unto the fathers by the prophets ; and instead of recognizing Christianity as coming in the fulness of time, and as the fulfilment of the hopes and desires of the whole world, we have brought ourselves to look upon its advent as the only broken link in that unbroken chain which is rightly called the Divine government of the world. Nay, worse than this : there are people who, from mere ignorance of the ancient religions of mankind, have adopted a doctrine more unchristian than any that could be found in the pages of the religious books of antiquity, viz. that all the nations of the earth, before the rise of Christianity, were mere outcasts, forsaken and forgotten of their Father in heaven, without a knowledge of God, without a hope of salvation. If a comparative study of the religions of the world produced but this one result, that it drove this godless heresy out of every Christian heart, and made us see again in the whole history of the world the eternal wisdom and love of God towards all His creatures, it would have done a good work. And it is high time that this good work should be done. We have learnt to do justice to the ancient

poetry, the political institutions, the legal enactments, the systems of philosophy, and the works of art of nations differing from ourselves in many respects ; we have brought ourselves to value even the crude and imperfect beginnings in all these spheres of mental activity ; and I believe we have thus learnt lessons from ancient history which we could not have learnt anywhere else. We can admire the temples of the ancient world, whether in Egypt, Babylon, or Greece ; we can stand in raptures before the statues of *Phidias* ; and only when we approach the religious conceptions which find their expression in the temples of *Minerva* and in the statues of *Jupiter*, we turn away with pity or scorn, we call their gods mere idols and images, and class their worshippers—*Perikles*, *Phidias*, *Sokrates*, and *Plato*—with the worshippers of stocks and stones. I do not deny that the religions of the Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were imperfect and full of errors, particularly in their later stages, but I maintain that the fact of these ancient people having any religion at all, however imperfect, raises them higher, and brings them nearer to us, than all their works of art, all their poetry, all their philosophy. Neither their art nor their poetry nor their philosophy would have been possible without religion ; and if we will but look without prejudice, if we will but judge as we ought always to judge, with unwearying love and charity, we shall be surprised at that new world of beauty and truth which, like the azure of a vernal sky, rises before us from behind the clouds of the ancient mythologies.

We can speak freely and fearlessly ; *we* can afford to be charitable. There was a time when it was otherwise. There was a time when people imagined that truth, particularly the highest truth, the truth of religion, could only conquer by blind zeal, by fire and sword. At that time all idols were to be overthrown, their altars to be destroyed, and their worshippers to be cut to pieces. But there came a time when the sword was to be put up into its place. . . . And if even after that time there was a work to work and a fight to fight, which required the fiery zeal of apostles and martyrs, that time also is now past ; the conquest is gained, and we have time to reflect calmly on what is past and what is still to come. We are no longer afraid of

Baal or Jupiter. Our dangers and our difficulties are now of a very different kind. If we believe that there is a God, and that He created heaven and earth, and that He ruleth the world by His unceasing providence, we cannot believe that millions of human beings, all created like ourselves in the image of God, were, in their time of ignorance, so utterly abandoned that their whole religion was falsehood, their whole worship a farce, their whole life a mockery. An honest and independent study of the religions of the world will teach us that it was not so—will teach us the same lesson which it taught St. Augustine, that there is no religion which does not contain some grains of truth. Nay, it will teach us more; it will enable us to see in the history of the ancient religions, more clearly than anywhere else, the *Divine education of the human race*.

I know this is a view which has been much objected to, but I hold it as strongly as ever. If we must not read in the history of the whole human race the daily lessons of a Divine teacher and guide, if there is no purpose, no increasing purpose in the succession of the religions of the world, then we might as well shut up the godless book of history altogether, and look upon men as no better than the grass which is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Man would then be indeed of less value than the sparrows, for none of them is forgotten before God. But those who imagine that, in order to make sure of their own salvation, they must have a great gulf fixed between themselves and all the other nations of the world—between their own religion and the religions of Zoroaster, Buddha, or Confucius—can hardly be aware how strongly the interpretation of the history of the religions of the world, as an education of the human race, can be supported by authorities before which they themselves would probably bow in silence. We need not appeal to a living bishop to prove the soundness, or to a German philosopher to prove the truth, of this view. If we wanted authorities we could appeal to Popes, to the Fathers of the Church, to the Apostles themselves, for they have all upheld the same view with no uncertain voice.

I pointed out before that the simultaneous study of the Old and the New Testament, with an occasional reference to the religion and philosophy of Greece and

Rome, had supplied Christian divines with some of the most useful lessons for a wider comparison of all the religions of the world. In studying the Old Testament, and observing in it the absence of some of the most essential truths of Christianity, they, too, had asked with surprise why the interval between the fall of man and his redemption had been so long, why men were allowed so long to walk in darkness, and whether the heathens had really no place in the counsels of God. Here is the answer of a Pope, of Leo the Great* (440-461):

Let those who with impious murmurings find fault with the Divine dispensations, and who complain about the lateness of Our Lord's nativity, cease from their grievances, as if what was carried out in this last age of the world had not been impending in time past. . . . What the apostles preached, the prophets had announced before, and what has always been believed cannot be said to have been fulfilled too late. By this delay of His work of salvation the wisdom and love of God have only made us more fitted for His call; so that, what had been announced before by many signs and words and mysteries during so many centuries, should not be doubtful or uncertain in the days of the Gospel. . . . God has not provided for the interests of men by a new counsel or by a late compassion; but He had instituted from the beginning for all men one and the same path of salvation.

This is the language of a Pope—of Leo the Great. Now let us hear what St. Irenæus says, and how he explains to himself the necessary imperfection of the early religions of mankind. "A mother," he says, "may indeed offer to her infant a complete repast, but her infant cannot yet receive the food which is meant for full-grown men. In the same manner God might indeed from the beginning have offered to man the truth in its completeness, but man was unable to receive it, for he was still a child."

If this, too, is considered a presumptuous reading of the counsels of God, we have, as a last appeal, the words of St. Paul, that "the law was the schoolmaster to the Jews," joined with the words of St. Peter, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

But, as I said before, we need not ap-

* Hardwick, *Christ and other Masters*, i. 85.

peal to any authorities if we will but read the records of the ancient religions of the world with an open heart and in a charitable spirit—in a spirit that thinketh no evil, but rejoices in the truth wherever it can be found.

I suppose that most of us, sooner or later in life, have felt how the whole world—this wicked world, as we call it—is changed as if by magic, if once we can make up our mind to give men credit for good motives, never to be suspicious, never to think evil, never to think ourselves better than our neighbors. Trust a man to be true and good, and, even if he is not, your trust will tend to make him true and good. It is the same with the religions of the world. Let us but once make up our mind to look in them for what is true and good, and we shall hardly know our old religions again. If they are the work of the devil, as many of us have been brought up to believe, then never was there a kingdom so divided against itself from the very beginning. There is no religion—or if there is, I do not know it—which does not say, "Do good, avoid evil." There is none which does not contain what Rabbi Hillel called the quintessence of all religions, the simple warning, "Be good, my boy." "Be good, my boy," may seem a very short catechism; but let us add to it, "Be good, my boy, for God's sake," and we have in it very nearly the whole of the Law and the Prophets.

I wish I could read you the extracts I have collected from the sacred books of the ancient world, grains of truth more precious to me than grains of gold; prayers so simple and so true that we could all join in them if we once accustomed ourselves to the strange sounds of Sanskrit or Chinese. I can to-day give you a few specimens only.

Here is a prayer of *Vasishtha*, a Vedic prophet, addressed to *Varuna*, the Greek *Οὐρανός*, an ancient name of the sky and of the god who resides in the sky.

I shall read you one verse at least in the original—it is the 86th hymn of the seventh book of the *Rig-Veda*—so that you may hear the very sounds which more than three thousand years ago were uttered for the first time in a village on the borders of the *Sutledge*, then called the *Satadru*, by a man who felt as we feel, who spoke as we speak, who believed in many points as we believe—a dark-complexioned Hindu,

shepherd, poet, priest, patriarch, and certainly a man who, in the noble army of prophets, deserves a place by the side of David. And does it not show the indestructibility of the spirit, if we see how the waves which, by a poetic impulse, he started on the vast ocean of thought have been heaving and spreading and widening, till after centuries and centuries they strike against our shores and tell us, in accents that cannot be mistaken, what passed through the mind of that ancient Aryan poet when he felt the presence of an almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, and felt at the same time the burden of his sin, and prayed to his God that He might take that burden from him, that He might forgive him his sin. When you listen to the strange sounds of this Vedic hymn, you are listening, even in this Royal Institution, to spirit-rapping—to real spirit-rapping. *Vasishtha* is really among us again, and if you will accept me as interpreter, you will find that we can all understand what the old poet wished to say:

Dhīrā tv asya mahinā ganūṃśhi,
vi yas tastambha rodasī ād urvī,
pra nākam rishvaṃ nunude brihantam,
dvitā nakshatram paprathāt ā bhūma.

Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

Do I say this to my own self? How can I get near unto *Varuna*? Will he accept my offering without displeasure? When shall I, with a quiet mind, see him propitiated?

I ask, O *Varuna*, wishing to know this my sin; I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same: "*Varuna* it is who is angry with thee."

Was it for an old sin, O *Varuna*, that thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee? Tell me, thou unconquerable Lord! and I will quickly turn to thee with praise, freed from sin.

Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies. Release *Vasishtha*, O King, like a thief who has feasted on stolen cattle; release him like a calf from the rope.

It was not our own doing, O *Varuna*, it was a slip; an intoxicating draught, passion, dice, thoughtlessness. The old is there to mislead the young; even sleep is not free from mischief.

Let me without sin give satisfaction to the angry god, like a slave to his bounteous

lord. The lord god enlightened the foolish; he, the wisest, leads his worshipper to wealth.

O lord Varuṇa, may this song go well to thy heart! May we prosper in keeping and acquiring! Protect us, O gods, always with your blessings.

I am not blind to the blemishes of this ancient prayer, but I am not blind to its beauty either, and I think you will admit that the discovery of even one such poem among the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and the certainty that such a poem was composed in India at least three thousand years ago, without any inspiration but that which all can find who seek for it if haply they may find it, is well worth the labor of a life. It shows that man was never forsaken of God, and that conviction is worth more to the student of history than all the dynasties of Babylon and Egypt, worth more than all lacustrine villages, worth more than the skulls and jaw-bones of Neanderthal or Abbeville.

My next extract will be from the Zendavesta, the sacred book of the Zoroastrians, older in its language than the cuneiform inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and still believed in by a small remnant of the Persian race, now settled at Bombay and known all over the world by the name of Parsis.*

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura! Who was from the beginning the father of the pure creatures? Who has made a path for the sun and for the stars? Who (but thou) makes the moon to increase and to decrease? That, O Mazda, and other things, I wish to know.

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura! Who holds the earth and the clouds that they do not fall? Who holds the sea and the trees? Who has given swiftness to the wind and the clouds? Who is the creator of the good spirit?

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura! Who has made the kindly light and the darkness, who has made the kindly sleep and the awaking? Who has made the mornings, the noons, and the nights? Who has made him who ponders on the measure of the laws?

We cannot always be certain that we have found the right sense of the Zendavesta, for its language is full of difficulties; yet so much is clear, that in the

Bible of Zoroaster every man is called upon to take his part in the great battle between Good and Evil which is always going on, and is assured that in the end good will prevail.

What shall I quote from Buddha? for there is so much in his sayings and his parables that it is indeed difficult to choose. In a collection of his sayings, written in Pāli—of which I have lately published a translation*—we read:

1 All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the cart.

49 As the bee collects honey and departs without injuring the flower, so let the sage dwell on earth.

62 "These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me." with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself: how much less sons and wealth!

121 Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, It will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled.

173 He whose evil deeds are covered by good deeds, brightens up this world like the moon when she rises from behind the clouds.

223 Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

264 Not by tonsure does an undisciplined man become a saint: can a man be a saint who is still held captive by desires and greediness?

394 What is the use of platted hair, O fool? what of the raiment of goat-skins? Within thee there is ravening, but the outside thou makest clean.

In no religion are we so constantly reminded of our own as in Buddhism, and yet in no religion has man been drawn away so far from the truth as in the religion of Buddha. Buddhism and Christianity are indeed the two opposite poles with regard to the most essential points of religion: *Buddhism* ignoring all feeling

* *Yasna*, xliv. 3, ed. Brockhaus, p. 130; Spiegel, *Yasna*, p. 146; Haug, *Essays*, p. 150.

* *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, translated from Burmese by Captain Rogers; with an Introduction containing Buddha's "Dhammapada" or "Path of Virtue," translated from Pāli by Max Müller. London: Trübner & Co., 1870.

of dependence on a higher power, and therefore denying the very existence of a supreme Deity; *Christianity* resting entirely on a belief in God as the Father, in the Son of Man as the Son of God, and making us all children of God by faith in His Son. Yet between the language of Buddha and his disciples and the language of Christ and His apostles there are strange coincidences. Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament, though we know that many of them existed before the beginning of the Christian era.

Thus, one day Ananda, the disciple of Buddha, after a long walk in the country, meets with Mâtangi, a woman of the low caste of the *Kāṇḍālas*, near a well, and asks her for some water. She tells him what she is, and that she must not come near him. But he replies, "My sister, I ask not for thy caste or thy family, I ask only for a draught of water." She afterwards becomes herself a disciple of Buddha.*

While in the New Testament we read, "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee," we find among the Buddhists a parable of a young priest whose bright and lovely eyes proved too attractive to a lady whom he visits, and who thereupon plucks out his right eye and shows it to her that she may see how hideous it is.†

According to Buddha, the motive of all our actions should be *pity* or *love* for our neighbor.

And as in Buddhism, so even in the writings of Confucius we find again what we value most in our own religion. I shall quote but one saying of the Chinese sage:‡

"What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do that to others."

One passage only from the founder of the second religion in China, from Lao-tse (cap. 25):

There is an infinite Being, which existed before heaven and earth.

How calm it is! how free!

It lives alone, it changes not.

It moves everywhere, but it never suffers. We may look on it as the mother of the Universe.

I, I know not its name.

In order to give it a title, I call it *Tao* (the Way).

When I try to give it a name, I call it *Great*.

After calling it *Great*, I call it *Fugitive*.

After calling it *Fugitive*, I call it *Distant*.

After calling it *Distant*, I say it comes back to me.

Need I say that Greek and Roman writers are full of the most exalted sentiments on religion and morality, in spite of their mythology and in spite of their idolatry? When Plato says that man ought to strive after likeness with God, do you think that he thought of Jupiter, or Mars, or Mercury? When another poet exclaimed that the conscience is a god for all men, was he so very far from a knowledge of the true God?

I wish we could explore together in this spirit the ancient religions of mankind, for I feel convinced that the more we know of them the more we shall see that there is not one which is entirely false; nay, that in one sense every religion was a true religion, being the only religion which was possible at the time, which was compatible with the language, the thoughts, and the sentiments of each generation, which was appropriate to the age of the world. I know full well the objections that will be made to this. Was the worship of Moloch, it will be said, a true religion when they burnt their sons and their daughters in the fire to their gods? Was the worship of Mylitta, or is the worship of Kâli a true religion, when within the sanctuary of their temples they committed abominations that must be nameless? Was the teaching of Buddha a true religion, when men were asked to believe that the highest reward of virtue and meditation consisted in a complete annihilation of the soul? Such arguments may tell in party warfare, though even there they have provoked fearful retaliation. Can that be a true religion, it has been answered, which consigned men of holy innocence to the flames, because they held that the Son was like unto the Father, but not the same as the Father, or because they would not worship the Virgin and the Saints? Can that be a true religion which screened

* Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme*, p. 205.

† See *Kathâ-sarit-sâgara*, ed. Brockhaus, vi. 28, p. 14.

‡ Dr. Legge's *Life and Teachings of Confucius*, p. 47.

the same nameless crimes behind the sacred walls of monasteries? Can that be a true religion which taught the eternity of punishment without any hope of pardon or salvation for the sinner, however penitent? People who judge of religions in that spirit will never understand their real purport, will never reach their sacred springs. These are the excrescences, the inevitable excrescences of religion. We might as well judge of the health of a people from its hospitals, or of its morality from its prisons. If we want to judge of a religion, we must try to study it as much as possible in the mind of its founder; and when that is impossible, as it is but too often, we must try to find it in the lonely chamber and the sick-room, rather than in the colleges of augurs and the councils of priests.

If we do this, and if we bear in mind that religion must accommodate itself to the intellectual capacity of those whom it is to influence, we shall be surprised to find so much of true religion where we only expected degrading superstition or an absurd worship of idols.

The intention of religion, wherever we meet it, is always holy. However imperfect, however childish a religion may be, it always places the human soul in the presence of God; and however imperfect and however childish the conception of God may be, it always represents the highest ideal of perfection which the human soul, for the time being, can reach and grasp. Religion therefore places the human soul in the presence of its highest ideal, it lifts it above the level of ordinary goodness, and produces at least a yearning after a higher and better life—a life in the light of God. The expression that is given to these early manifestations of religious sentiment is no doubt frequently childish; it may be irreverent or even repulsive. But has not every father to learn the lesson of a charitable interpretation in watching the first stammerings of religion in his children? Why, then, should people find it so difficult to learn the same lesson in the ancient history of the world, and to judge in the same spirit the religious utterances of the childhood of the human race? Who does not recollect the startling and seemingly irreverent questionings of children about God, and who does not know how perfectly guiltless the child's mind is of real irreverence?

Such outbursts of infantine religion hardly bear repeating. I shall only mention one instance. I well recollect the dismay which was created by a child exclaiming, "Oh! I wish there was at least *one* room in the house where I could play alone, and where God could not see me!" People who heard it were shocked; but to my mind, I confess, this childish exclamation sounded more wonderful than even the Psalm of David, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

It is the same with the childish language of ancient religion. We say very calmly that God is omniscient and omnipresent. Hesiod speaks of the sun as the eye of Zeus that sees and perceives everything. Aratus wrote, "Full of Zeus are all the streets, all the markets of men; full of Him is the sea and the harbours . . . and we are also His offspring."

A Vedic poet, though of more modern date than the one I quoted before, speaking of the same Varuna whom Vasishtha invoked, says: "The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all. If a man stands or walks or rides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, he is there as a third. This earth, too, belongs to Varuna, the king, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins; he is also contained in this small drop of water. He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna, the king. His spies proceed from heaven towards this world; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth. King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of our eyes. As a player throws down the dice, he settles all things."*

I do not deny that there is in this hymn much that is childish, that it contains expressions unworthy of the majesty of the Deity; but if I look at the language and the thoughts of the people who composed these hymns more than three thousand years ago, I wonder rather at the happy and pure expression which they have given to these

* *Chips from a German Workshop*, i. 41. Atharva-Veda, iv. 16.

deep thoughts than at the occasional harshnesses which jar upon our ears.

Ancient language is a difficult instrument to handle, particularly for religious purposes. It is impossible in human language to express abstract ideas except by metaphor, and it is not too much to say that the whole dictionary of ancient religion is made up of metaphors. With us these metaphors are all forgotten. We speak of spirit without thinking of breath, of heaven without thinking of the sky, of pardon without thinking of a release, of revelation without thinking of a veil. But in ancient language every one of these words, nay, every word that does not refer to sensuous objects, is still in a chrysalis stage: half material and half spiritual, and rising and falling in its character according to the varying capacities of speakers and hearers. Here is a constant source of misunderstandings, many of which have maintained their place in the religion and in the mythology of the ancient world. There are two distinct tendencies to be observed in the growth of ancient religion. There is, on the one side, the struggle of the mind against the material character of language, a constant attempt to strip words of their coarse covering, and fit them, by main force, for the purposes of abstract thought. But there is, on the other side, a constant relapse from the spiritual into the material, and, strange to say, a predilection for the material sense instead of the spiritual. This action and reaction has been going on in the language of religion from the earliest times, and it is at work even now.

It seems at first a fatal element in religion that it cannot escape from this flux and reflux of human thought, which is repeated at least once in every generation between father and son, between mother and daughter; but if we watch it more closely we shall find, I think, that this flux and reflux constitutes the very life of religion.

Place yourselves in the position of those who first are said to have worshipped the sky. We say that they worshipped the sky, or that the sky was their god; and in one sense this is true, but in a sense very different from that which is usually attached to such statements. If we use "god" in the sense which it has now, then to say that the sky was their god is to say what

is simply impossible. We might as well say that with them Spirit meant nothing but air. Such a word as God, in our sense of the word—such a word even as *deus* and *θεός* in Latin and Greek, or *deva* in Sanskrit, which could be used as a general predicate—did not and could not exist at that early time in the history of thought and speech. If we want to understand ancient religion, we must first try to understand ancient language. Let us remember, then, that the first materials of language supply expressions for such impressions only as are received through the senses. If, therefore, there was a root meaning to burn, to be bright, to warm, such a root might supply a recognized name for the sun and for the sky. But let us now imagine, as well as we can, the process which went on in the human mind before the name of sky could be torn away from its material object, and be used as the name of something totally different from the sky. There was in the heart of man, from the very first, a feeling of incompleteness, of weakness, of dependence, whatever we like to call it in our abstract language. We can explain it as little as we can explain why the newborn child feels the cravings of hunger and thirst. But it was so from the first, and is so even now. Man knows not whence he comes and whither he goes. He looks for a guide, for a friend; he wearies for some one on whom he can rest; he wants something like a father in heaven. In addition to all the impressions which he received from the outer world, there was in the heart of man a stronger impulse from within—a sigh, a yearning, a call for something that should not come and go like everything else, that should be before, and after, and forever, that should hold and support everything, that should make man feel at home in this strange world. Before this vague yearning could assume any definite shape it wanted a name; it could not be fully grasped or clearly conceived, except by naming it. But where to look for a name? No doubt the storehouse of language was there, but from every name that was tried the mind of man shrank back because it did not fit, because it seemed to fetter rather than to wing the thought that fluttered within and called for light and freedom. But when at last a name, or even many

names were tried and chosen, let us see what took place, as far as the mind of man was concerned. A certain satisfaction, no doubt, was gained by having a name or several names, however imperfect; but these names, like all other names, were but signs—poor, imperfect signs; they were predicates, and very partial predicates, of various small portions only of that vague and vast something which slumbered in the mind. When the name of the brilliant sky had been chosen, as it has been chosen at one time or other by nearly every nation upon earth, was sky the full expression of that within the mind which wanted expression? Was the mind satisfied? Had the sky been recognized as its god? Far from it. People knew perfectly well what they meant by the visible sky; the first man who, after looking everywhere for what he wanted, and who at last in sheer exhaustion grasped at the name of sky as better than nothing, knew but too well that his success was after all a miserable failure. The brilliant sky was, no doubt, the most exalted; it was the only unchanging and infinite being that had received a name, and that could lend its name to that as yet unborn idea of the Infinite which disquieted the human mind. But let us only see this clearly, that the man who chose that name did not mean, could not have meant, that the visible sky was all he wanted,—that the blue canopy above was his god.

And now observe what happens when the name sky has thus been given and accepted. The seeking and finding of such a name, however imperfect, was the act of a manly mind, of a poet, of a prophet, of a patriarch, who could struggle, like another Jacob, with the idea of God that was within him, till he had found some name for it. But when that name had to be used with the young and the aged, with silly children and doting grandmothers, it was impossible to preserve it from being misunderstood. The first step downwards would be to look upon the sky as the abode of that Being which was called by the same name; the next step would be to forget altogether what was behind the name, and to implore the sky, the visible canopy over our heads, to send rain, to protect the fields, the cattle, and the corn, to give to man his daily bread. Nay, very soon, those who warn-

ed the world that it was not the visible sky that was meant, but that what was meant was something high above, deep below, far away from the blue firmament, would be looked upon either as dreamers whom no one could understand, or as unbelievers who despised the sky, the great benefactor of the world. Lastly, many things that were true of the visible sky would be told of its divine namesake, and legends would spring up, destroying every trace of the deity that once was hidden beneath that ambiguous name.

I call this variety of acceptance, this misunderstanding, which is inevitable in ancient and also in modern religion, the *dialectic growth and decay*, or, if you like, the *dialectic life of religion*, and we shall see again and again how important it is in enabling us to form a right estimate of religious language and thought. The dialectic shades in the language of religion are almost infinite; they explain the decay, but they also account for the life of religion. You may remember that Jacob Grimm, in one of his poetical moods, explained the origin of High and Low German, of Sanskrit and Prakrit, of Doric and Ionic, by looking upon the high dialects as originally the language of men, upon the low dialects as originally the language of women and children. We can observe, I believe, the same parallel streams in the language of religion. There is a high and there is a low dialect; there is a broad and there is a narrow dialect; there are dialects for men and for children, for clergy and laity, for the noisy streets, and for the still and lonely chamber. And as the child on growing up to manhood has to unlearn the language of the nursery, its religion, too, has to be translated from a feminine into a more masculine dialect. This does not take place without a struggle, and it is this constantly recurring struggle, this inextinguishable desire to recover itself, which keeps religion from utter stagnation. From first to last religion is oscillating between these two opposite poles, and it is only if the attraction of one of the two poles becomes too strong, that the healthy movement ceases, and stagnation and decay set in. If religion cannot accommodate itself on the one side to the capacity of children, or if on the other side it fails to satisfy the requirements of men, it has lost its vitality, and it becomes either

mere superstition, or mere philosophy.

If I have succeeded in expressing myself clearly, I think you will understand in what sense it may be said that there is truth in all religions, even in the lowest. The intention which led to the first utterance of a name like sky, used no longer in its material sense, but in a higher sense, was right. The spirit was willing, but language was weak. The mental process was not, as commonly supposed, an identification of the definite idea of deity with sky: such a process is hardly conceivable; it was, on the contrary, a first attempt at defining the indefinite impression of deity by a name that should approximately or metaphorically render at least one of its most prominent features. The first framer of that name of the deity, I repeat it again, could as little have thought of the material heaven as we do when we speak of the kingdom of heaven.*

And now let us observe another feature of ancient religion that has often been so startling, but which, if we only remember what is the nature of ancient language, becomes likewise perfectly intelligible. It is well known that ancient languages are particularly rich in synonymes, or, to speak more correctly, that in them the same object is called by many names—is, in fact, *polyonymous*. While in modern languages most objects have one name only, we find in ancient Sanskrit, in ancient Greek and Arabic, a large choice of words for the same object. This is perfectly natural. Each name could express one side only of the object that had to be named, and, not satisfied with one partial name, the early framers of language produced one name after the other, and after a time retained those which seemed most useful for special purposes. Thus, the sky might be called not only the brilliant, but the dark, the covering, the thundering, the rain-giving. This is the *polyonymy* of language, and it is what we are accustomed to call *polytheism* in religion. Aristotle said: "God, though He is one, has many names (is polyonymous) because He is called according to states into which he always enters anew."† The same mental yearn-

ing which found its first satisfaction in using the name of the brilliant sky as an indication of the Divine, would soon grasp at other names of the sky not expressive of brilliancy, and therefore more appropriate to a religious mood in which the Divine was conceived as dark, awful, all-powerful. Thus we find in Sanskrit, by the side of Dyaus, another name of the covering sky, Varuna, originally only another attempt at naming the Divine, but soon assuming a separate and independent existence.

But this is not all. The very imperfection of every name that had been chosen, their very inadequacy to express the fulness and infinity of the Divine, would keep up the search for new names till at last every part of nature in which an approach to the Divine could be discovered was chosen as a name of the omnipresent. If the presence of the Divine was perceived in the strong wind, the strong wind became its name; if its presence was perceived in the earthquake and the fire, the earthquake and the fire became its names. Do you still wonder at polytheism or at mythology? Why, they are inevitable. They are, if you like, a *parler enfantin* of religion. But the world had its childhood, and when it was a child it spoke as a child, it understood as a child, it thought as a child; and, I say again, in that it spoke as a child its language was true, in that it believed as a child its religion was true. The fault rests with us, if we insist on taking the language of children for the language of men, if we attempt to translate literally ancient into modern language, oriental into occidental speech, poetry into prose.

It is perfectly true that at present few interpreters, if any, would take such expressions as the head, the face, the mouth, the lips, the breath of Jehovah in a literal sense. But what does it mean, then, if we hear one of our most honest and most learned theologians declare that he can no longer read from the altar the words of the Bible, "God spake these words and said"? If we can make allowance for mouth and lips and breath, we can surely make the same allowance for words and their utterance. The language of antiquity is the language of childhood: ay, and we ourselves, when we try to reach the Infinite and the Divine by means of

* Medhurst, *Inquiry*, p. 20.

† Arist. *De Mundo*, cap. vii init.

more abstract terms, are but like children trying to place a ladder against the sky.

The *parler enfantin* in religion is not extinct; it never will be. Not only have some of the ancient childish religions been kept alive, as, for instance, the religion of India, which is to my mind like a half-fossilized megatherion walking about in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century; but in our own religion and in the language of the New Testament there are many things which disclose their true meaning to those only who know what language is made of, who have not only ears to hear but a heart to understand the real meaning of parables.

What I maintain, then, is this, that as we put the most charitable interpretation on the utterances of children, we ought to put the same charitable interpretation on the apparent absurdities, the follies, the errors, nay, even the horrors of ancient religion. When we read of Belus, the supreme god of the Babylonians, cutting off his own head, that the blood flowing from it might be mixed with the dust out of which men were to be formed, this sounds horrible enough; but depend upon it what was originally intended by this

myth was no more than this, that there is in man an element of Divine life: that we are also His offspring. The same idea existed in the ancient religion of the Egyptians, for we read, in the 17th chapter of their *Ritual*, that the Sun mutilated himself, and that from the stream of his blood he created all beings.* And the author of Genesis, too, when he wishes to express the same idea, can only use the same human and symbolical language; he can only say that "God formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

If we have once learnt to be charitable in the interpretation of the language of other religions, we shall more easily learn to be charitable in the interpretation of the language of our own; we shall no longer try to force a literal interpretation on words and sentences in our sacred books, which, if interpreted literally, must lose their original purport and their spiritual truth. In this way, I believe that a comparative study of the religions of the world will teach us many a useful lesson in the study of our own: that it will teach us, at all events, to be charitable both abroad and at home.

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Temple Bar.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: A STORY OF A FIRST LOVE.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "A LOST NAME," ETC.

Continued from p. 197.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO PURSUERS.

"It is only this, sir," said the girl. "A friend has warned me, that two men, who bear me an ill-will, are coming to the Fair of Willarden on Tuesday, and that they believe I am somewhere about this part of the country, and think to meet with me there. So, sir, I'll leave this place early in the morning, before night; and I know the road they're coming, and I can be sure, by making a round, to keep clear of them—and get safe, I hope, to my own friends. And I'm very grateful, sir, for your kindness. You've been good to me—may God bless you!"

"Oh, no! you're not to think of going yet. How can you like to torture me so? What is old Martha to do without you? Don't you feel safe where you are? You say I've been kind. I know it is not in

my power to show the kindness I feel—it is the curse of being so poor; but surely you won't be so cruel as to go, on this short notice. It is the one favor I ask, that you don't leave us for a few days—a week. These fellows will soon have left this part of the world; but in the meantime, how can you, or any one, tell where they may be prowling? And—and—I entreat you'll not think of it."

There was no mistaking the genuineness of his entreaty.

"Well, sir, it is a good chance to get clear away, but I won't go for a few days. You ought not to tell me to stay. If I do, I can't go till I learn what way they travel after the fair, and that could not be till Wednesday. I've been here too long—I have indeed, sir; it is best to go."

* Vicomte de Rougé in *Annales de Philosophie chrétienne*, Nov. 1869, p. 332.

"You are not to go. You consented to stay. I have your promise, and you must keep it."

The girl looked in his face, and laughed low, and not unkindly.

"I like this place," she said. "I like Mrs. Martha: you're all good to me. I like Haworth, for a while, but I couldn't stay long—no, no, I couldn't."

"Well, that can't be helped, when the time comes; but you must stay a week, and then good-by. We'll not think of it till the time comes; and then, if fate will have it so, farewell, our pleasant friend."

They walked side by side, a little way, in silence.

"Tell me," he said, "if I should chance to meet those fellows, that I may know them and give you warning: what are they like, and what are their names?"

"There's two, sir. They are very bad fellows. The old fellow is of middle height, but very broad in the shoulders, and awful strong—with a very brown face, and a flat nose, and very long black hair, and with always a stick in his hand—and he goes by the name of Cowper. The young man is tall and light-built, and he goes by the name of Lussha Sinfield. He wears a short coat, and he has a colored kerchief about his neck, red-and-green, commonly. He has now got two horses to sell; one is chestnut, and the other, taller by a hand or more, is an iron-gray hunter. He rides very well; he'll be putting the horse over jumps, to show him off, and he's quick to quarrel, and bloody-minded; and he never forgets a wry word, or an ill-turn—he's sure to pay you off some day; and he's very strong, and awful good at the cudgel. He got three months in jail, they say, for killing a man, with a rap across the temple, in Lincoln. It was a fair fight, though, and that saved him. He has a cudgel in his hand commonly, and if he should get into a quarrel without one, the old man is sure to be nigh, and lends him his. And the old fellow will be going to and fro in the fair, you'd suppose he had nothing to do, but he's after his own business for all that; and if you should see them anywhere near here, I'd like well you'd tell me, for there's not two blacker-hearted men in England, or that wishes any creature worse than they do to me."

"If I can help it they shan't vex you. Why do you look so troubled? While

you stay here it is impossible—the miscreants!—you are as safe as if you were in the Queen's palace. But tell me how it happens that these men should hate and pursue you—so young, and, if it were nothing else, so powerless, as you are, to harm them?"

"I despised them, sir; and I said they were thieves and worse, and they never forgive anything or any one; and they are cunning, sir, not easy to match them. If I was with my people, sir, I would not care, but it is a long way still. Those fellows would come here in a minute, if they thought they might find me, pretending to sell their horses—and there's my danger."

"But they are to be at the fair on Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you know what road they are coming?"

"Up, sir, from the south."

"Well, this lies quite out of their way—to the left, don't you see? You are quite safe here, for the present, and I think I shall hear something about their movements. I shall learn all about them, and have them properly watched; and mind, you have promised to stay quietly here, a little longer—for a week, at least."

"I say again, God bless you, sir! Now I'll go in, sir, please; Mrs. Gillyflower will be wondering where I am."

"In a moment—only one word. I thought you had been in a convent, and had made your escape—that, I daresay, is all a mistake; but—will you forgive me?—your accent, your way of speaking, makes me think you have been with foreigners, and your appearance is foreign; and only one question—if it is impertinent, say so—but do any of your people live in Spain?"

"Yes, sir; when we were staying for awhile at a place called Church Sterndale, in Derbyshire, we met a man there; he was in trouble, but he had seen them there, and told us a deal about them. And I didn't much mind; I was a young thing then—just a fool of a child, sprawlin' on the grass, and stringin' daisies, and blowin' the clock-flower to see what hour it was; and I listened in a way, for it seemed to me like a story of king and queen, and the woods and the fairies. But that's all, and ask me no more about my people, nor where I came from, nor where I am

going to. I must hold my tongue, and if you would have me speak, I can't—that's all—I can't, and I must only go."

"Did not I say that you were to answer *nothing* but what you pleased? And on this express condition I am going to venture one more question—very trifling—only about a toy, a little string of beads, with, I think, a cross to the end of it. It ain't a necklace, is it? I saw it quite accidentally—will you tell me what it is?"

"No, I'll not tell that—nor nothing; I'll hold my tongue about myself, sir, please," she said, with a look of unmixed disdain, and a sudden flash from her splendid eyes. "If you thought 'twas a toy, sir, you'd never have asked. I know what you think—and so you may; but no one will pick out from me more than I choose to tell, and no gentleman will try."

"Well, I did think it something more. I was wrong to ask. Won't you make it up? I did wrong."

"I was wrong too, sir, to speak so quick to you, that has been so good to me. I'm sorry, sir."

"You'll give me your hand; it is all forgiven then, is not it?"

She did give him her hand, with a sigh. Grief is everywhere, like the air about us, though we don't see it; and pain is coursing through its allotted channels, like the blood, though it throbs concealed!

CHAPTER XI.

LOST AND FOUND.

THAT night William smoked his pipe into the chimney, as usual. The girl, for a wonder, seemed out of spirits. William talked, but only old Martha answered; and when the time came, he wished all "Good night," and went away to his study. The guest bid her "Good night" also, and departed to her room; and Martha Gillyflower, being now alone, made some final arrangements in the kitchen, and in a little time, according to her careful custom, knocked at the stranger's door, purposing to go in and take away her candle.

No answer was returned.

"Just her head under her wing, and asleep wi' her, like a bird," said the old woman. But when she went in the girl was nowhere to be seen. The candle was there, but nothing was disturbed or missing except the small bag of scarlet cloth, and the things she had in it when she ar-

rived. Her dark-gray cloak, too, had disappeared from the peg on which it hung beside the door.

"There it is!" said Mrs. Gillyflower, energetically. "See how she serves one! Why, it can't be! There's the bed turned down as I saw it an hour ago. Not a hand to it since—nothing stirred in the room but her cloak and the little red bag. Only her candle's here. I'd say there wasn't a soul in the room but myself to-night. And there's her things gone, and her cloak; and—it may be she's gone to Mall's room to talk a bit; but I don't think it—I don't."

She hurried away, being, nevertheless, strongly of that opinion.

"Get up, Mall, and help me to look. The lass is gone! Sweetbrier's gone, as sure as you're there! Get up, and don't be ogglin' there like a noffin'; there's Sweetbrier gane awa', and tale or tidings o' her nowhere."

"Agoy!" exclaimed the lass, blinking and staring in wonder, just emerging from her deep first sleep.

"Come—will ye! Huddle yer things on, and come wi' me this minute."

Mall's simple equipment was not long in completing.

"Now, ye look under the bedstocks—I can't stoop so. Well, is she?"

"Na, neyaware," answered the girl. "She's outen—she's awa', I'm feared."

"Nane o' yer proas, child, but stir and look about ye. She was ever sa keen, but I doubt she is gane, she'd be awa' like that. Stir, lass—'twill be a dull house without her."

They were looking irresolutely about the room, as they stood with their backs to the bedstead; and there came from above, on Mrs. Gillyflower's head, a tap with a little naked foot.

"Well, child?" said she, sharply, to Mall.

"Yes, 'm," answered Mall.

"Well? Is there aught? Is there nout to show or point to? Well, will ye mind how ye're turnin' and knockin' yersel' about?"

"Yes, 'm," answered Mall.

"Ye searched the press, then—so did I, and now ye see——"

Here was another little tap of the same tiny foot.

"Stop that pushin', ye fool!" said old Martha.

"Yes, 'm," said Mall, removing a little from her side.

"And noo ye see what gratitude is! She's let herself out by the scullery-door, and she's gane. She's tae'n hersel' awa' without as much as 'fares-ta-weel,' the fause lass! We'll just gang and see what way she went out, and then I'll to your master in the study, and tell him n'—and I could sit down here and greet!"

Mall looked on the point of "blubber-in'," as she termed it, also. At the same moment the same little foot was laid lightly on the shoulder of Mrs. Gillyflower, who had now turned towards the door.

"Tak yer hand aff my shooder—what's the matter wi' ye?" said the housekeeper, with a proper sense of the liberty—at the same time placing her own hand peremptorily, as she supposed, on Mall's.

"I didn't touch yer shooder, ma'am," began the girl, but was interrupted by a squawl from Mrs. Gillyflower, and

"Daratta! what's that?"

The tiny toes that rested on her shoulder were in her grasp, instead of Mall's fingers. Mall echoed Mrs. Gillyflower's exclamation with a scream, as she beheld the same false hand for a moment on the old woman's shoulder; and she bounced to the door with another bawl, where Martha clutched her with her right hand, hardly knowing what she did, with a "By Jen!" and a prayer.

A laugh—and down jumped the girlish stranger from the top of the old-fashioned low bedstead where she had been hiding.

"Ye did not see my shoes and stockings; I hid them in the bed, and my cloak is up there."

The girl was laughing heartily, and looked so merry and pretty, that if you had been there you would certainly have laughed with her.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillyflower, with the indignation of fright. "Of all the turns ye've ever served me, this is the warst!"

What the other ill-turns may have been it would, perhaps, have puzzled our good old friend to recount.

"To think o' yer treatin' me sa! I wouldn't a' believed the parson. Na, na, na,—nanc o' that," she said, waving off the laughing girl. "Na, na—I've done wi' ye. I did na think 'twas in ye. What a naffin' I was, to care tuppence about ye! Ye've sarved me right, and, bout

in the way o' civility, I'll never speak word more till ye. I've done wi' ye—I've done wi' ye quite!"

She had turned with dignity, and her hand was on the door, when the girl caught her.

"No, no—not a bit; ye'll never have done with me. Ye'll kiss me before ye go out, and we'll dance together, you and me; for you're my darling always, and I'll be yours again."

"To think o' ye playin' at peeping-hide, like a child!—there, don't be a fool, let me go—and to give me that fright! Don't ye be holdin' me—let go, I desire."

But all wouldn't do. The girl, with bare feet, laughing merrily, and not a bit daunted, pulled her out by the substantial waist, and, singing a merry tune, whisked the old lass round in spite of herself.

"Ye let me go, miss, if ye please—tak' yer hands away. I'm not going; I won't, miss—we're na' that intimate."

But on went the song, and round and round sails the good lady, protesting; and the girl—didn't she look roguish, wild, and pretty?—capered such pretty steps on her bare feet, that at last old Martha's dignity broke down, and, perhaps from the very effort to look grave, she burst out laughing, and never was the dance so wild as then.

"I don't care," screamed Martha. "I'm very angry, though I may be laughin'; and I'll tell ye what—"

But her laughter increased, and grew at last so continuous and uproarious, that it was vain contending with it; so giving herself up, she danced with her own goodwill, and set to her pretty partner, with her fat old arms "akimbo," and tears of laughter, in the general chorus, running down her ruddy cheeks. And at last, all laughing, they came to a standstill, and old Martha said, panting:

"Go to bed—I'm the biggest fool o' the whole lot!"

And she gave the girl a kiss on the cheek, and a little slap, and ran out of the room at a trot.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.

NEXT DAY at eleven o'clock, quite contrary to his bookish custom, William took his rod and flies, and pulled on his huge fishing-boots. Four miles he had to walk before he could cast his flies on the trout-stream; but he had not reached the hedge-

row of the first field that lies within the evening shadow of the gables of Haworth Hall, when he heard the sweet voice of the stranger, singing. The song, that came clear from the leafy distance over the field, was the same which he had heard from the wooded slopes by Dardale Moss, and the same rich voice trembled in the air:

"The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise—
The lonely air
That lingers there,
And thought that never dies."

He listened till the song was sung out, and its last sweet and melancholy note died away. And then, with a long sigh, he said:

"I thought so. Yes, I thought the voice was the same, and now I know it. When I heard that song, I knew that I heard the call of fate; I would follow it over the world!"

Lightly he strode to the tall trees and thicket that are grouped at the point from which the song was audible. And now he could see her, though his view was interrupted by the hanging bough that interposed. She was sitting on a stile, leaning lightly on the ivy-grown stem of a great ash-tree, and with a little dog sitting beside her, to which she was talking gayly.

She ceased her prattling on seeing William through the screen of leaves, and as she saw him turn from the path and approach, she stepped down upon the grass.

"I heard your song," said William. "You were sitting on the stile, among that ivy, with that spray of sweetbrier nodding over your shoulders. You see I lost nothing. They call you 'Sweetbrier,' as you won't help them to another name, and I think it so wild and pretty. I shall never ask your real name; when you like to tell me, if ever that time comes, I shall be very happy. I heard your song, and I could not resist turning aside. For, one evening, as I was trudging over the moss, dull and lonely enough, a different sort of fellow from what I have grown to be, I heard that very song before, little knowing what was coming. I love that song, and it makes me sad, and

"The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise."

For, when I think of the song, I always
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XII., No. 3.

see the hawthorn-tree and the old stone where I saw you first; and I'll never forget them, or the song, or that evening. I came just to tell you who has sent me to fish in the Dwyle, four miles away; and I'll go to-morrow, with my gun, across the moss. I'll give up my books—I think I do little good over them now. It is easy to keep one's eyes upon the page, but who will tie the fancy there? And the more I think of it, the more I love the idea of the wild free life. And I'm going all the way, I said, to-day and to-morrow, and every day, thinking of you—just because you told me—just in the hope to please you."

He lowered his voice as he spoke.

"Whatever's best for yourself, sir, you will know. I'm only a poor girl, and can't tell what will answer gentlefolk," she replied, in a low tone, and in that odd grave way, which somehow chilled and, in a manner, awed him.

William's conventual theories had been strengthened by one or two trifles told him by old Martha respecting their guest.

First, on Friday she had eaten no meat.

Secondly, she had described some odd circumstances about the burial of "her sister"—a sister, more probably, William thought. A circular piece of silk, bound with ribbons of red and blue, was laid over her heart; a gospel, or "scapular" (as William concluded), and a white cloth was placed on her feet, and a white cap, of a peculiar shape, on her head; and some of the things that had belonged to her were solemnly burnt. He would have given a great deal for a book, or a learned friend, in his solitude, to satisfy him upon his theory that all this indicated the costume and practice of some conventual order.

And further—proving how little worth was that crucial test which he fancied he was applying—she had told old Martha, with an odd little laugh, that she had never been in a Church-of-England place of worship before, but that "there was no harm in it, for her mother had *once* been in one."

With a dispensation he was satisfied they might go anywhere.

Then there was that in her manner that was very peculiar, when she wished him to understand that he was to stand aloof—something proud, gentle, dignified, which was his very ideal of the nun-like.

"Some time or other, perhaps, you will tell me your name," he said, "but that is a sign, you say, of confidence, and may be

a long way off; but I have an old entreaty to plead again. You called me 'Sir.' Now, if you won't call me by my name, don't at least call me *that*; but why not call me 'Willie,' as Martha does? I'll only ask it when we are alone, just as we are now; and if I could make any one so happy by so slight a thing, why won't you?"

"Well, there—Willie—Willie—Willie," she repeated, very sweetly, with a silence between each time; and there was a little laugh running lowly through it, but something for a moment almost fond in the tone and look.

"You've said it. I thought you never would. I wish I could tell how grateful I am to you. Oh, wonderful stranger! I wish I could see into the future."

She laughed. "Where's the good? Why should the coming time be happier than the past? Rich folks look sour enough often, and lords and ladies ain't always pleasantest."

"I wish I could believe in gypsies," said William. "I'd ride twenty miles to have my fortune told, but I'm not likely to meet them here; they never come this way. You've had your fortune told, I daresay?"

"Well—no," said the girl.

"Well, you've very likely heard others told theirs, and seen the whole thing?"

"Oh, very often," answers she, gayly.

"I wish I could believe in it," said he. "I've heard of very curious things they've told—things that came out quite true—and also what they told people about their past lives. I think you are a believer. How do you think they make it all out?"

"By the planets, and the lines on the hand, and the lines on the forehead."

"Will you tell my fortune?" said William Haworth, smiling.

"I will," said she, quietly. "You cross my hand with silver."

And so he did, still smiling; and she took the coin gravely, and dropping it into her pocket, she took his hand, and held it, looking sometimes for a moment at its palm, and then, long and gravely, in his face.

William would have liked to listen to his fortune so told for the whole day long; and speaking low and fluently, and standing near his side, she said:—

"Although you are young, you have had sorrow, and you sometimes think to yourself it has done you good. You think you are better and wiser than if you had

never known grief—d'ye mind what I say? You do not care for a great many people, but them you do like you like well and long. You are very true-hearted—d'ye mind what I say?—and you never were very much in love, but only a trifle; and one was dark, and there was another, with light hair and blue eyes—d'ye mind what I say? But the greatest love's to come yet, and the one that will last all your days—do you mind what I say? But you are very true, and will be married well to a lady that thinks a great deal of you—do you mind what I say?—and is very rich, and you'll come to be a very great man, and you'll have a great estate; and although you think you're going to India, you'll never go there—d'ye mind what I say?—and you'll come to be a great man, here, at home, in England, and you'll live long. And now put your hand in your pocket, and take any money you like in it, and wish—that will do. You will suffer a good deal before three years are over, but after that you will be very happy; and you will see the lady then, for the first time, that you are to marry, and——"

"That will do; you are breaking down now. You began very well," he laughed, and shook his head. "But no—I must go to the real gypsies to have my future told. You *did* guess my poor story—my past life—very well; you are so clever, you do everything well; but now you have predicted that which can *never* be—a sheer impossibility. No—I must tell *your* fortune. Let me try—won't you?"

She smiled; for a moment, her little white teeth appeared, and she extended her slender hand, and he took it.

"Cross your hand with silver," said she, and she restored William's shilling.

So he held her hand, and he looked in her face—looked in her face, and held her hand—in a dream. Never was man so near speaking madness, but he did not:—

"You are a young lady, who parted with her nearest relations on earth, to find nearer in heaven, and who discovered, almost too late, that she had forsaken friends for tyrants, hope for despair, and liberty for a prison. You can repeat more Latin on your knees than many a Cambridge or Oxford man can upon his feet. You have discovered that silence is not quiet, nor solitude content. You found that you had exchanged a mother for a stepmother, and

a home for a penitentiary. You have yielded more duty and found less love, and you have grown more wise and less patient. You have turned away in time from a dark and cruel mistake, and returned to light and duty. There are many people who admire you, and feel an interest in you, and there is one who loves you—a poor fellow, very lonely, not very happy, very little worth a thought or care of yours, except for that. He loves you—he thinks that no such creature ever saw the light before; he would lay down his life for you, and he holds your little hand in his, and he is where he would always be—by your side."

"You've told my fortune all wrong, sir," she said, withdrawing her hand; "it is all as far away as the sea."

What was it in that tone and manner that was so magical? To him it seemed that an invisible curtain had dropped between them. No vulgar airs, no toss of the head, no affected scorn, were there. Nothing could be quieter, more gentle, sadder even; her head was high, but her eyes were lowered. All was proud, cold, melancholy. Nothing was there in tone or look the least unkind, yet what could be more peremptory?

He had promised there should be no such talk. He had broken his word, and she had called him "Sir." He was horribly confounded and ashamed, and full of silent self-reproach.

"I've broken my promise. I've done very wrong. I've talked like a fool, but you must make it up. You'll shake hands—won't you—and say we are friends again?"

"Oh yes, sir," she said, and they shook hands and parted. And William went away with a heart beating fast—troubled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK PULLET.

"WHEN will Mrs. Gillyflower come home?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, by nightfall."

"Well, and you say the master will be home by sunset too. The shadows are stretching, lass, and the air a little sharp; the Squire will be a hungry man by the time he comes back. What have ye for his supper?"

It was the red round of beef, and potatoes—dinner and supper, all in one.

"Come, we'll give him a better supper

than that—a bit of hot meat. Go you and kill a fowl."

The girl protested, in her broad north-country patois.

"Go, Mall—do as I bid ye," repeated the guest.

"She'll be stark starin' mad!" expostulated Mall.

"Go you and kill the fowl; I'll take the blame myself; there shan't a wry word fall on you."

"But," reasoned the girl, "it should a' bin killed; it would be too soon to roast it."

"He'll not be home for three hours. Leave that to me. I'll show you how to dress it—and he'll say he never eat one half so good before. Go you—talk no more, but kill the fowl; and come back quick to me, and I'll tell you what to do next."

There was a cool high tone here that Mall, somehow, could not disobey.

Never was cooking so odd. So very strange, indeed, was the process that I had better describe it.

Mall, indeed, expostulated—sometimes in profound anxiety as to what would follow when Mrs. Gillyflower, having returned, discovered the unauthorized slaughter of the pullet—and then aghast at the astounding directions imposed by the damsel who had taken the command of the kitchen in the absence of old Martha. Sometimes Mall would stand agape, and gasp "Agoy!" or "By Jen!"

Sometimes, half frightened, she would look perplexed, in her face—thinking that their eccentric guest had gone stark daft—and sometimes bursting into irrepressible screams of laughter, till, as she said, she "clean kinkt wi' laughin'!" She lost all power, for a time, either to resist or to obey.

This curious procedure took place, to make it odder still, not in the kitchen, but in the little field, close to the gate of the yard, under the trees, in the open air.

The imperious beauty there compelled Mall to scoop out a little hollow in the ground with a spade. In this she kindled a fire of peat and sticks. That done, she ordered Mall, aiding herself with great solicitude, to twist a strong rope of straw.

The next step reduced Mall, with sheer convulsions of laughter, almost to a fainting condition. The bird, with all its feathers on, was wound up in this straw-

rope, so that nothing but a sort of ball of straw appeared. It was next covered up in the hot ashes, which had by this time accumulated in the hole, and the peat and wood fire was heaped up, round and upon it. After this she made Mall take the potatoes she had washed for boiling, and, instead of placing them in a pot, carry them out to the fire in the field; and there she buried them—one here, another there—in the embers, in serene contempt of Mall's terrified expostulations and screams of laughter.

"And mind ye, I cook the dinner to-day; and if I see your potato-pot on the fire, I'll break it with one whack of the poker; and ye'll do just as I bid ye, neither more nor less, Mall Darrell."

When these preparations were accomplished, the young lady's solicitude seemed at an end, and she was able to converse on indifferent matters with her accustomed passion or levity.

She sat down on the grass near the fire, now a glowing, smouldering heap. She had the dog and the cat out to keep her company (for she loved pets), and the cage of the bullfinch on her knee; and to these companions she talked and whistled, while Mall made her more rational dispositions in the kitchen.

Then the girl would return to have a peep at the bonfire, and fall again into shrieks of laughter. And the young priestess of this strange sacrifice would make her sit down on the grass beside her; and she would sing her a song, or tell her a story of a murder in Epping Forest, or of two horses and a tipsy dealer drowned one snowy night in a flooded ford, or of the woman's ghost that was seen nursing and fondling the neglected child in the lonely tent. She grew into great spirits—wild spirits—beside this extemporized fire, and sang again and danced on the grass; and after a time, on a sudden, she grew sad, and she said:

"If we did right, Mall, we'd let that poor little bird go." She had the cage again on her knee, by this time, and was looking through the wires at the bird.

"Hoot, lass! I's no sa awpy as firtle in any such lids. If Mrs. Gillyflower came home and found her wee bird fled—woe werth Mall! Be ma sang, she'd be stark beside hersel'!"

Mall, having seen the holocaust of the

fowl, believed the strange girl capable of anything.

"I like pets—all my people do. I had a squirrel called 'Jacka,' and a green parrot; it died, poor little thing, and I buried it near Wyndale, in Derbyshire, under the middle tree of the three hawthorns that grow on the moor's side, just at the turn of the brook. I was sick crying after it. Lussha Lee had a pet fox, that frightened it, I think, and it died. It would call me by my name; and it slept every day on its stick, after its dinner, not with its head under its wing, but just like an old gorgio, and its chin on its breast. I'd have a parrot for a pet, or any outlandish bird that don't live wild here; but these small things, when they see their companions and the green leaves, don't you believe but their little hearts is sore—they're looking for the old life? And, Mall, will ye miss me when I'm gone? I'll be often thinking of ye all, and the pleasant fields of Haworth."

"Ye're no gangin' yet, lass, and I'll no greet till sorrow comes," said Mall, heartily.

The stranger laughed kindly.

"Hark!—hear! The birds are all singing. The chimney shadow is away as far as Hazelden wolds; and Mrs. Gillyflower will be coming home again, and then the Squire. Is all ready, lass? Run and see, and trim the fire; the frost is coming, and all is ready here."

And with the tip of her strong but tidy shoe she poked the edge of the ashes.

Mall had hardly returned, when Mrs. Gillyflower appeared; and her handmaid's heart sunk, as she thought of the murdered pullet and the unboiled potatoes and saw Martha, who was not to be trifled with, descend from the taxcart before it reached the yard-gate, and cross the low stile, and stump over the sward towards the smouldering bonfire.

"Now mind, ye sid ye wod na let her flite me," whispered Mall, in awful trepidation.

"Never you fear," said the girl; and before Mrs. Gillyflower had quite reached them, the stranger called:

"I'm glad ye're come home, ma'am; there has been sad doings. What do you think? Somebody has stolen the black pullet, Mrs. Gillyflower—what do ye think o' that?"

"Stolen the black pullet!" echoed Mrs.

Gillyflower, coming to a stand-still, and looking herself as black as the pullet.

"Tell her it's there—can't ye?" whispered Mall, in her agony.

"Ay, burnt to a cinder; why, it's all afire, ye fool, like a bit o' peat!" whispered the stranger, scornfully.

"Ay! it's gone—ay, the black pullet" (blacker than ever) she said, aside to Mall.

"And what's the fire here for?" exclaimed Mrs. Gillyflower, breaking again into speech.

"We were terrible cold, ma'am."

"And why not sit be the kitchen-fire—what's the matter wi' ye all?"

"Why, Mall let it out, and we were almost famished. The cat's come out, and the dog, and the bird even."

"La! But, ma'am——" broke in Mall.

"And whaar's the pittayties for supper?" gasped Mrs. Gillyflower, with her hand pugilistically raised, and a stamp of distraction. "Whaar's the pittayties?"

"Well," said the stranger, "I do suppose they're where they were, for there's none in the pot, though I told her she'd get into a row about them—I did."

"Aw! la! Look at ye—weel!" broke out the betrayed Mall.

"The black pullet gone, and narra pittayta!" exclaimed the old lady, with both her open hands thrown back in distraction. "If I had a souple-jack in my hand, wouldn't I ken whaar to lay it. Don't ye stand there ogglin' like a gowk, ye strackle-brain'd scollops! Not a word out o' yer head. I'll hae nane o' yer miff-maff here. Sarts! it's bonny doins; fires out, and narra pittayta, and the best pou't o' the lot stole, and you sittin' here croodlin' in a scog! By my sang! it's a good bevellin' ye want, and if I had a widdy in my fist, yer worse than nothin'. There's the master comin', and wet and cold, and not a spark o' fire in the study. If ever there was a rue-bargain, you're ane; woe werth the day I saw yer foolish face! I can't wait noo, but I'll be talkin' to ye i' now."

And with a florid complexion and angry brow away trotted she, to see after the Squire's fire.

"He is coming—I see him down yonder by the hedge. See his flies, they're caught in the bush," said the stranger.

"Sit you here while I run in for the things."

Away she ran, leaving Mall confounded and sore at the treatment she had received. And in a minute more she returned with two dishes and two tin covers, and a great knife and fork, and a huge cloth.

First from the glowing ashes forth came the potatoes, cased in their hard-baked skins, like roasted chestnuts; and well rubbed in the cloth and placed in the dish, did ever potatoes look so tempting?"

Mall began to feel happier. Next, in its thick black crust of burnt straw and feathers, emerged the fowl. Off came this crust, and never had Mall seen or dreamed of so savory and appetizing a dish as was now before her.

"By Jen!" gasped Mall Darrell, with a broad grin, and eyes jumping out of her head.

"Didn't I tell you to do just as I bid you, and all would be well? And I told you to kill the black pullet because Mrs. Gillyflower was thinking this morning she'd a' killed it, only she thought it would not a' been a cold evening, but I knew better. Come, you bring in the pullet, and I'll bring the potatoes, and ye'll see how pleased she'll be."

And so she was, and forgave them both; and laughed and wondered, and wondered and laughed, and called the black-eyed stranger a "naughty pack;" and she told William the history of that eccentric cookery—how it was done in a bonfire, in a nook of the hedge, by the big ash-tree, under the open sky.

Nothing better was ever eaten: epicures would do well to try it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KNIGHT IN THE SADDLE.

NEXT morning it was Tuesday—the fair-day of Willarden. William had boasted to his young guest that he would take his gun, and walk half round the moss in search of game.

Instead of doing this, at daybreak he mounted his horse and rode away toward the old Northumbrian town of Willarden.

There was a light and pleasant autumnal frost in the air as the sun rose over the landscape, and showed sharply for a while the distant peaks of the fells of Golden Friars. The Squire was riding away from Haworth, and the scenery be-

fore him was wild and picturesque. Long stretches of light sward, with gray rocks peeping through, and masses of fern and furze, made a breezy undulating outline—steep enough at times, and relieved every here and there with groups of dwarf oak, and birch, and thorn.

This scenery though never beautiful, is always cheery, and sometimes even pretty. To William it seemed prettier than it had ever looked before. What way ever seemed dull to the man whose head is full of the beautiful imagery of romance, and who is speeding, in the way of his knight-errantry, on the service of his ladylove?

Exploit more foolish, passion more romantic, never animated the enterprise of gallant knight, in the days of prowess and beauty, than that which the breast of the Squire of Haworth harbored, as he rode over the wide plain that separated his hall from the fair-green of Willarden. We shall see how he sped.

As you approach Willarden, the character of wildness and loneliness, which gives its peculiar charm to the scenery, does not diminish. Wide slopes and gentle hollows swell and dip softly, showing shallow scaurs of gray rock here and there, traced in broken lines, like time-worn and fantastic battlements and fortifications; and through the crannies twisted hawthorn-trees stoop wildly, and birch-trees in twos and threes crown their summits.

These picturesque but hungry pastures, with their thin close grass and wavy fern, and hoar rocks peeping through, are browsed by scattered sheep of some old Northumbrian breed, small and agile, who seldom lie down to repose, like their father cousins of the South—can gallop far and lightly, and climb the rocks like goats. These sheep crop diligently the thin but sweet herbage which more highly-bred animals would despise, and are doubtless the descendants of those harried animals who made so many forced marches, this way and that, across the border, and saw the steel caps, lances, and shaggy ponies of the Scottish rieviers.

And now, at last, the quaint little town of Willarden appears in view, as William Haworth reaches the summit of a long low undulation.

There four narrow roads meet—or, if you will, two long lines of road cross—

the little town clumping itself upon and about the point of union. Stone houses, with steep gables, look in the distance as if planted at random, as a child places dominoes. There was some tillage near; corn stood in stooks and stacks, orchards and gardens made an irregular girdle about its walls; and the gray spire, with its gilded vane, glimmered pleasantly in the early sun, with a background of statelier foliage.

Cattle and carts were still pouring into the town as William approached, and the picture, without the sounds of bustle, was pleasant in the distance.

As you draw near, the scene loses something of its gentler charm, and that which was a picture becomes instinct with the character and vulgarity of actual life. Now you hear laughter and bawling and women's prattle, the cries of the cattle-drovers. There are a few late carts and wagons making their way through Church Street to the fair-green. Cows are driving this way and that, with their horns low, on the same route; and sheep and horses and pigs are still moving in the same direction.

William draws bridle at the porch of the "Goat in Boots;" people are going in and out through the crowd, and two broad fellows, whom William has to shove asunder, already deep in a bargain about three cows. They both look shrewd and dogged—I wonder which will have the best of it. On such days, with the flurry and flush of excitement all about, who would recognize the silent little inn of all the rest of the year?

William is lucky to find a nook in which to eat his breakfast.

A fat hearty fellow, with a shrewd hale face, wearing leather breeches and top-boots, a long red waistcoat, and a blue cut-away with brass buttons, clapped his big hand on William's shoulder, with a grin, and greeted him with a salutation:

"Ech! Willie Haworth—is thou here, lad? And how's a' wi' thee? Thou's summat late, though. I a' selt my kye weel, an hour sin'."

And he laughed and wagged his head.

"Glad to see you, Dick. Mind you come down again this winter to Haworth, to the duck-shooting. I'll have your corner by the fire, and your pipe and your mug ready; and you'll stay a week, and bring your retriever, the best dog I ever

saw—and I'll take no excuse. So that's settled."

Dick laughed a huge laugh. "Maybe—who kens?" he responded joyously. "Thou's sellin' or buyin'?" he inquired, thinking that the young Squire might be pleasant to deal with either way.

"No; I have no business here except to look after a rogue."

"Ago! Weel—what more?" said Dick.

"Only, as you've nothing better to do, you'll come with me and see the fun. I'm going to send him out o' the county, and he won't like it; and there will be a jolly row, I daresay."

"Thou's a justice, noo. Thou'll be givin' him a jerkin' o' stean. One rag-gard the less. I'll lend ye a hand, but there's constables if need be, and thou'll hev the warrant in thy pocket."

"Come then, Dick. We'll go down to the fair-green; I like your company—that's a glorious cudgel you've got!"

"Well, it do drive connily; a skelp o' that wud make yer lug sing."

"So I think. Come, let's be off."

So down Church Street the Squire of Haworth and Dick Hoggen the yeoman—a man of cattle, money, and mark in those regions—made their way; and over the narrow bridge, with its now roofless guard-tower, and so into the pretty fair-green of Willarden.

CHAPTER XV.

COWPER.

HERE were, of course, the proper scenery and furniture of a fair-green—tents and booths, merry-go-rounds, "Aunt Sally," wheels of fortune, Rocks of Scilly, thimblery and stacks of gingerbread, and horses and other quadrupeds. The "Step in, ladies and gentlemen!" of the polite showman resounded, and the milder invitation to the peep-show, and the jokes of Mr. Merryman; the big drum and trumpet thundered, the merry squeak of the fiddle was heard, and the stentorian "saucy Arethusa" of the two British sailors, in the usual mutilated condition of that gallant service, mingling now and then with the screaming of a refractory pig. All these sights and sounds failed to divert William from his purpose. He carried about with him two remarkable and very distinct pictures. He was looking about sharply for the originals, and was so absorbed in

his search as to lose much of Dick Hoggen's agreeable conversation.

His scrutiny was not rewarded. It was now twelve o'clock. I don't know how it is now, but in those days there was a toll collected at the entrance to the fair-green. To the man who received this money William put some questions.

To the best of his recollection he had seen no such men that day; and certainly no such person as the tall young man whom William described had brought a gray and a chestnut horse into the fair.

William was disappointed. He and his friend Dick strolled up again to the "Goat in Boots," and had some luncheon. On a sudden a direful thought dawned on the young Squire's mind.

What if these two miscreants had been spying out his plans, and in his absence had made a descent upon Haworth Hall, and carried off his ladylove—to be immured, perhaps, in a convent? Who could say where Clinton might be, with the farm to look after? Possibly two miles away at the forge! What an awful fool he (William Haworth) was! He had left her, in fact, to the protection of an old woman and a simple girl, with two wily kidnappers on her track. If they happened to have found a clue to her present refuge, how frightful might prove the consequences of his blunder!

It was now one; he told the people to saddle his horse forthwith, but, on second thoughts, he resolved to visit the fair-green once more, in quest of the villains whom he had come in pursuit of.

And now, it was past one o'clock. Dick Hoggen—who had played at most of the games on the green, had his fling at Aunt Sally, and peeped into the shows—was now for mounting and overtaking the sheep he had bought, which were already some way on their march to Crink Farm.

"Come down once more to the green, Dick; and if there's still no news of my rogues, we'll say good-by."

So down they went, and at the gate the man told William: "There has been a gray and a chestnut in since, and a tall greyhoundy chap, gypsy-like, wi' 'em."

"Thank you," said William, with a pleasant nod; "I'm looking for a gray. Which way did he go?"

"Right in—right forrut—right atort the middle o' the green. I've no kennin

noo, though—there's such a jummlement here."

"Thanks," William smiled, and nodded again.

He nodded and smiled, but there was the sudden thrill and suspense of coming battle at his heart—he had resolved on an exploit. His eye, as it searched the crowd, was brighter, his face paler and sterner, his step more resolute, and in a sudden silence his talk with honest Dick came untimely to an end.

On reaching a part of the green a little less crowded, he saw a figure—the most barbarous, perhaps, he had ever seen before on English ground; he thought he recognized the outline which his guest had given him—he had found his game.

This was an old square man, with the swarthiest face he had ever seen, broad-furrowed and forbidding, with long soot-black hair, a thick lock of which was brought straight down at each side before his ears. He had jet-black large eyes, the fire of which was sinister in sockets so lined and wrinkled. He wore a high-crowned broad-brimmed felt hat, such as Germans sometimes affect; he had a short chocolate-colored coat, and a sky-blue waistcoat—both faded and worn at the seams—and a pair of trousers, the lower parts of which were thrust into a pair of old topboots, which, in deep brown wrinkles, hung lower than the calves of his legs.

This strange figure, pacing up and down a short bit of sward, was totally alone, and twisting an oak cudgel, of about a yard long, by the middle—seemed without object or occupation.

A stranger or more savage figure he had never seen. It might have been taken for a Zamiel, or the smoked idol of some infernal worship, or a child's ideal of an ogre.

"Keep beside me now," said William Haworth to his friend; "I may want to borrow your cudgel."

"I say, Cowper!" cried William.

The swarthy old man turned on his heel, and, stopping short, confronted the young Squire, fixing on him his glare from under his savage brows. At the same time he shifted his hold of his cudgel, and planted the end of it on the ground.

"Ho! who wants me?—I'm Cowper," said he, in a hard loud voice.

"Where's the young fellow that came

with you?" said William. "I'm told he has horses to sell, and his gray might answer me."

"You'll see 'em there," said the old man, indicating the direction with a prod of his cudgel.

"Where?—in a booth?"

"Ye can see a gray horse in daylight, I expect."

William laughed. "I'll try," said he.

"On this ground a man and his nag won't be far apart," growled the man with the cudgel. "The lad will be having a pot o' swipes, mayhap."

And the old fellow turned again, swaggered up and down his beat once more, twirling his cudgel in the same singular fashion.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUSSHA SINFIELD.

RICHARD HOGGEN had grinned with much interest over this brief dialogue, and accompanied William with right goodwill, as he made his search for the man with the horses.

Coming round the corner of a booth suddenly, a tall bony slender fellow, riding a chestnut horse and leading a gray, was before them.

He was a handsome young man, very swarthy, with oval face, lowering forehead, black eyes, and black hair; about his neck, in a single tie, so that its ends hung loose and long, was that green-and-red handkerchief which he had noted in the description. He wore a wideawake hat, a gray coat with gilt buttons, a good deal worn at the seams, a red waistcoat, white corduroy knee-breeches, and brown leather gaiters.

William made a step forward and raised his hand; the man pulled up.

"Selling that gray?" asked William.

"Ay—d'ye like him?" said the man.

"Can't say till I look at him. Old Cowper told me I should find you about here. You're Lussha Sinfield, ain't you?"

"Ay," said the man, boldly, but he eyed them suspiciously. "I'm the man. All the world's welcome to look at me, and the horse too. Nothing to hide: he's a beauty!"

"Has he been hunted?"

"Half last season; a lamb to handle—a devil to run. Jumps all slick—bar, ditch, or stone-wall, all one to Faa; takes all sweet; beautiful trained. Look at

his hoofs—just like a marble. Never made a mistake since he was dropped. Pedigree, points, action, training—not another's been on this turf this six year like him. Try him yourself—you know a horse. Will ye come a bit this way?—and Mister Cowper will hold the chestnut."

It was really a nice horse, William thought, with fine action. But he was not troubling his head much about horses. His business was of another sort.

"Well, come on, it's close by," said William, pointing toward the spot where he had left the old swarthy savage twirling his cudgel.

As they walked on, William Haworth's companion jogged him under his ribs, and mumbled his critical remarks on the horse, into his ear: a caution upon this point, a hint upon that, but a general admission that "the beast was no' that bad." And all the time the horseman, with his lids dropped, as if he was looking at the grass at his horse's hoof, was reading, through the long fringe of his eyelashes, with a practised skill, the countenances and bearing of these two friends, and he truly saw in William's that which dissatisfied and even alarmed him.

But Lussha Sinfield knew very well how he stood. "He need not care a curse for any one." He had little secrets, of course, of his own—something more than most men, but they were secrets. There was nothing that could turn up about him. "He did not care a d—n."

Cowper was now in sight, and he beckoned to him.

"Take the halter," said he quietly, and Cowper—than whom, as I have said, no fitter representative for the forest-demon in "Der Freyschütz" ever strode on earth—took the rope in his hand.

William Haworth was standing a little away, so as to take in the whole figure of the horse.

"He stands over his knees," says William.

"A good judge would think that a perfection, rather than otherwise," answered Sinfield, coolly.

"I take leave to think differently," says William, sharply.

"Every man to his taste," says the dealer, coolly.

"And, besides that, I think his shoulder too straight for a hunter, and his hind-legs too far away from him."

"If those points were better than they are," answers the man, with a scornful smile, "I'd be asking a hatful more than ninety pounds for him. But never mind that—the proof of the pudding is in the eating. You'd better see him over a few fences."

"I don't mind," says the Squire.

"Hollo, Jonnie!" cries the man, raising his arm, and a slight boy, black-eyed and black-haired, with dark-brown skin, runs up to his side.

"That's a gypsy lad," says Dick Hogen, struck by the peculiar physique of the boy.

"By my soul, he's not!" answers Sinfield, fiercely. "That's a clever boy, though. Now, Jonnie, take him over that bar."

A few steps brought them to the bar. The little fellow sits light as a fly on the horse's back, and, without fuss or excitement, the horse goes over.

"That will do; and what do you say to that double ditch?" says William, pointing to the fence of the fair-green close by them.

"Take him over that," says Lussha Sinfield to the boy, and the horse goes over the fence.

"What do you say to that? You saw how he changes his legs," said the dealer.

"He goes out of his tracks," says William.

The man answers with a derisive laugh.

"Take him over that again," he says, and over goes the horse.

"Bring the horse down here a bit, to the wall," says Sinfield. "Now take him over the wall for the Squire."

And over the wall he goes.

"See that!" cries Sinfield.

"What?" says the Squire.

"What!" echoes Sinfield. "Why, how he stands out, and sails over it. What! Ha—ha!"

"I say it's bad jumping," says William, coolly; "why, he runs under and bucks over. A hunter, you say!"

"That gentleman there," says Sinfield, pointing to Dick, and beginning to lose temper, "has an eye in his head, and knows what belongs to a horse. What do you say, sir?"

Dick screwed one eye close, and looked hard at the horse with the other. The dealer was on the point of citing the old distich:

"Who winks with one eye and looks with the other,
I would not trust him though he were my brother."

He did not quite know what to make of them, so, on the whole, he chose to try a little longer.

"Take him over the wall again," said Sinfield. And over went the gray, as before.

"Will ye try him?"

"I don't mind," answered William.

He mounts, and excited the horse with whip and spur, and gallops him round the empty upper end of the green, and pulls him up suddenly before the seller, who is growing angry.

"What the d——l do you mean by bucketing my horse about that way?"

"D——n it! you asked me to try him, didn't you?"

"I didn't tell you to drive him mad, and knock him about that lick—did I? And what do you say to him, after all that?—what do you say now?"

(To be concluded.)

The Fortnightly Review.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

IT is a real misfortune that we have not a more exact and detailed acquaintance with the reign of the emperor Trajan. Tacitus says that he intended to include this period in his Histories, and to reserve the work for his old age. In all probability he left it unaccomplished. It is specially a time through which we should have been most thankful to have had the guidance of his great genius. He would, if we may judge from his own words, have felt a peculiar pleasure in describing it. Compared with the age of which he wrote, an age abounding in dreary horrors, Trajan's reign was one "rich in great deeds, free from terrible apprehensions, and presenting the singularly happy combination of empire and liberty." So frightfully bad were the last years of Domitian, that to her best citizens Rome's future might well have seemed hopelessly dark. The following age was one of revival and reconstruction. "Our spirits," says Tacitus, "are now beginning to return." Rome's destiny, he with others felt, was not yet fulfilled; she was still to rule and organize the world. He was by no means of a very sanguine disposition, but, under the altered circumstances of the time, he was moderately hopeful. It was, at any rate, a blessing to feel that now "you could think as you pleased and say what you thought." This, indeed, for Tacitus and many a high-minded Roman, must have had an infinitely greater attraction than the outward splendors of Trajan's reign. Yet about these, too, there was the encouraging fact that they served the glory and advantage

of the State, and were not, like Nero's golden palace, for private gratification. Trajan's great works were distinctively public works. The skill of the artist, the architect, and engineer was so utilized that the whole Roman world could enjoy and appreciate it. This development of the empire's resources, and consequent accession of material prosperity, was combined with economy and lightened taxation. Trajan's financial arrangements must have been admirable to have secured such a result alongside of conquests abroad and improvements at home. On this subject unhappily we are without precise information. We see everywhere the marks of great governing ability, but we know little of the processes by which it worked.

Trajan was more than an able soldier and a skilful administrator. He imbibed, indeed, from his military training a certain hardness and narrow-mindedness, which tied him down to too exclusively Roman notions; but he had a considerable amount of rough common sense, which enabled him partially, at least, to discern the wants and tendencies of his age. The world was beginning to feel that it had common interests, and wished them to be recognized. Trajan tried to satisfy this feeling. To the provinces he gave a somewhat easy and tolerant government, and a fair measure of material prosperity. His arrangements carefully promoted order and comfort, which were just then particularly acceptable to mankind. If some exceptional calamity fell on a city or district, he relieved the sufferers. Something akin

to our modern sentiment of philanthropy was growing up in society. This, of course, would be connected with the idea of unity already hinted at. Trajan paid regard to it; he founded endowments for the children of the poor and for orphans. Men of rank and wealth did the same. Here we have a distinct approach to modern views and conceptions of life. Education was widely diffused; teachers and professors were to be met with in all the great cities; culture was decidedly fashionable; almost every senator and man of position aspired to be an author. Trajan's mind was no doubt prosaic and matter of fact; yet he seems to have had the sense to respect literature and men of letters, though he could hardly have sympathized with them. An age of such varied mental activity, an age which was becoming more and more conscious of its needs, and anxious to satisfy them, would be sure to be stirred by social movements. We hear of clubs, guilds, co-operative societies. Combinations for various purposes were starting into existence. Against these the emperor set his face. He thought them dangerous, and likely to disturb the order which he had taken such pains to establish. Christianity he probably had a vague notion was connected somehow or other with these and kindred movements; as such, while he naturally wished to treat it with a good-natured tolerance, he was afraid of it, and would have been heartily glad to have seen the world rid of it. To a considerable extent he skilfully adapted his rule to the necessities of the time, but he did not rise to such a degree of enlightenment as to take the measure of the new ideas which were now beginning to sway mankind. A Roman, however accomplished, highly educated, and philosophical in his views, could hardly have done this. It was a period of transition, and no contemporary writer could have done justice to it. Tacitus would have given us a vivid picture of it; Trajan's conquest of Dacia and his eastern expedition would have been described with the picturesque eloquence with which Agricola's campaigns in Britain are set before us, and a flood of light would have been poured on the various details of the emperor's entire administration. Yet even Tacitus, we may fairly conjecture, from that intensely Roman and patrician spirit which made him cling to old traditions,

and only just suffered him to be reconciled to this new and happier age, would have left us in ignorance of many things which, from our present point of view, we can see were of extreme interest and importance.

A period often has its very best illustration in the correspondence of a clever, cultivated man, who has taken his share in its various activities. For the time of which I am speaking, the letters of the younger Pliny are of the utmost value. From every point of view they are exceedingly interesting. Here and there they serve as a supplement to the deficiencies of such historians as Dion Cassius and Victor. They embrace a great variety of subjects; politics, literature, art, practice at the bar, life at Rome, life in the country, anecdotes of distinguished men and women, all fall within their range. As a reflex of some of the most characteristic aspects of the time, they will always be found pleasant and instructive reading. We get from them continual glimpses into the mental and social condition of the great Roman world. In an ancient writer all this is peculiarly interesting. Pliny brings us face to face with the life and manners of his age, so that the general reader, as well as the scholar, will find him an agreeable companion. There is, too, this very noticeable feature about his letters: they frequently exhibit an almost modern tone of thought and sentiment, which is quite wanting in earlier writers. We seem sometimes to be on the borderline between the old and the new worlds. The phrases and terms of expression, as well as the sentiments, are often indicative of a transition period. I believe it is the presence of what may be properly called a modern element in him which makes Pliny a comparatively easy author. It is certain that many readers of the present day who feel themselves to be not quite *en rapport* with classical literature generally, will find in his letters much which is thoroughly congenial to their tastes.

Pliny had every conceivable advantage for taking a wide survey of the society around him. He belonged to a good old Roman family, and he was in easy circumstances. He was not an idle man. He practised with success at the bar; and, as he was engaged in several great cases, we may suppose he considerably increased his inherited wealth. Although he was not

nearly so rich as some of his contemporaries, he was able to have a house at Rome, several country seats, and to be liberal on suitable occasions. He held in succession the chief offices of the State. He numbered among his friends the most famous men of his time. With Tacitus he was on terms of intimate friendship. Tacitus was, indeed, the centre of a literary circle which looked up to him as a man of commanding genius. Pliny recognized him as intellectually the foremost man of the age, and confidently predicts his immortality as a historian. He says in one of his letters* to him, and this is very characteristic of Pliny, "I candidly confess that I hope that my name will appear in your work." The poet Martial was one of his acquaintances, and an occasional guest at his house. His sympathies with their pursuits led him to cultivate the friendship of several of the Greek professors of rhetoric, a class of men whom he says he heartily liked and admired. Altogether he must have been acquainted with many various phases of society, and this gives a special charm to his letters. The amiability and kindness of heart with which we may fairly credit him, seem to have often encouraged his friends to consult him on a variety of matters. One of his letters is in reply to a lady who wished him to recommend a tutor for her son. Another is to a friend who thought of leaving some money for the annual entertainment of the burgesses of his native town. Pliny explains what he himself did in a somewhat similar case, and how he contrived to secure the proper application of the money. It is pleasant to know that to his slaves he was a kind and considerate master. I do not imagine that these humane sentiments were, in Pliny's age, by any means exceptional; I think it probable that they were shared by many of his friends. Still, one cannot read without interest a letter† in which he dwells on the idea implied in the term "pater familiæ," and goes on to say that he thinks of sending one of his freedmen, a clever and accomplished servant, who is suffering from a bad cough, to the soft air of Forum Julii (Fréjus, near Nice), where the friend to whom he is writing has an estate. Pliny seems to take for granted that his friend

will do everything to make the invalid comfortable.

Like Cicero, whom he greatly admired, and proposed to himself as his literary model, Pliny had unquestionably a genuine love of culture. He was never so happy as when he was surrounded with his books and papers in his Laurentine or Tuscan villa. He was not, indeed, such an indefatigable student as his uncle; he had probably neither the mental energy nor the physical strength to concentrate himself on any one great work, but he seems to have been always a busy man. When at Rome he had plenty of business as an advocate; when in the country his occupations were reading, writing, revising his speeches for publication, and intellectual conversation. It is true that the word dilettanteism suggests itself to us in connection with him. One of his letters, in answer to a friend who urged him to write history implies that he felt himself unequal to the continuous labor involved in so difficult a task. Though, like Cicero, he had a decided touch of vanity and conceit, he does not seem to have formed an extravagant estimate of his own abilities. I see no reason for regarding him as a man of genius; he stood on a distinctly lower intellectual level than his friend Tacitus, and of this he was clearly conscious. But as a really clever man, with cultivated tastes and wide sympathies, he deserves to command our interest.

In some of his letters he tells us what he did for his native town Comum. To this place he was a liberal benefactor. It is interesting to find that he had the idea which we usually associate with modern times that culture and education ought to be diffused. He presents* his fellow townspeople with a library, and makes a speech on the occasion to the town council, the gist of which seems to have been that he had rendered them a much more useful service than he would have done by spending his money in the institution of games or gladiatorial shows. This speech he thought of rewriting and publishing, and he asks the advice of one of his literary friends on the subject. On another occasion† he offers to assist in the establishment of a school at Comum, and consults Tacitus about the matter. During one of

* Epp., vii. 33.

† Epp. v. 19.

* Epp., i. 8.

† Epp., iv. 13.

his visits to the place he asks one of the town lads who called, as we should say, to pay his respects to him, where he went to school, and finding that the boy had to go to Mediolanum (Milan), a distance of some miles, because there was no school at Comum, he suggests to the fathers of families the advisability of hiring teachers on the spot. This, as he points out to them, would be a convenient and even economical arrangement. It appears that he not only endeavored to enlighten the local mind, but that he backed up his views with a singularly liberal offer. "I am prepared," he says, "to add to your contributions a third part of their total amount. I would offer you the whole sum required were I not afraid that the good effects of my liberality would be destroyed by jobbery, as I see happens in many places where teachers are hired at the public expense. To avoid this, let the parents alone have the right of selecting teachers, and let the duty of a proper selection be enforced on them by their being obliged to contribute." He then asks Tacitus, whom he knew to be a centre of attraction to students and learned men, to look out for masters. In reading such a letter we feel that we are brought very close to our own age.

Among Pliny's historical letters some of the most interesting are those which describe State trials conducted by the Senate, and of a similar character to that of Warren Hastings. One of these was in all its circumstances a conspicuous event in his life. It was the impeachment of a governor by one of the most important provinces of the empire. Marius Priscus, the proconsul of Africa, was charged with crimes as atrocious as those of the notorious Verres. Pliny and Tacitus were counsel for the provincials. Trajan himself presided at the trial. It must have been an imposing scene. There was a great concourse of senators, and the general excitement at Rome appears to have been intense. "Imagine,"* says Pliny, "how anxious and full of apprehensions I may well have been at having to address such an assembly in the emperor's presence. Though I had often spoken in the Senate, and had always been listened to with favor, yet I was then agitated by a feeling of alarm altogether new to me. The extreme difficulty of the case was continually pre-

sent to my mind; I saw before me one who had held the highest offices, but who held them no longer. As soon as I had collected myself I rose to speak, and the encouragement I received from the audience was as great as was my own anxiety. I spoke for nearly five hours; so favorable to me while I was speaking were the very circumstances which at the outset seemed discouraging. So kind and considerate was the emperor, that when he thought I was exerting myself beyond my strength he more than once reminded my freedman who was behind me that I ought to spare myself further effort." This freedman, no doubt, answered to our private secretary, and had in his charge papers to which Pliny would have to refer in the course of his speech. In the letter describing this trial all its particulars are dwelt on with evident satisfaction, and indeed it was an occasion to which Pliny might well look back with pride. The joint advocacy of himself and Tacitus was as successful as it deserved to be.

Not only did Pliny plead the cause of oppressed provincials, he also endeavored to bring to justice some of those odious and powerful men who under Domitian had plied the trade of the informer to the ruin of many a good citizen. In this attempt, while he must have encountered some danger and opposition, he would have been sure also to carry with him a large section of public opinion. In one of his letters* he tells us how he avenged the death of his friend, the younger Helindeus, by the impeachment of the man who had destroyed him. It required, by Pliny's account, no little moral courage to attempt such a proceeding, and his friends warned him against it. Publicius Certus, the defendant, held a high office, and had a host of influential friends among the senators. Pliny says that he was repeatedly interrupted when he rose in the Senate to introduce the case. It appears that the matter stopped short of an actual trial; Certus, however, was so far injured by the proceedings that he was passed over for the consulship which had been promised him, and to which he would otherwise have succeeded. Pliny considered that he had gained his point, and he subsequently published his speech on the occasion. Certus died a few days after-

* Epp., ii. 11.

* Epp., ix. 13.

wards. "I have heard people say," adds Pliny, "that during his illness he saw me in imagination standing over him sword in hand." With this characteristic touch, betraying no slight self-complacency, the letter concludes.

Pliny has an interesting letter* on the policy to be pursued by provincial governors. It reminds us of Cicero's famous letter to his brother Quintus on the same subject. We may assume that it fairly reflects the views of the best Roman society of the age, and that the general principles of government laid down in it were carried out to a greater extent than they had been in preceding times. As we might expect from a cultivated man, who aspired to the character of a philosopher, Pliny's conceptions of the duty of a governor are decidedly liberal and enlightened. The modern notions of toleration and sympathy with a subject people come out very clearly in the letter in question. It is written to one of his friends who is to have the charge of the Greek province of Achaia. "Bear in mind," he says to him, "the character of the country to which you are going; remember that it is believed to be the cradle of civilization and literature; that its inhabitants are a pre-eminently free people; show reverence for their gods and for their ancient renown, and as you would respect old age in a man, respect in like manner antiquity in a state. Show that you esteem their old traditions, and even their legends. Do not be afraid that your tender treatment of them will make them despise you; such a people are not to be ruled by fear. Call to mind the meaning of the title of your office, and consider what it is to have to regulate the affairs of free states. How disgraceful it would be if the effect of your government were to be the substitution of slavery for freedom!" Pliny, when pro-consul of Bithynia, as may be inferred from his correspondence with Trajan, sought to reduce these ideas to practice.

Some of his letters illustrate very strikingly a moral aspect of the time which was evidently the result of a deeply felt sense of decay and feebleness. Outwardly prosperous as the age undoubtedly was, full of promise as it in some respects seemed, there was an unrest and wear-

ness which can be interpreted only as the symptoms of a period of decline. Hence the frequency of suicide to which Pliny's letters testify. It is a mistake to trace this directly to the teaching of the Stoic philosophy; it was rather, I believe, the composite result of the satiety engendered by luxury and wealth, and of a distinctly conscious need of some new and powerful renovating influence. Two memorable instances of thoroughly deliberate suicide are recorded by Pliny. One of his dearest friends, Corellius Rufus, to whom he looked up as his guide and master, voluntarily ended a life which incurable disease had rendered intolerably wearisome.* "I called on him one day," says Pliny, "during the reign of Domitian, and found him in agonies of pain. Why, said he, do you think I continue to bear this anguish? Simply that I may by a single day survive that robber." He meant the emperor. His wish was granted; he then starved himself to death. The poet Silius Italicus† ended his life at his Neapolitan villa under precisely similar circumstances. Pliny's judgment wholly approved the conduct of these men. Rash and reckless suicide he despises as something vulgar; ‡ "to deliberate, to weigh the arguments for and against death, and to choose accordingly, is," he thinks, "the mark of a great mind."

One of the most pleasing and beautiful of his letters is on the death of a charming and accomplished girl, the daughter of an intimate friend. It impresses us with a sense of his tender and delicate sympathy. "I write this," he says to his correspondent,§ "in the deepest sorrow. The daughter of our friend Fundanus is no more; I never saw a more sprightly and amiable girl; she was worthy, not only of a longer life, but almost of immortality itself. She had not yet completed her fourteenth year, and she had all the prudence and forethought of an elderly woman; with maidenly modesty she still had all the sweet playfulness of a girl! How she would cling to her father's neck; how lovingly and modestly would she embrace her father's friends; how affectionate she was to her nurses and teachers; how fond she was of her books, and how intelligently she read them; with what self-restraint

* Epp., viii. 24.

* Epp., i. 12.

† Epp., i. 23.

† Epp., iii. 7.

§ Epp., v. 16.

and delicacy would she amuse herself. How patient and resigned was she during her last illness. She carefully attended to the physician's orders; she encouraged and consoled her sister and father, and the vigor of her spirit supported her when the strength of her body had utterly failed her."

We are naturally curious to know what an educated Roman of this age was inclined to think about the wide and difficult subject of the supernatural. The Roman intellect was not specially speculative, and rarely assumed a definite attitude towards matters lying beyond the sphere of ordinary experience. Tacitus never commits himself to a distinct expression of opinion about them. Still, I believe, they were not unfrequently earnestly discussed in the intellectual society to which Tacitus and Pliny belonged. Stories turning on them were certainly rife at the time. This is not to be wondered at; it was just the age in which, in the circles of the wealthy and refined, with abundant leisure on their hands, scepticism and credulity would be strangely blended. It appears that Pliny was much interested in these stories. In one of his letters he asks his friend,* a learned man, as he says, from whom he hopes to get an exhaustive discussion of the subject, the question which has been continually asked since, whether he believes that phantoms and apparitions have any real and substantive existence, or whether he rather traces them to the workings of the imagination. Then follows a story of a haunted house, in all respects precisely like a modern ghost story. The house was at Athens; having once got a bad name it remained unlet till a philosopher, who was acquainted with all the particulars, took it with the purpose of investigating the matter. In the evening, while he is busy with his studies, he hears the clanking of chains, and in due time the ghost, which is one of quite the conventional type, makes his appearance, and stands over him as he is seated at his desk. After a while the apparition retires, and the philosopher takes up his lamp and follows him into the courtyard, where he disappears. Having marked the spot with some leaves, he goes the next day to the magistrates, and obtains an order from them for the place to

be dug up. Some human bones with chains round them were discovered; these were collected, and publicly interred with due rites. From that time the house ceased to be haunted. Pliny ends his letter with an account of an incident which he says had come within the range of his own personal experience. One of his own servants, a kind of page, was visited in the night by an apparition, the reality of which seemed to be attested by the circumstance that some locks of the boy's hair were cut off, and were found scattered on his couch. Pliny regarded this as a good omen, which had its fulfilment in his never having been impeached under Domitian. He would, he says, have been impeached had the tyrant lived longer; for after his death papers were found in his desk which contained articles of accusation drawn up by Carus Metius, one of the notorious informers of that bad time. The mysterious cutting off of the lad's hair he interpreted as a sign that the danger had passed away, because, as he says, persons under impeachment usually let their hair grow without restraint. Pliny's mind, it would seem from this singular story, was very accessible to superstition.

His enjoyment and appreciation of natural scenery has a thoroughly modern touch about it. In this he shows the refinement of his tastes. He, in common with many of the rich men of the time, had his sea-side house at Laurentum, about sixteen miles from Rome, and also a country mansion on a great scale amid the hills of Tuscany. Both of these he has described with such minute particularity that we fortunately possess the means of forming a tolerably definite notion of a wealthy Roman noble's country seat. He had too, it appears, several villas on the lake of Como, some being on the margin of its waters, others on the high ground so as to command a more extensive prospect. It was a real pleasure to him to dwell on the beauty of a shady grove, or of the soft and flowery bank of a stream, or on the picturesque adjuncts of a little river like the Clitumnus,* in Umbria, famous for its clearness and purity, and for the noble breed of white cattle, which fed in the rich pastures through which it flowed. Touches like these are all the more pleasing because they are

* Epp., vii. 27.

* Epp., viii. 8.

somewhat rarely met with in the writers of antiquity.

* Pliny, as may be supposed, had a fitting sense of the duties of a host, and appears to have made a point of discharging them with delicacy and gentlemanly feeling. The rich Roman was apt to make invidious distinctions between his guests. Such vulgarity and coarseness, as we gather from one of Juvenal's satires,* seem to have been in fashion at Rome. Pliny was above it. He gives us an amusing sketch of a dinner party at which he had been present, where there was a great display, and at the same time, the plain evidence of a stingy parsimony. "The host," says Pliny, "imagined himself to be combining splendor and economy; I thought him shabby and at the same time extravagant." There were, it appears, three kinds of wine on the table, one for the host's principal friends, another for his lesser friends (he had, Pliny says, different grades of friends), a third for the freedmen present. "What is your practice on these occasions?" asked Pliny's neighbor. "To treat all alike, for I ask my friends to dinner on equal terms, not with a view to make distinctions," was Pliny's answer. It seems, however, that when he entertained a party of his freedmen he did not think it necessary to give them his best wine, nor indeed did he drink it himself; he and they shared the same. This letter is one of advice to a young friend whom he warns against what he calls a new-fangled combination of extravagance and meanness. It is, he says, a union of two qualities each of which by itself is intensely offensive. Altogether, perhaps, Pliny is the most finished specimen we have of a cultivated Roman of high position and wealth. He answers very exactly to our modern conception of a gentleman. As the representative of an age in which old and new ideas were meeting together, he well deserves to be studied. His letters continually illustrate a period in which history of the best kind fails us.

In one of his letters† we have a short sketch of a dinner party given by himself. It is written to a friend who had promised to dine with him, and had disappointed him. Pliny playfully tells him that he shall bring an action for damages against

him, that the amount will be heavy, and he shall make him pay to the last farthing. Then we have an outline of the *menu* which may be described as light and elegant. A variety of fruits and vegetables are enumerated, and it appears that there was iced wine on the table. The accompaniments of the dinner, as we should expect from a man of Pliny's refined tastes, were graceful and intellectual. There was music, and a company of actors was in attendance, and we hear of "a reader," so that we presume that pieces of poetry were recited to the guests. Pliny hints by way of a joke that his friend was not exactly the man to appreciate such an entertainment, and that he would have preferred one of a widely different character, one in which, as he suggests, oysters and pork, and a troop of ballet girls would have been the most conspicuous features. "Well," says Pliny, "you have treated me very badly; you have certainly deprived me of a pleasure, and yourself too. We should have had plenty of fun and laughter, plenty also to exercise our minds. There are many houses where you may get a more costly and elaborate dinner; there is none where you can have more real enjoyment and be more perfectly at your ease. Only make the trial, and for the future always decline my invitations unless you find that you decline those of others by preference."

Pliny's life, it may be supposed, was pretty evenly divided between Rome and the country. When he was not professionally engaged, he liked nothing better during his stay in the capital than to hear the reading of some new poem or historical work. On such occasions a large party was invited by the author, and this in fact was practically the way in which a new book was advertised. These readings had become very fashionable in the best Roman society, in which no one, whatever his personal tastes and inclinations, could afford to dispense with the show at least of some refinement and appreciation of letters. Without them life at Rome would have been to Pliny dull and tiresome. Neither he nor the circles in which he chiefly moved cared much for the gladiatorial shows or the famous chariot races. Like Cicero, he must in his heart have thought the first coarse and brutalizing, though in his panegyric of Trajan he finds something to say in favor

* Juvenal, Sat. v.

† Epp., i. 15.

of it, as an amusement calculated to inspire men with a contempt of death. Of the races he says in one of his letters* that they have not the least attraction for him, that it is quite enough to have seen them once, as they have no novelty or variety. He wonders that so many thousands of respectable men take the trouble to witness such a puerile spectacle. "If," he says, "they went to see the marvellous speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers, there would be some sense in the proceeding; as it is, they go only to back their favorite color, and to see which of the chariotteering factions or companies wins. When I reflect how many sensible men waste their time over this stupid and meaningless sport, it is some satisfaction to me to feel that it has no charms for me." Such is Pliny's estimate of one of the most popular and exciting amusements of the capital.

For life in the country he professes a hearty liking. "It has," he says, in one of his letters,† "a genuineness and sincerity about it which town life has not." "If you ask a man at Rome," he says in this letter, "What have you done to-day? he will reply, I have paid one or two complimentary visits; I have been to a wedding-breakfast; I have witnessed the signature of a will; I have given a friend advice on a matter of business. All these things seem very necessary on the particular day on which you do them; but when you quietly reflect on them, you feel that there is something unsatisfactory and unreal in them. This is just my own feeling when I retire to my country house at Laurentum, and give myself up to reading and writing, or to healthy recreation. I hear nothing and I say nothing at which I am afterwards vexed; no one talks to me ill-naturedly about people; I find fault with nobody except with myself, when I do not compose to my satisfaction. I have neither hopes nor fears to worry me; there are no rumors to make me anxious; I pass the time in converse with myself and my books. It is indeed a true and genuine life, and its very leisure is better and nobler than almost any occupation." Pliny's experience of country life, one would suppose, must have been exceptionally fortunate. Of some of its to us most familiar drawbacks he seems to have known next

to nothing. Perhaps he enjoyed its tranquillity all the more as his constitution was weak. For country sports in themselves he had not a keen relish; he valued them chiefly for their indirect influence on the vigor of the mental faculties. He did indeed hunt, but in a fashion which would make our sportsmen smile. "You will laugh," he says in a letter to Tacitus,* "to hear I have caught three wonderfully fine boars." It appears from his explanation that the exertion which he underwent on the occasion was no more than is required for our ignoble battue shooting. At any rate, while he watched the nets, he had his pen and his writing tablets by his side, and he had made up his mind that, should he have no sport and return empty-handed, he would be able to show that he had used them to good purpose. "If you will take my advice," he says to Tacitus at the close of the letter, "when you hunt, you will take your writing materials with you as well as your lunch-basket and bottle of wine." Tacitus, I should imagine, when he hunted, made a more earnest and business-like pursuit of it than Pliny.

In reply to a friend who asked him how he spent his day in his villa in Tuscany,† he says,—"I rise when I feel inclined, generally about six, often earlier. My windows remain shut, and in the silence and darkness I think over any literary work that I may have in hand, and decide on any alterations or corrections which seem suitable. After a while I open the windows, and call my secretary, to whom I dictate what I have mentally prepared. About ten or eleven, according to the weather, I take a stroll on the terrace, and think over and dictate what I have left unfinished. Then I have a ride in my carriage, during which my thoughts are engaged in the same manner. After my ride I have a nap; then I take a walk, after which I read aloud a Greek or Latin speech, not so much to improve my voice as to strengthen my digestion. Then I take a second walk and have my bath. At dinner-time, if only my wife and a few select friends are with me, I have a book read to us; dinner over, we have some acting or some music, and then I stroll out with my friends, among whom are some men of learning. Thus we get

* Epp., ix. 6.

† Epp. i. 9.

* Epp., i. 6.

† Epp., ix. 36.

through the evening with conversation on various topics, and the day, however long, seems to be ended too soon." Pliny drops a hint in the last sentence of this letter that during his residence on his Tuscan property he had duties to perform as a landlord which were not quite to his taste. The tenants had their rustic grievances, to which he was obliged to attend, though, as he says, and as indeed we might have ourselves conjectured, he did not, in their opinion, give enough time to them. But even this trifling worry had its advantage, as he found that it made him enjoy all the more his return to his books and his professional work.

Pliny was an occasional purchaser of works of art. He was not, it would appear, rich enough to adorn his houses with them on the profuse scale of such a man as the poet Silius Italicus, whose passion for acquiring them, as Pliny himself hints, passed all reasonable bounds. Sometimes, however, he would lay out an unexpected legacy on a statue which attracted his fancy. He once bought in this manner a Corinthian bronze which struck him as singularly life-like. In all such matters, he says, he felt himself to be very ignorant; but the merit of this particular statue he thought he could appreciate. It is described* at some length. It was the figure of an old man in a standing posture, and the muscles, sinews, veins, the very wrinkles, the thin and scattered locks, and all the various signs of old age and feebleness seem to have been strikingly represented. It was the marvellous skill displayed in the execution of these details which impressed Pliny. To judge by the color of the bronze, the statue was one of great antiquity. Pliny, however, did not purchase it with the view of placing it in one of his own houses; he chose rather to present it to his native Comum, where he wished it to be set up in a Temple of Jupiter, of which he considered it to be worthy.

Occasionally in these letters we meet with a good anecdote, illustrative of some well-known contemporary of Pliny, or of the habits of the age. His friend Junius Mauricus, who, like many other good men, had been banished by Domitian, and recalled by his successor Nerva, was remarkable for the blunt and outspoken

manner in which he would tell people disagreeable truths. "I never knew," says Pliny, "a man of greater courage and candor." One day he was sitting as a guest at the table of the emperor Nerva, with a small and select party. Nerva's good nature was such that he could not frown even on the worst and basest of men. One such sat next him on this occasion, Veiento, a flatterer and a tool of the late emperor. "I have told you everything," says Pliny, "when I have mentioned the man's name." The conversation turned on one whose portentous cruelty and wickedness marked him out as perhaps the most conspicuous object among the infamous creatures of Domitian, and for a while all Nerva's guests were talking of the atrocities of the blind Catullus Messalinus, to whose infirmity Juvenal* alludes in a line of terrible power. "What may we suppose," asked the emperor, "he would suffer were he now living?" "He would be dining with us," was the reply of Mauricus.

Two or three amusing stories are told us of a man who belonged to the same odious class as Veiento and Messalinus. The name of Regulus often occurs in the epigrams of Martial, who was base enough to pay compliments to any of Domitian's favorites. Among these Regulus stood high. He had emerged from the lowest poverty into almost fabulous wealth, which Nerva's weak good-nature permitted him to display with coarse vulgarity, and even to increase by the tricks of the legacy-hunter. His wings were, indeed, clipped after Domitian's death, and his air, Pliny tells us, was that of a timid and dejected man. He could, however, by a species of malign influence get rich people to make wills in his favor, or at least to leave him handsome bequests. Once he had to go to a lady's house to witness her signature to her will. She had put on for the occasion a dress of singular splendor; this attracted the cupidity of Regulus, and he coolly asked her to bequeath it to him. The lady at first thought he was joking; he continued, however, to urge his request, and actually prevailed on her to take the will, which was already signed, out of her desk, and add to it a codicil by which she left him the dress which she was

* Epp., iii. 6.

* "Qui numquam vise flagrabat amore puellae."
JUV., iv. 113.

wearing. While she was writing it he kept his eye on her. It is satisfactory to learn that the lady, whom Regulus supposed to be at the point of death, was still alive at the time that Pliny tells the story. Regulus, it seems, was notorious for his ridiculous vanity and affectation. On the death of his son, a somewhat clever and promising lad, he showed his grief in a ludicrously pedantic fashion. The child had a multitude of pet animals—dogs, ponies, parrots, nightingales—all of which the father collected, and had burnt on the funeral pile. He also gave an order for an immense number of statues of every variety of material to be made in his son's honor. He even wrote his life, and read it in the presence of a numerous audience, whom he had specially invited for the purpose. This did not satisfy him; he had a thousand copies of the book published for distribution throughout Italy and the provinces, and he went so far as to provide that it should be publicly recited in the principal towns by a man singled out for his powerful voice by the local senate. Yet Regulus was by no means merely a rich simpleton. He had, by Pliny's admission, real ability. He was not, indeed, if judged by a high standard, a good speaker; but from his perfect self-possession and energetic manner he was popularly regarded as a great orator. As an advocate he was singularly painstaking and industrious, and even Pliny gives him credit for a genuine love of forensic eloquence, and great respect for all who excelled in it. His death, it is intimated, was a blow to the legal profession. It appears that he carried his absurdities into the courts while he was pleading. He had a strange and ridiculous practice of wearing a white patch over his right or left eye, according as he was counsel for the plaintiff or defendant. It seems hard to conceive anything more utterly unmeaning. Pliny, however, vouches for its truth. He was, too, as might be expected in a man of low origin, whose rise in the world was both sudden and prodigious, exceedingly prone to superstition, and would consult astrologers and soothsayers about the issue of a trial.

* Next to the famous epistle to Trajan about the Christians, I suppose the best known of Pliny's letters, is that in which he describes the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, which was fatal to his uncle and to the two towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is a letter to Tacitus, and the description of the entire scene is given with minute particularity. It was specially written for the historian's use. At the time of the event (it occurred A.D. 79) Pliny was but seventeen years of age. Up to that time, he had been educated under his uncle's care. An interesting and well-known letter tells us all we know of the elder Pliny. His various works and his almost superhuman industry are dwelt on with evident admiration. "I smile," says the nephew, "when people call me a student, for, compared with him, I am an utter idler."

It was an intense delight to Pliny to be coupled in popular talk with his gifted friend Tacitus. He continually harps on this subject, and though he betrays his vanity in doing so, we may well forgive him, and even think his pride in such a connection praiseworthy. Tacitus* once told him that he had lately been conversing at the Circensian games with a well-educated provincial on various matters of literary interest. After a while he was asked by his neighbor whether he came from Italy or from the provinces. "You know me," replied Tacitus, "from my works." "Is it Tacitus or Pliny to whom I am speaking?" exclaimed the provincial. Pliny confesses that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than this little incident. In another letter† he tells us how pleased he was to find that his books were in great request at Lugdunum, in Gaul (Lyons), where he did not so much as know that there were booksellers. He begins, he says, to feel sure from the wide-spread popularity of his writings that his literary position is now thoroughly established.

W. J. BRODRIBB.

* Epp., ix. 23.

† Epp., ix. 11.

ADAM AND MALLY: A STORY OF SCOTTISH FARM-LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO AGREE.

MALLY GILHAIZE was a bride undergoing the ordeal of being cried (proclaimed) with her fellow-servant, Adam Urquhart, on three successive Sabbaths in their parish kirk. In the meantime, bride and bridegroom continued in their places at farm service on the same farm, and did their duty as custom and a sense of right enabled them, little moved by the jeers and gibes of their fellow-servants.

Mally Gilhaize's history will tell her character as it grew: one has only to describe her person as she lived and worked—for to Mally to live was to work—in the noon of her life; rest, except what was inevitable, was self-indulgent, weak, unworthy. Mally would have "thought shame" to rest when she could work, unless on the Sabbath day, and then it was not so much rest as worship. Mally was a big woman, square for her height. Her forehead was low and not broad; she was well, almost richly, colored, dark-haired and dark-browed, with gray eyes fully opened, and looking you full in the face, but having a certain fixedness in their gaze. She had a firm mouth, showing, when she spoke, even, broad, white teeth. Her ordinary dress was scrupulously clean and whole, and scrupulously unbrightened by adornment. It consisted of a linen jacket, a dark petticoat, a coarse, wide apron, thrown on or off as required or not. Her clean-made feet and ankles remained bare, save in winter, when they were invested in large and hideous hairy woollen stockings and clamping shoes. Her abundant hair was covered always with a close yet voluminous white cap. Her extraordinary dress was Quaker-like in severe simplicity; a dark woollen or calico gown with tight high body and tight sleeves to the wrist, a neckerchief to the chin, the same white cap—it might be of finer material—in the house and on every out-of-doors expedition, except to the kirk, when Mally wore a coarse straw bonnet with a deep-toned ribbon strapping it down, which lasted for years. Mally's wardrobe, whether for summer or winter, admitted only of a single variation from this rule,

and it was not made on the occasion of kirk, New Year's feast, christening, wedding—no, not of her own. Mally would be wed, if she ever should be wed, in a pea-bloom or earth-brown woollen gown. But on the sacrament Sabbaths, when she was "going forward" to the Lord's Table, Mally walked a vestal in white from head to foot.

There was little grace or graciousness about Mally, she was too set and stiff for either, but she had an air of homely dignity and beneficence. She bore a distant resemblance to Goethe's Dorothea.

In her early days, Mally was not a singular person of her age and class. She was a douce lass where others were glaikit (giddy), but there were many douce lasses to be seen then at kirk and market, as there were giants among the sons of men in the time of Anak.

Adam Urquhart—Adam of the bothy—by whom Mally had been courted, and with whom she had gone so far as to be cried, was five years older than she, a man of thirty, rather advanced in years for a bachelor ploughman, but he had waited discreetly till he should attain the rank of foreman before he changed his estate. He was scarcely a comely man, unless to those who accept the outward expression of rough sincerity and vigor for comeliness. His fifteen years of holding a plough and driving a cart had bowed and rounded his back till his height was lost, and he looked short for a man beside Mally for a woman. He was swarthy in complexion, with great growing bristles rendering coarse his cheeks and chin for six days out of seven. His jaw was too marked, his eyes were too sunken, yet the eyes were honest eyes when one could look into them, and could gleam with a man's repressed ardor, and the mouth, while it was not a sensual mouth, could smile with a man's kindness. There was nothing treacherous, nothing essentially cruel in Adam's physiognomy. He was a sturdy fellow, and to be relied on, though he was difficult to deal with, and needed a light, firm hold on him; not that he was vicious, looking at him in the light of a horse, but he was desperately opinionative, like most one-sided, self-made beasts and men, and without ques-

tion as stubborn as ten mules. His dress was the ordinary ploughman's dress, on which the alteration is only in a few details. His corduroy breeches were knee-breeches, and were met by long "rig and fur" (ridge and furrow) blue worsted stockings, his bonnet was the original broad blue bonnet, and he was addicted to enormous owerlays (cravats).

How Adam and Mally, two mortals self-contained, self-sufficing, stuck-up (allow them one grievous, perilous failing in common; they had also in common many great virtues, as their master and mistress, neighbors and kindred, could have testified), condescended to hanker after each other, yield to each other's influence, promise themselves to each other, is a mystery. There is no explanation of it save in that other mystery and mixture of law and frowardness—human nature. Possibly, even at the old farm of Hayston—an Arcadia of simplicity, frugality, and disciplined self-denial to a Lycurgus or a Johannes Calvinus—there was something a-missing which awoke a yearning in these two hearts—quiet, calm, stout in their fervor—a fervor of faith and duty. There had been needs in which Mally, capable and contented as she was, could not do all for herself, and could not leave anything undone without a sigh and a sniff of dissatisfaction. There had been wants which Adam, Spartan as he was, and dexterous with the hardly acquired skill of a man driven to his own resources, could neither supply nor deny without a groan and a grunt of disgust. Mally must have milked wicked cows which would not be "gentle to her," and which, in spite of her courage for a woman, caused her woman's heart to quail when there was no all-powerful undaunted "man body" to take up his station in the straw or the grass, and hold the head ever ready to butt and the hoof ever prone to sling. Mally must have gone morning and evening in summer to do her milking in the pasture fields, and when she carried home the "race" of brimming pails, though she used a gird or hoop and had muscular arms, still these arms must have ached again for a man's strength to help her on with her burden along the weary road of half a mile. Mally must have stripped the cherry tree and the pear tree in their seasons, must have climbed ladders and scrambled across open, half-rotten couples or joists, on hay

stacks, and in barns after erratic hens nests. Mally must have walked on errands to the next village past kirk and kirk-yard on dark winter no less than gloaming summer nights, and Mally was as superstitious as she was godly. Mally must also have attended, if she would not get the cold shoulder for being unsocial, little festivities in her circle, and been pursued and persecuted as fair game by the lighter men and women whom her reserve and discretion rebuked, if she had not a formidable champion and protector—and Mally was intensely proud, though she hid the disposition jealously from herself and others, for it is not only a deadly sin in a Christian but a tremendous blunder and crime in a peasant to peasants.

As for Adam, he dropped the buttons off his sark and boggled horribly in sewing them on again. His stockings, which his mother knitted for him, became riddles in the intervals between the old and the new instalments. Darn his best, he darned such knots and lumps on his heels and toes that the pilgrims with the unboiled peas in their shoes had an easy progress compared with Adam. Unluckily men could not go barefooted to the plough, as women "linked" about the kitchen, the poultry yard, the bleaching green, in their trifling avocations. Adam was as hardy and tough a fellow as any in the parish, but he was exposed in its full brunt to a calendar the changes of which are rung in the proverb:

The first day it was wind and weet,
The second day it was snaw and sleet,
The third day it was sic a freeze,
It stuck the birds' nebs to the trees.

In addition, Adam was scorched by what sun was going between whiles. He was nourished and housed like an ancient with the constitution of a modern Briton. He could have defied a Hercules in the same circumstances not to have ailments now and again. Adam's head ached, and his mother was four parishes off from caring for and comforting him. He had a fever of cold, and a rebellion against his coarse fare, and he had no man or woman either to mind his shivering or to boil, bake, brew with fond anxiety to feed him with the food convenient for him and for which his sorely-strained body was craving. There was a greater trial in store for Adam's philosophy. His pair of horses, his two familiar friends—not servants—

the trust he had been proud to hold since he was a haffin (half-boy, half-man), the pride of his proud heart, very nearly what an Arab's horse is to a child of the desert, what a Red Indian's dog is to the wild hunter, Adam's horses—Diamond and Bab-at-the-Bowster—were liable to sickness, even as Adam was, lost their sleekness, hung their heads, pawed and stamped with unrest, shook, and went from their oats in turn. Adam was reduced to distress verging on despair. In such an extremity woman was revenged, for Adam with all his will and all the skill of a fair amount of practice could not concoct drinks and mashes for his patients with the perfection of consistency and temperature that a silly woman could attain by sheer instinct.

The old foreman's house was joined to the old farm-house of Hayston, and formed with it one of the sides of the loan. On the opposite side were the rude offices, flanked by the round tower of the pigeon-house, while the double row of stacks served as a grand avenue or mall. In her maiden service Mally lived next door to her future home. She might personally overlook every addition and improvement which Adam, always bent on making the best of his possessions, was instituting even now "after hours" with the necessary permission, but exposed to the somewhat sardonic contemplation and comment of the present tenants, *vice* whom, as transferred to another farm and master, Adam and Mally were to be promoted.

Adam's efforts at an increase of convenience were not all for his own benefit. He did contrive a stand behind the door for his chest, and knocked up a shelf above the fire for his books—his old, well-cared-for school Bible and a few more volumes. He held these books in high esteem, more out of a respect for knowledge in the abstract, and as religious elements and tokens of respectability, than as means of study. Adam could read, write, and cipher tolerably well as became a parish school boy, but he was no genius of a student in hodden gray. Reading in the concrete beyond "a chapter," a roup bill, an old newspaper account of an accident or crime—the last more difficult to compass because he did not know what was coming—sent this son of the soil soundly to sleep. But Mally might also feast her eyes, and did shyly regale them by watching, so short a way off, her bride-

groom measuring, with his corduroy-clad arm for an ell-wand and his thumb for one of its inches, the space of the wall in order that he might select the best spot for her wheel, in the era of domestic spinning. She prized still more than this planning or that of a second ledge for her water stoup and solitary specimens of pot and pan, since Mally, though practical, was not utterly prosaic, a nail which Adam knocked into the plaster just over the little window, to be ready for Mally's bird cage. Mally had a partiality for birds, while Adam's specialty in the matter of taste lays in flowers. The gruff, taciturn man loved, while he blushed for his love, a flower.

Mally's wheel and stoup were in the glory of new wood at the wheelwright's and cooper's. Mally had been occupied in the evenings for weeks making and marking the sheets and blankets which she had first spun. The master of Hayston had undertaken to fill Mally's girdle, doubling for that purpose Adam's allowance of meal and potatoes. The mistress had presented her favorite servant with her wedding-gown, the young mistress, the thirteen years old daughter of the house, had danced about Mally with Mally's wedding-cap. The farm servants, Sandy and Geordie, Mysie and Girzie, were coming forward with their offerings of mousetraps and pincushions. Mally and Adam were not immensely popular, but it would have boded ill both to giver and receiver, to prove churlish, not to do as one would be done by in pouring into the lap of the bride the customary gifts when marriage, like death, hushed discord. It was Adam's privilege and duty to bestow the crimson plaid, worked (that is, with the pattern woven into the texture), which was thenceforth to enwrap Molly's matronly shoulders, that as maidenly shoulders had been ignorant of further protection than the 'body' of her gown. Mally acknowledged gratefully that Adam had not spared her, or rather himself, when he spent thus a portion of the savings of his wages.

Adam was a hard-fisted man in general; it was a mercy that he knew how to open his hand on occasions, so that Mally's filled-in plaid was the admiration and envy of her gossips. In no woman was the love of dress, other than suitable, substantial dress, less ingrained; still Mally had the feelings

of her kind, and loved Adam the better for his bounty and for the sacrifice which the bounty had cost him.

It was within a fortnight and an odd day or two of Mally's marriage and of Martinmas. The blended downiness and mirth of the final ingathering of the crop, and the fresh slaughter of a mart ("head" of cattle), were stamped this year at Hayston with the inevitable heartiness, the important consciousness of an approaching wedding at the farm-town. Every introductory act of the drama had been played out happily. The gray Martinmas sky did not threaten the humble, valiant pair and the peasant home sure and safe in its lowliness. Adam and Mally were in high health and in the prime of their years; and all their relations ('still,' sensible people, like the couple themselves) were consenting to the union.

CHAPTER II.

TWO FALL OUT.

LOVE is a charm, and led the lovers, led the whole world of Hayston a charmed life during the first week after Adam and Mally had publicly proclaimed by the melodious mouth of the precentor that there was a purpose of marriage between them, "for the first time," the first time being that of the proclamation and not of the purpose. A second time the round and rosy man of psalms and paraphrases, and of ancient ballants and Allan Ramsay's songs in the harvest field and the barn and his own meal mill, shouted forth what rebounded like spent shot, and a certain waste of words within the whitewashed walls of the kirk, information which had become "stale, flat, and unprofitable" news to the congregation. Only the wild lassie Jeannie Fernie was as ready as ever to draw down on herself a rebuke by giggling irrepressibly, facing right round and poking her bare head into the bucht behind, where those self-contained, pragmatic sheep of the fold, Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize, were in their places among the other Hayston servants. According to strictest Presbyterian usage, they kept the Sabbath by waiting on the acts of public worship, singing in a growling bass and a piping treble, praying and listening to the sermon as they best might, while they sat out doggedly the crying of their marriage.

Then the first objection to the marriage

arose in the tiniest little tift between two big, reasonable, attached creatures.

One night Adam had carried Mally's lantern and milk-pails, though it was only from the byre aslant the loan when the kye were in the house. Mally had not demurred, although the distance was so short that the aid was no relief worth speaking of to her, while the lending of it afforded an opportunity for broad, roaring laughter to the remaining company of servants loitering about and coming up behind the couple. These women were not so devotedly squired, those men were simply in search of the measures of milk to be apportioned for their supper, or in condescending acceptance of the mixed gossip of the byre, before they should retire in a purely masculine conclave, like their higher-born brethren of billiard and smoking rooms, to the gossip of the stable. But Mally, though she was a little calculating and had a false horror of being spoken of and laughed at (the only false thing about her), was also fond of Adam, so she walked an idle lady, suffering Adam to be a little fussy and oppressive in his attentions. Doubtless she was cognisant of the truth, and took comfort from it, that the offence was the result of an abnormal condition on the part of Adam, and was by no means likely to prove inveterate, so as to render the couple permanently ridiculous.

But Adam was daft this night, as a bridegroom twice cried may well be. After the horse suppering and his own suppering, hardly daintier than that of his charge, when douce folk were in bed or on their way to that result, he tapped at the kitchen window, the doors being bolted and barred by this time, with a modest request, Would Mally admit him to sit with her for an hour, and bring in the night by the fire gathered and "happed" (tucked in and patted on the back as a mother "haps" her children)? or as the night was fine and not too frosty, would Mally open the door and stand in the doorway for the same space of time with him, watching till the moon rose?

There was the excuse for Adam that the custom to which he wished to conform was universal in his class; Mally's compliance with his requirement involved no impropriety or imprudence according to the common standard; nay, Mally had watched and brought in the night with

Adam at the hearth and by the door before now without a dream of harm. But Mally did not choose to watch with Adam this night, although he had, or supposed he had, something particular to say to her. Where was the use, she asked herself, of the two waking and watching yet again, when they were to belong to each other so soon? It would be a culpable waste of a peat fire and an oil lamp, and Mally was no more wasteful of her master and mistress's fuel and light than of her own property. The doorway was draughty, and standing in it for so much as ten minutes at night might cost Mally a stiff neck and a swollen face (as if Mally were not stiff-necked and swollen enough with conceit) so shortly before her marriage. Above all, where was the need for the risk? Mally did not believe in the need.

No, Mally could not, would not grant the prayer of Adam's petition. She was just going to say her prayers and go to bed, like a soberminded maiden, and she counselled Adam to do the same. And Adam complied with the counsel, after some parleying and remonstrating—Adam complied in dudgeon, and what was worse, with a wounded, aggrieved feeling against Mally.

The dudgeon was gone by the sunrise, for Adam was slow to wrath, and all the more frightfully implacable in wrath when it came; but the wounded, aggrieved feeling lingered and rankled. There was a something—the shadow of a shade of difference in the peace and sunshine of the footing on which the lovers stood towards each other from that night. Mally was sensible of the difference, and resented rather than regretted it, whether she had the right or not.

However, Adam was passionately in love with Mally; there was plenty of passion in the man, curbed and stamped down as it was, and by the close of the second week which saw Mally and Adam bride and bridegroom, the gossamer cobweb that had come between them had all but vanished in air.

On the eve of the third proclamation Sabbath, Adam and Mally, holding their heads so erect, stumbled into another pitfall more rugged, deeper, worse to get out of than what had preceded it.

It was not the bride's and the bridegroom's Sabbath out, but there were accommodating neighbors at such a crisis,

and Adam, without previous consultation, ordained bull-headedly that he and Mally should get up at daybreak, set out on the support of the lightest of breakfasts, and walk till far on in the afternoon to reach his mother's particular "cotton" (row of cottages), from which they could not return till the small hours of the following morning.

Mally opened her great gray eyes, hardened all over her square height, and distinctly declined the expedition. It was Sabbath-breaking in her eyes. She did not desire to throw the necessary work of her last Sabbath in service on a neighbor whom she could not hope to pay back in kind, though Adam might still have it in his power to relieve the man who fed the beasts and looked after the doors in Adam's stead. Mally's own mother, who lived near Hayston, had promised to look in upon her daughter after kirk time, to give her good advice, perhaps silently to look at her, though certainly not to kiss or cry over her. The long road to travel, which Adam was so regardless as to think of, even if the weather were still fine—and who could depend on a fair day at Martinmas? (besides the cat was washing her face and the peacock had screamed)—would be very injurious to Mally's good clothes. Mally could not go to see Adam's folk in other than good clothes.

Adam argued, urged, scolded after the fashion of a turbulent sea furiously attacking and sullenly retreating from a rock. No man likes to be repeatedly thwarted by the very person whose pleasure it should be to please him. It added a thousandfold to Adam's provocation, that he had committed himself to others before he consulted Mally. He had sent by a chance messenger word of his intention to his mother, he had appointed his fellow-ploughman, Geordie, to occupy his—Adam's—post.

After all, Adam was to give in and submit to Mally's disobliging starchedness and obduracy. He was to disappoint his mother and the friends whom she would have called together to welcome him and his bride; he was to be laughed at by the entire town of Hayston. The moment Mally's rebellion sprouted out, Adam received a dig in the ribs from Geordie. "Tak tent, Adam, that the gray mear dinna prove the better horse. Nae doubt Mally will rin nane but a gude gate, wi' the bit atween

her teeth, but some men would prefer a less masterfu' mear—and wife." Mally ought to have had regard for Adam's credit, and her own involved in his, ought to have built them up instead of casting them down.

Adam spoke some bitter words and departed alone to his mother's. Mally kept house at Hayston, with a heart that knew its own soreness and was not without its chill dismay. Notwithstanding Mally was a bride, nothing could alter that fact, and by this recurring Sabbath a week nearer to being a wife. The precentor would cry the couple sonorously the third time though Adam and Mally were not there to hear, and before the next Sabbath—why the next Sabbath would be the Sabbath of Mally's kirking in Adam's crimson plaid, the kirking of her life.

But what if Adam would not speak to Mally when he came back on Monday?

It was the faintest, most foolish qualm arising out of Mally's own heart, for she did not say a word to her mother, yet it cost Mally, who rarely shed tears, a brief shower of crystal drops surreptitiously shed, and wiped away as soon as shed with her apron. Mally might shed these tears, they were the last she would shed for Adam Urquhart.

There were but four days between Monday and Adam and Mally's wedding-day, which like that of other working men and women was pushed to the extreme verge of the week that it might be celebrated on the half holiday of a Saturday. It was therefore pressingly incumbent on Adam that he should speak to Mally on his return, and he did speak to her the first time he saw her, while he still looked soiled, jaded, and to tell the truth cankered in temper.

To Mally's amazement and indignation Adam made a late, abrupt announcement that he had settled their wedding should be a penny wedding.

Penny weddings, or weddings where volunteer guests brought each his or her contribution to the entertainment, instead of its expense being defrayed jointly by the bridegroom and the bride, were still in vogue and still reckoned respectable.

But it may be guessed how unpalatable penny weddings were to Mally Gilhaize, and how she resented, as next to an unpardonable affront, the proposal of a penny wedding in her own case.

The idea had been three-fourths bred in Adam's brain by ill humor, and the fourth

share in it owed its origin to the niggardliness latent in him, and farther developed in his folk with whom he had been in consultation.

But Mally refused point-blank to be a party in Adam's plan; refused with such scorn and acrimony as she had not expressed for his ill-judged scheme of visiting his mother. If Adam had taken no pains to dress up his ungraceful amendment to the celebration of their marriage, Mally did not soften her rejection of it and her disgust at its nature.

"You may be married any way you like, Adam Urquhart; but I'll never stand up at a penny wedding, and gin I were to de-mean mysell, my folk wouldna hear o't."

Adam was no liberal-minded, temperate and tolerant man to balance nice questions of authority before and after marriage. It was with him Mally would not stand up, it was with him that she spoke of demeaning herself. If she cared for anybody save herself, it was for her folk, and she put them in the balance against him, and made him go down before them, while the manner of her reception of his will was the summing-up of a lengthened list of slights and indignities. All Adam's worse traits were strongly acted upon and rendered dominant. The savage in the man was seen in the black gloom of his brow and the fierce set of his teeth.

"You are a haughty hizzie," he said hoarsely; "you are no' the wife for a poor man like me; you may marry how or when you like for me, from this day."

Mally met his defiant gaze with an answering glare from those fixed gray eyes of hers, and the two turned away. It was not till Mally was behind the haystack that she wrung her hands in consternation and uttered a short, sharp cry, "Wae's me."

"Mally," said the mistress of Hayston the same night, "your master and me ha'e come to the conclusion as you and Adam ha'e been two gude servants, and as Adam is to continue in our service (and I'm sure you'll aye be ready to lend me a helping hand wi' the sheet and the blanket washings, and the carpet shakings—you ken me well enough to be aware you'll no lose a' by that, Mally), we'll give you and Adam for being gude bairns, and your friends on your account, your marriage tea and supper—that is, if you chose to be married in this house, and will accept the compliment at our hands."

"Thank you, mem," answered Mally briefly, shutting her eyes in giddy sickness for once in her life.

The motherly mistress was a little disappointed, and could not help thinking that Mally was not very grateful for so distinguished a mark of favor.

Mally was writhing under the pang which comes from the despairing conviction "too late," and with the remembrance how she had conveyed back that very afternoon to Adam, to the sepulchre of his kist, the brave crimson plaid.

CHAPTER III.

WHO WILL SPEAK THE FOREMOST WORD?

THE quarrel which was talked of by more than one generation, had broken out, blazed up, and, unlike most fires, continued to smoulder for nearly the quarter of a century. Adam and Mally had made themselves a marvel, the gazing-stocks of the country side in the beginning. That might be a reason why the couple stayed on servants on the same farm of Hayston, not only failing to lose sight of each other, but coming perpetually in contact. Their stubbornness and selfishness might be mixed up with the fact. Neither would give the other the satisfaction of thinking that he or she had cost him or her a good place—which good servants were wont to cling to tenaciously so long as they were in service. It was a boast then of many a cidevant resolute and patient ploughman and maid-servant that their first place had been their last, until they had learnt to care for children, animals, land, as if these had been the servants' own. Yet another motive might lurk under the persistency with which the pair kept alive the association which linked them together by not separating as wide apart as the poles, putting sea and shore and crowds of strange faces between them. In the love to hatred turned, it is possible there was a morbid appetite for the sight and the sound of each other. But only a Yorkshire, a Cumberland, or a Scotch lad and lass could have lived the experience out: perhaps not many besides Adam and Mally.

At Hayston, Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize abode month after month and year after year, serving each other, for their faithful service to their master and mistress demanded the sacrifice, silently. Their companions whispered and glanced; but from the first they laid no

trains and played no tricks to break the deathlike silence between Adam and Mally, or to draw them, in any untoward fashion for their circumstances, together again. The weight of resentment, the depth of sullenness which the man and the woman evolved, fairly awed their blustering, rattling, half-childish neighbors. Adam and Mally were let alone—that last fearful sentence pronounced on unrepentant transgressors. Not even Mrs. Fernie dared to speak of the one to the other. As for Jeannie, passing from thoughtless girlhood into thoughtful womanhood, the spectacle of such enmity, so provoked, positively scared her. "It is fearsome, mother," Jeannie would say, stopping her sewing and indulging in day-dreams by the window or the fire; "they liked each other once, they'll like each other again if they ever get to heaven, or will they stand aloof there, think you?"

If all the inhabitants of Hayston had been as imaginative as Jeannie Fernie had grown, the two unreconciled foes might have been able to cast a repellant gloom over the open, wholesome day of rural life. But the agricultural race, superiors and inferiors, proved largely practical, and even Jeannie in her youthful fancies was ordinarily very much occupied with her own important concerns. The Hayston world could exist, flourish, and become hardened, and to a certain extent unconscious of a constant nightmare in its presence. The punishment fell justly on the offenders—and how among other galling elements the flouting notoriety which light women crave ate like rust into the soul of the proudest of proud peasant women!

Adam's and Mally's "sticks," as Mrs. Fernie had named their pieces of furniture, without any intention of disparaging them, had been taken back by the mechanics who had furnished the articles, unaccustomed as wheelwright or cooper was to such bride's and bridegroom's vagaries, on the payment of a small forfeit. Adam's folk and Mally's folk had alike looked on the proceedings aghast and aggrieved, but had not ventured to interfere with their formidable relatives. The mousetrap, pin-cushion, &c., had been returned to their respective donors—a process which had moved a soft-hearted woman or two to tears. Mally had retained her wedding gown and cap because they were of no moment to

Mrs. Fernie and Miss Jeannie, neither would it be acceptable to Mally's old and young mistress to have their gifts back. The former bade Mally lay the unlucky apparel by, and Mally laid it shrouded in a towel at the foot of her kist, as Adam had stuffed the crimson plaid to the foot of his, where their fingers rarely fell on them.

The foreman's house had to be "wared" with a grudge from Mrs. Fernie on Adam because he was the foreman, but he lived in it as he had lived in the bothy, more ascetically and austere indeed, for it was a lonely as well as a sordid life with no end in view.

Adam might have married to spite Mally: he was a hard-working, sober man, a good worldly match in his degree.

Mally might have married to put out her malice on Adam, for she would have made a good wife notwithstanding her pride, which she had so closely disguised that her neighbors called it temper, and did not avoid and rail at her for it. Adam and Mally might have married another bride and bridegroom, but they did not so marry.

In the bustle of Mally's active duties, going about the house, going about the yard, she was never out of sight of the home which should have been hers, not a day out of sight of the man who, in quaint German and Scotch phrase was to have been her "man." She saw the foreman's house with the February snows drifting up its little window, summoning before the mind, by dint of contrast, the cosie hearth beside which there had once been found a place for Mally's wheel—Mally could have pointed to within half an inch of the spot selected—while above the snowed-up window was still fastened the nail for the cage of a bird which had moulted and replumed itself, and sung in season and out of season till it had died a bird's natural sudden death. Mally saw the same house glittering in the golden June and July mornings, when cocks were crowing, larks carolling, and white convolvuluses hanging their trumpets over the hedge of Adam's yard.

Mally fed the fanners with Adam when the roar of the March wind silenced the beat of the machine, and rushing in below the closed door and by the keyhole, caused the chaff to dance on the barn floor. Adam bound to Mally's shearing as the best bandster to the best shearer

during the long day, among the white bere and the yellow oats of the harvest fields. At the shearers' 'leven hours and four hours the two sat in the same social ring, and if Adam did not reach parched corn to Mally as Boaz did to Ruth, this couple ate of the same pile of scones and touched with their lips the rim of the same cog of ale.

A little later in the season, when the September air had a touch of keenness in it, bringing out the scent of the mint in the stubble and the sound of the crack of guns and the whirr of partridges' and pheasants' wings flying before the lairds and their sons and guests, Adam built the stacks in the yard, and Mally, in her robust womanhood, equal on a pinch to a man's work, often stood on the height of the full corn cart and forked sheaves to him. Afterwards, when her share of the work was done, while her sinews were all strained, her muscles all quivering and throbbing with the toil, Mally would walk out of the house with a straight back and an unflinching gait, and hand up to Adam the pitcher with his draught, which it was her duty to brew for him—a pitcher given without a benison and returned without thanks.

At the milking, summer and winter, Mally now carried her pails unrelieved; her arms were more mature and more trained to their load; she could cross the long gloaming fields without a halt. It was well since she had no longer reason to fear delay in her progress, or the chaffing ("jawing," Mally named it) of the other lads and lasses on out-of-character, ill-timed aid.

But when Adam was in the field or the byre with the other men to get the chief sauce to his meals, if any of the kye were restive—and Mally as the head woman-servant on the farm always milked such kye—Adam the leader next to the master, still came forward and held each unruly cow's head or foot, to keep her from doing Mally harm. Mally was not simply his master's servant, and so like the rest of Mr. Fernie's goods and chattels to be guarded from injury under Adam's care, she was a woman to be defended by a man.

Mally had a mighty control over her nature, but her hatred was like fire in her bones at such a moment, as Adam's was when she held up to him the stack-

builder's pitcher. She would rather the brutal horns and hoofs had tossed and kicked her. He would have preferred if the draught, which tasted like gall to his parched palate, had been manifest poison, that he might have poured it without challenge on the regardless ground.

The man and the woman were present in company at every feast at Hayston year after year. Other neighbors changed places, married, died; Adam and Mally reappeared as if they had been petrified in their seats. They continued to sit in the same kirk where they had been cried and should have been kirked, and in whose mouldering corners the echoes of the three cryings lingered and came back tauntingly to the ears which the aging bridegroom and bride strove to close against the words.

In the same servants' bucht, sometimes side by side, Adam and Mally sat or stood listening to words of heavenly amnesty and Divine forgiveness. They went forward when there were set in the kirk the tables of the Lord, who bade a man when he would come to God's altar, and had anything against his brother, to leave there his gift before the altar, and go and first be reconciled to his brother and then come and offer his gift. Instead, approached this man and this woman, having their hearts consumed with the grudge which they bore each other, did not fear to eat the Master's bread, and did not fall down and give up the ghost in the act of daring impiety.

Changes supplied their test to the faithfulness of the love to hatred turned. In the course of years there came to pass a day on which Adam, perched on the highest step of a high ladder repairing the thatch on the roof of an outhouse, missed his footing, fell to the ground, and suffered a sufficient concussion of the brain to keep him insensible for a period of hours. During his interval of unconsciousness Adam did not lack the attendance of women. Among them was Mally, experienced and sedate, but blanched in her ruddiness as Adam was in his swarthinness, yet quite as much to be depended upon in the matter of basin, sponge, and bandage as though she were not in a waking dream.

According to most novels, Adam, shut in as he was from the outer world, ought to have recognized Mally through his

closed eyelids, and while his powers of observation were still in abeyance detected her presence by some subtle instinct; but Adam was only a coarse and dull fellow of a ploughman, and he had not this inscrutable second sight. On his recovery he must have guessed that there were women folk about him when he was lying helpless, and he might wonder in the sullen recesses of his soul whether Mally Gilhaize were one of these women, but he never asked in order to make himself sure.

As for Mally, leaping at a conclusion in her woman's way, she credited that he had asked, been answered, and made no sign, so hated yet more for his inflexible sternness the man of whom she had thought at odd moments, when he was stretched white and still before her, that she could have taken his place and died in his room to raise him up to rude health and long life again.

It was Jeannie Fernie's turn to be married, and in the expanding, infinitely gentle sympathies which belong to great happiness (else happiness is not much worth either to the possessor or to the world at large), Jeannie bethought her tenderly of the last marriage which had been in preparation at Hayston, and how it had ended with a man and a woman's lives marred. In the light and satisfaction of her own heart Jeannie read the curse of blight and barrenness on two other hearts, and comprehended how the mere joyful talk of another wedding at Hayston must sound to them. She trembled and yearned—not lest dire discord should break in on all the harmonies of her own life, for, knowing her lover kind in his truth, and herself meek in her loyalty, she could not conceive of such desolation as their portion. But Jeannie panted to play the peace-maker.

Mally had been ironing a big washing of Miss Jeannie's pretty new clothes and dainty fine muslins, and was still engaged in ironing, when Jeannie crept behind her, "Mally," she said, nervously, "do you mind your fine lace cap which I gave you when I was a saucy lassie eight years ago! Oh! Mally, Mally," cried Jeannie holding Mally fast by throwing her arms round Mally's waist, braving the hazard of the scorching iron, "will you never wear that cap? Is there nothing that I can say or do for you and Adam? Would

he mind if my Willie spoke to him? I think I could persuade Willie to try, and Willie is a lawyer with a wise and winning tongue. The minister is nothing to Willie. Then we might be married on the same day, Mally, and that would break the deed and cover your story with ours."

"Never, Miss Jeannie!" forbade Mally so furiously, as she freed herself, that Jeannie recoiled. "Me to be spoken for to Adam Urquhart by another man, be he servant or master? I would ha'e the mools heaped upon my head sooner."

The warm breath of change had no effect on that black frost of hate.

Ten, fifteen years elapsed—Jeannie Fernie's children were running about her knees; the master and the mistress of Hayston were superannuated in their infirmity. Mally was a middle-aged woman of forty. Adam an elderly man of forty-five. Among peasants the married women age faster than the men, but in compensation the reverse is the case with the unmarried women. Mally was still firm and vigorous down to teeth and hair, with much work in her, though there was a weather-worn look about her, and hard lines in her full-fleshed, fresh-colored face; notwithstanding that her dress remained nearly the same, no one would have mistaken her for a much younger woman than she was. Yet if Mally had been a happy woman, in her scrupulously-fitting, well-preserved clothes, her staid freshness and comeliness, which had never depended to any great extent on youthful bloom and lightness, might have been little impaired. A proud honest woman must lose more than happiness, she must lose self-respect before she can become a haggard slattern in rags. Happiness—or let it be called peace—however, if it is not the foundation, is the copestone of the good looks of a woman of forty.

Mally had the air of a woman who was trusted and was worthy of trust: at the same time she looked what she was, a sour-ed, exacting, what the Scotch call "forbidding," woman—a woman who would neither ask nor grant favor—a woman before whom the younger maidservants at Hayston either cowered or broke into revolt; flying or flouncing to their tottering old mistress, who might sometimes be unreasonable and fretful in her dotage, yet

by whose decision her subjects would sooner abide than by that of the beggar made a porter, who was Mrs. Fernie's premier.

But Adam was bent and half lame with rheumatism; it was only by an effort that he was able for a full man's work. His hair was quite grizzled—indeed, he looked gray all over. If he were a moneyed man, as it was reported Adam was, rich enough in his assiduous perservering parsimony to have leased and stocked a little farm of his own, he was far from showing it in his person or habits. His jacket was faded and patched, his shoes clouted, his blue bonnet discolored into green, with the cherry in the crown and the tartan belt frayed into no possibility of knowing what they had represented. His bachelor foreman's house was as cold and comfortless a den as rustic Timon of Athens ever took refuge in. He showed that a man's self-respect may exist on bare uncouth decency of garment and dwelling. He was a morose, saturnine man, who for all he was a good servant, a pure liver, a regular church-goer, was rightly named by Scotch shrewdness "an auld sinner," and was shunned as men shun a famine.

The one thing which Adam cherished in addition to his sturdy faithful fostering of his own master's possessions was his yard. Adam continued to cultivate his yard, and not only to plant, "fur," and dig potatoes, but to rear in his border a flower or two, which he looked at with grim, dim, shy satisfaction—did not pull or give away.

CHAPTER IV.

"OUT OF DEATH—LIFE."

DEATH, which had long spared Hayston, came at last not for a single visit. The old master and mistress died within a few weeks of each other in the last year of what had been their father's ninety-nine years' lease. Their death happened opportunely for the entrance of a new tenant.

This new tenant was a man of new lights in everything, holding undoubtingly to the proverb that "new brooms sweep clean." He had been permitted to enter on the farm in spring time, just after the old couple, whose day was over, had passed with the lengthening day and the broadening light—let good people trust to a longer day that should have no night, and to a light which as it did not depend on sun or moon should know no setting. The new tenant's first act was to dismiss

every old servant at Whitsunday. It was the best season of the year for getting field work, if it was not the great hiring term, and as compensation was given to those servants who were engaged for the year, none of them had a right to complain.

None of them did complain, and the younger men and women, though they might spend a sigh on their old master and mistress, rather liked the compulsory flitting, for the love of change had awakened among them. But there were two to whom quitting Hayston for ever and a day, was like breaking up the foundation of their lives and tearing up the roots of their being. Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize had come to Hayston a strapping lad and lass; they were leaving it well nigh a carle and carline, faded, so far as they could fade, furrowed with heavy hearts and tempers, from which the elasticity was all departed. They had dreamt their dream of love and hatred there, and what was to become of the life that was left them when they should no longer see each other daily so as to procure fresh supplies of the bitter morsel between their teeth? The couple might, indeed, take other places on one farm, but that could only happen by an unlikely coincidence. Christian man and woman could not be so heathenish, so devoured by absorbing malice, as to premeditate and carry out craftily the arrangement.

No, there was to be no more glancing from beneath the brows at what should have been her home by Mally; no more dark looks interchanged at milking time; no more mocking aid proffered by the one to the other; no more sitting, bound by an unhallowed spell, in the same bucht in the kirk, and going forward having hands foul with the blood of each other's souls to handle and taste the memorials of spotless Innocence and unflinching Love.

The winter snow might fall, the summer sun might glint on the foreman's house at Hayston; it would be the scene of another life history, viewed by stranger eyes that knew nothing and cared nothing for Mally and Adam. Mally might toil and trudge, Adam limp and grind; it would be miles and miles apart, and without the knowledge of each other.

In the listlessness and depression produced by the conviction, Mally did not take another place, but resolved to go home to

a widowed sister (Mally's mother was dead), and work with her for her board. The situation would be mere idleness to Mally, in which she might for the first time in her active, robust life, sicken of a vague disease, or where her craving energies would plague the indifferent, scornful nephews and nieces to whom she would be the tyrannous, crabbed Aunt Mally.

Adam, too, though there was no collusion between the pair, would not hire himself to another master. He took a vacant cottage in the vicinity, proposing to live there and work at odd jobs till he could rent a field or two such as his own powers and those of a yoking of horses might labor, and thus attain the object of peasant ambition—to turn cottar-farmer on his own account. But with no diligent, careful gudewife to be perpetually looking after house economies, and to better his home so as to render it a restorer for a breaking down man, or to take her share in field work; with no young, vigorous son or daughter to help to hold the ploughstock or the sowing-sheet when stiffening hands were grown more feckless, the chances were against Adam. Industrious and sagacious in his own line, painfully saving as Adam was, he could not fight the battle single-handed like a younger, abler-bodied man; he would lose his hard-won, tightly-gripped siller; he might come on the parish at last a savage pauper, if he did not prefer to starve and die alone—a beast's death.

It was the night before the term. Adam and Mally had withdrawn betimes from the "foy" or farewell supper held in the farm-house kitchen, and had left their neighbors at liberty to linger and enjoy the slightly sentimental hilarity, while the two old stagers worked up what remained to be worked before the household slept and waked in their final night at Hayston.

The kye, what was left of them, were in the field, but Mally had a light burden to bear compared with what she had often borne over the red and white heads of the clover, and the May gloaming was not dusk enough in its sweetness and serenity to admit of a fear of bogles. Though Mally had ceased to be haunted by these tormentors, there was danger that even the hard, middle-aged woman might be assailed by ghosts this night—by the ghost of her own not untender, true-as-steel young wo-

manhood, and the ghost of a man capable of kindness in his severity, and passionately fond in the contracted, gorged channel of his manhood, whom she had gone halves in destroying.

By a small circumstance enough Mally was delivered from these importunate, troublesome bogles. As she passed what was still Adam's house and yard, she saw him delaying the little horse-suppering which he had to do, possibly loth to flash up his solitary lantern for a parting gleam on the all but empty stalls, bins, hooks for martingales and bridles, which he had known so well, and to shake down the fodder for the sole descendants and successors of Diamond and Bab-at-the-Bowster—fearing bogles in his turn. Adam was in his yard among the dews, and by the evening star gathering all the flowers which an early season had brought into blossom in his border—London pride, thrift, polyanthus, white lilies, with branches of budding lilac from his bush and of hawthorn from his hedge. Somehow the sight of Adam gathering flowers and making a nosegay tickled and tormented Mally, and drove other thoughts out of her mind. What would the dour, sour carle do with a flower? Stick it in a broken jug, and set it as a relic of his garden to adorn the first shelf he should put up in his miserable cottage? A "fell" like place for a posie, and a fell like man for posies!

Mally would not miss the gowans on the sward; as for her last bird, it was dead—better dead, "poor genty, singing thing," than beset by her sister's cruel cat and mischievous, heedless bairns. But what had Adam Urquhart to do with flowers? and how could he pretend to be taken up with them when he had not so much as said he was sorry to give up everything besides?

Adam was there to answer Mally's question; as she rose up from her sitting posture, with her back to the farm-town, she saw Adam standing at a few paces' distance from her, and the kye in the field. He looked gray in the paling light, old and wan in his roughness, as she had decided very unlike the fresh, fragrant flowers which he held in his hand. Nevertheless he clutched them till, as by an impulse, he held them out towards her. "Will you have them, Mally?" he asked, the voice which broke the long silence sounding

hollow as a voice from the dead: "they will help to keep you in mind o' Hayston."

Mally might have said that she did not wish to be kept in mind of Hayston, and least of all by him. She might have said, as she was not a lover of flowers for the flowers' sake, they would encumber her with a milk-pail in her hand, and what was she to do with them when she should flit the next day?

But she only stood staring at him till the ebbing tide of his blood was rushing in a raging flood to his face. Then her eyes flickered and fell, and Mally held out a hand and took the flowers, without a word either of thanks or reproach.

Adam drew a long gusty sigh as though his breast were rid of some perilous stuff. "It's a pity they're no summer flowers," he remarked, apologetically, almost pleadingly, "for then, more by token gin they had been roses, they would ha'e kept their scent—the scent o' Hayston—after they were nae mair than a when dry, shrivelled blades. But I put some sprigs o' balm among them, and *they'll* keep pressed in a book."

"Why should they keep, Adam, when everything else has gane?" inquired Mally sharply.

He glanced at her, and then he offered to take her pitcher. "I'll carry it," he said stoutly.

"It's no ill to carry," she protested, but she did not resist farther, or tell him that the strength of his arm compared to hers was not what it had been.

There were no longer jeering companions to cry out and affront Hercules and Omphale: Mysie and Geordie, Sandy and Girzie, were at their own firesides, speaking anxious words to haffin' laddies and gilpies of lassies starting at the coming term on their entrance into the world, or rocking sick bairns' cradles, or pining on sick beds themselves. As for their successors, who were celebrating their foy in the farm-house kitchen, they would about as soon have expected, and would have looked little less aghast, to see the two solid green *lawes*—the opposite boundaries on the different sides of Hayston—march across and meet amicably and confidentially, as to see Mally and Adam make up to each other on their last night and break the seal of fifteen years on their lips. These innocent youngsters were still bragging and blustering, drinking toasts

and healths, singing each his or her solitary identifying song, and lighting pipes in blessed innocuousness.

"It's no ill to carry," echoed Adam, as he put down the pitcher and wiped the perspiration from his brow, midway in the field, "but it's long since I've carried anything for you, lass."

If he choked on these significant words, Mally's heart swelled when he resigned the pitcher, thrusting it into the hand which held the flowers at the corner of the house.

This was the upshot. Well, what else could it be? and was it not a mercy that not an eye had seen the weak moment of relenting. The flowers might stand unnoticed among the basins in the dairy, amidst the confusion.

Excited and out of order as Hayston was, the hubbub died out at length, and man and woman were at rest, sleeping sound after their fatigue and excitement, and in preparation for the fresh fatigue and excitement of the term day. When Mally laid on the great slab of peat for the gathering of the kitchen fire, she started to hear a tap at the window. The sound was not uncommon of nights where farm-servants lodge, but every countryman, far and near, was aware that the Hayston folk would flit next day, and might be seen and spoken with in the course of their flitting. Every younger countryman was occupied more or less this night, if not with his own flitting, with that of his immediate neighbor. None of the women sleeping so sweetly had reason to be restless in anticipation of a visitor. Mally's heart leapt to her throat. She thought she knew the tap, yet how could she after so wide an interval? Her fancy was playing a trick on her; she was "a daft auld maid," she said with indignation and scorn, to credit that because one act had been reproduced of the play which had been played out before Miss Jeannie was wed or the auld mistress grew auld (the old figures, every one, had been coming to life again, and

moving around her during these dreamy, dreary, bonnie May days), all the acts were to be repeated.

The tap came again, causing Mally to shake as she had not shaken in her life before, and Adam's voice reached her in a loud whisper through the window-pane, "Mally, will you wait and watch wi' me the nicht? It is an odds from the nicht I socht you before."

Mally went to the door, though she walked as if her feet were loaded with lead. She unlocked and unlatched bolt and latch bunglingly, saying faintly, with a woman's jealous excuse for herself, to the shadowy figure without, "It's a balmy nicht—it's no as gin it were winter. I can tak no chill in the May air through a crack wi' an auld acquaintance, forby I'm no so fashed wi' hoasts as I was wont to be."

"Mally," demanded Adam, with his hand pressing Mally's shoulder, "will you gang wi' me come Sabbath, and see my mither? She's very frail and blind now, woman."

"I'll be blythe to speir for her gin that will do her ony gude," granted Mally tremulously, but in her sympathy maintaining her woman's perversity and hypocrisy to the last; for, after all, Mally, with her tremendous dignity and staunchness, was only a woman.

"We ha'e been twa fules wha ha'e lost the best o' their days," swore Adam, speaking under that inconstant but sweet May sky, which could frown and smile again twenty times in a day.

The sentence was disparaging in every light, yet Mally assented to the condemnation mildly, "Sae ha'e we, my man."

Adam brightened the next moment, as men will brighten when their opponents show symptoms of giving in, cheered at the same time by a welcome recollection.

"Folk may laugh," he declared, "let them laugh, Mally, we may do't the morn. We ha'e na lost the fees for the cryings, and your red plaid is aye to the fore."

The Academy.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY.*

BY DR. BENCE JONES.

II.

THE first volume of the *Life and Letters of Faraday* revealed to us the youth who was to be father to the man. Skilful, aspiring, resolute, he grew steadily in knowledge and in power. The fervor of a religion was in his work, and it was this, as much as his intellect, which enabled him to make a mark upon his age which can never be effaced. At the beginning of the second volume of the *Life and Letters* he appears to us as the discoverer of a new and vast electrical domain. Consciously or unconsciously, the relation of Action to Reaction was ever present to his mind. It had been fostered by his discovery of Magnetic Rotations, and it planted in him more daring ideas of a similar kind. Magnetism, he knew, could be evoked by electricity, and he thought that electricity, in its turn, ought to be capable of evolution by magnetism. On the 29th of August, 1831, his experiments on this subject began. He had been fortified by previous trials, which, though failures, had begotten instincts directing him towards the truth. Strictly speaking, there are no failures to the strong worker. He may miss the outward object, but he gains the inner light, education, and expansion. Of this Faraday's life was a constant illustration. By November he had discovered and colligated a multitude of the most wonderful and unexpected phenomena. He had generated currents by currents; currents by magnets, permanent and transitory; and he afterwards generated currents by the earth itself. Arago's *Magnetism of Rotation*, which had for years offered itself as a challenge to the best scientific intellects of Europe, now fell into his hands. It proved to be a beautiful but still special illustration of the great principle of Magneto-electric Induction. Nothing equal to this, in the way of pure experimental inquiry, had previously been achieved.

He took breath at Brighton, but immediately returned to his work. Electricities from various sources were examined, and their differences and resemblances reveal-

ed. He thus assured himself of their substantial identity. He then wrought at Conduction, and gave many striking illustrations of the influence of Fusion on Conducting Power. Renouncing commercial work, he now poured his whole momentum into his researches. With surpassing energy he worked at Electro-chemistry. The light of law was for a time obscured by the thick umbrage of novel facts; but he finally emerged from his researches with the great principle of Definite Electro-chemical Decomposition in his hands. If his discovery of Magneto-electricity may be ranked with that of the Pile by Volta, this new discovery may almost stand beside that of Definite Combining Proportions in Chemistry. He passed on to Static Electricity—its Conduction, Induction, and Mode of Propagation. He discovered and illustrated the principle of Inductive Capacity; and, turning to theory, he asked himself how electrical attractions and repulsions are transmitted. Are they, like gravity, actions at a distance, or do they require a medium? If the former, then, like gravity, they will act in straight lines; if the latter, then, like sound or light, they may turn a corner. Faraday held, and his views are gaining ground, that his experiments proved the fact of curvilinear propagation, and hence the operation of a medium. Others denied this; but none can deny the profound and philosophic character of his leading thought.*

He had heard it stated that henceforth physical discovery would be made solely by the aid of mathematics; that we had our data, and needed only to work deductively. Statements of a similar character crop out from time to time in our day. They arise from an imperfect acquaintance with the nature, present condition, and prospective vastness of the field of physical inquiry. The upshot of natural science will doubtless be to bring all physical phenomena under the dominion of mechanical laws; to give them, in other words, mathe-

* In a very remarkable paper published in Pogendorff's *Annalen* for 1837, Werner Siemens develops and accepts Faraday's theory of Molecular Induction.

* 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1869.

mathematical expression. But our approach to this result is asymptotic; and for ages to come—possibly for all the ages of the human race—Nature will find room for both the philosophical experimenter and the mathematician. Faraday entered his protest against the foregoing statement by labelling his investigations *Experimental Researches in Electricity*. They were completed in 1854, and three volumes of them have been published. For the sake of reference, he numbered every paragraph, the last number being 3362. In 1859 he collected and published a fourth volume of papers under the title, *Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics*. Thus, by abundant labors, this apostle of experiment magnified his office.

The first volume of the *Researches* contains all the papers above referred to. The second embraces memoirs on the Electricity of the Gymnotus; on the Source of Power in the Voltaic Pile; on the Electricity evolved by the Friction of Water and Steam, in which the phenomena and principles of Sir William Armstrong's Hydro-electric machine are described and developed; a paper on Magnetic Rotations, and Faraday's letters in relation to the controversy it aroused. The contribution of most permanent value here is that on the Source of Power in the Voltaic Pile. By it the Contact Theory pure and simple was totally overthrown, and the necessity of chemical action to the maintenance of the current demonstrated.

The third volume of the *Researches* opens with a memoir entitled "The Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force." It is difficult even now to affix a definite meaning to this title; but the discovery of the rotation of the plane of polarization which it announced seems pregnant with great results. The writings of William Thomson on the theoretic aspects of the discovery; the excellent electro-dynamic measurements of Wilhelm Weber, which are models of experimental completeness and skill; Weber's labors in conjunction with his lamented friend Kohlrausch—above all, the researches of Clerk Maxwell on the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light—point to that wonderful and mysterious medium which is the vehicle of light and radiant heat as the probable basis also of magnetic and electric phenomena. The hope of such a combination was first raised

by the discovery here referred to.* Faraday himself seemed to cling with particular affection to this discovery. He felt that there was more in it than he was able to unfold. He predicted that it would grow in meaning with the growth of science. This it has done; this it is doing now. Its right interpretation will probably mark an epoch in scientific history.

Rapidly following it is the discovery of Diamagnetism, or the Repulsion of Matter by a magnet. Brugmans had shown that bismuth repelled a magnetic needle. Here he stopped. Le Bailiff proved that antimony did the same. Here he stopped. Seebeck, Becquerel, and others, also touched the discovery. These fragmentary gleams excited a momentary curiosity, and were almost forgotten, when Faraday, independently, alighted on the same facts, and instead of stopping, made them the inlets to a new and vast region of research. The value of a discovery is to be measured by the intellectual action it calls forth; and it was Faraday's good fortune to strike, not the nuggets, but the lodes of scientific truth, in which some of the best intellects of the age have found occupation.

"The salient quality of Faraday's scientific character reveals itself from beginning to end of these volumes: a union of ardor and patience—the one prompting the attack, the other holding him on to it till defeat was final or victory assured. Certainty in one sense or the other was necessary to his peace of mind. The right method of investigation is perhaps incommunicable; it depends on the individual rather than on the system, and our contemporaries, we think, miss the mark when they point to Faraday's researches as merely illustrative of the power of the inductive philosophy. The brain may be filled with that philosophy; but without the energy and insight which this man possesses

* A letter addressed to me by Prof. Weber, on the 18th of last March, contains the following reference to the connection here mentioned:—"Die Hoffnung einer solchen Combination ist durch Faraday's Entdeckung der Drehung der Polarisationsebene durch magnetische Directionskraft zuerst, und sodann durch die Uebereinstimmung derjenigen Geschwindigkeit, welche das Verhältniss der electro-dynamischen Einheit zur electro-statischen ausdrückt, mit der Geschwindigkeit des Lichts angeregt worden; und mir scheint von allen Versuchen, welche zur Verwirklichung dieser Hoffnung gemacht worden sind, das von Herrn Maxwell gemachte am erfolgreichsten."

ses, and which with him are personal and distinctive, we shall never rise to the level of his achievements. His power is that of individual genius, rather than of philosophic method. It is the energy of a strong and independent soul expressing itself after its own fashion, and acknowledging no mediator between it and Nature."

The second volume of the *Life and Letters*, like the first, is a historic treasury as regards Faraday's work and character, and his scientific and social relations. It contains letters from Humboldt, Herschel, Hachette, De La Rive, Dumas, Liebig, Melloni, Becquerel, Ørsted, Plücker, Du Bois-Reymond, Lord Melbourne, Prince Louis Napoleon, and many other distinguished men. I notice with particular pleasure a letter from Sir John Herschel, in reply to a sealed packet addressed to him by Faraday, but which he had permission to open if he pleased. The packet referred to one of the many unfulfilled hopes which spring up in the mind of fertile investigators:—

"Go on and prosper, 'from strength to strength,' like a victor marching with assured step to further conquests; and be certain that no voice will join more heartily in the peans that already begin to rise, and will speedily swell into a shout of triumph, astounding even to yourself, than that of J. F. W. Herschel."

As an encourager and inspirer of the scientific worker, this fine spirit is still beneficently active.

Faraday's behavior to Melloni in 1835 merits special notice. The young man was a political exile in Paris. He had newly fashioned and applied the thermoelectric pile, and had obtained with it results of the greatest importance. But they were not appreciated. With the sickness of disappointed hope Melloni waited for the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Academy to examine his labors. At length he published his researches in the *Annales de Chimie*. They thus fell into the hands of Faraday, who, discerning at once their extraordinary merit, obtained for Melloni the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society. A sum of money always accompanies this medal, and the pecuniary help was at this time even more essential than the mark of honor to the young refugee. Melloni's gratitude was boundless:—

"Et vous, monsieur," he writes to Faraday, "qui appartenez à une société à laquelle je n'avait rien offert, vous qui me connaissiez à peine le nom; vous n'avez pas demandé si j'avais des ennemis faibles ou puissants, ni calculé quel en était le nombre; mais vous avez parlé pour l'opprimé étranger, pour celui qui n'avait pas le moindre droit à tant de bienveillance, et vos paroles ont été accueillies favorablement par des collègues conscieucieux! Je reconnais bien là des hommes dignes de leur noble mission, les véritables représentants de la science d'un pays libre et généreux."

Within the prescribed limits of this article it would be impossible to give even the slenderest summary of Faraday's correspondence, or to carve from it more than the merest fragments of his character. His letters, written to Lord Melbourne and others in 1836, regarding his pension, illustrate his uncompromising independence. The Prime Minister had offended him, but assuredly the apology demanded and given was complete. I think it certain that, notwithstanding the very full account of this transaction given by Dr. Bence Jones, motives and influences were at work which even now are not entirely revealed. The minister was bitterly attacked, but he bore the censure of the press with great dignity. Faraday, while he disavowed having either directly or indirectly furnished the matter of those attacks, did not publicly exonerate his lordship. The Hon. Caroline Fox had proved herself Faraday's ardent friend, and it was she who had healed the breach between the philosopher and the minister. She manifestly thought that Faraday ought to have come forward in Lord Melbourne's defence, and there is a flavor of resentment in one of her letters to him on the subject. No doubt Faraday had good grounds for his reticence, but they are to me unknown.

In 1841 his health broke down utterly, and he went to Switzerland with his wife and brother-in-law. His bodily vigor soon revived, and he accomplished feats of walking respectable even for a trained mountaineer. The published extracts from his Swiss journal contain many beautiful and touching allusions. Amid references to the tints of the Jungfrau, the blue rifts of the glaciers, and the noble Niesen towering over the Lake of Thun, we come upon the charming little scrap which I have elsewhere quoted:—"Clout-

nail making goes on here rather considerably, and is a very neat and pretty operation to observe. I love a smith's shop and anything relating to smithery. My father was a smith." This is from his journal; but he is unconsciously speaking to somebody—perhaps to the world.

His descriptions of the Staub-bach, Giessbach, and of the scenic effects of sky and mountain, are all fine and sympathetic. But amid it all, and in reference to it all, he tells his sister that "true enjoyment is from within, not from without." In those days Agassiz was living under a boulder on the glacier of the Aar. Faraday met Forbes at the Grimsel, and arranged with him an excursion to the "Hôtel des Neuchatelois;" but indisposition put the project out.

From the Fort of Ham, in 1843, Faraday received a letter addressed to him by Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He read this letter to me many years ago, and the desire and capacity shown in various ways by the French Emperor to turn modern science to account have often reminded me of it since. At the age of thirty-five the prisoner of Ham speaks of "rendering his captivity less sad by studying the great discoveries" which science owes to Faraday; and he asks a question which reveals his cast of thought at the time: "What is the most simple combination to give to a voltaic battery, in order to produce a spark capable of setting fire to powder under water or under ground?" Should the necessity arise, the French Emperor will not lack at the outset the best appliances of modern science; while we, I fear, shall have to learn the magnitude of the resources we are now neglecting amid the pangs of actual war.*

One turns with renewed pleasure to Faraday's letters to his wife, published in the second volume. Here surely the loving essence of the man appears more distinctly than anywhere else. From the house of Dr. Percy, in Birmingham, he writes thus:—

"Here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you IN QUIET. Oh! what happiness is ours. My runs into

the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

And again—

"We have been to a grand conversazione in the town-hall, and I have now returned to my room to talk with you, as the pleasantest and happiest thing that I can do. Nothing rests me so much as communion with you. I feel it even now as I write, and catch myself saying the words aloud as I write them."

Take this, moreover, as indicative of his love for Nature:—

"After writing, I walk out in the evening hand in hand with my dear wife to enjoy the sunset; for to me who love scenery, of all that I have seen or can see there is none surpasses that of heaven. A glorious sunset brings with it a thousand thoughts that delight me."

Of the numberless lights thrown upon him by the *Life and Letters*, some fall upon his religion. In a Letter to a Lady, he describes himself as belonging to "a very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as *Sandemanians*, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." He adds, "I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, that which is religious, and that which is philosophical, have ever been two distinct things." He saw clearly the danger of quitting his moorings, and his science became the safeguard of his particular faith. For his investigations so filled his mind as to leave no room for sceptical questionings, thus shielding from the assaults of philosophy the creed of his youth. Love, reverence, awe, worship, were the correlatives of his organization; they were implied in the eddies of his blood and in the tremors of his brain; and however their outward and visible forms might have changed, Faraday would still have been a religious man.

Among my old papers I find the following remarks on one of my earliest dinners with Faraday. "At 2 o'clock he came down for me. He, his niece, and myself, formed the party. "I never give dinners," he said. "I don't know how to give dinners, and I never dine out. But I should not like my friends to attribute this to a wrong cause. I act thus for the sake of securing time for work, and not through

* What we need in this country is a man in authority, competent to select from the vast, but in many particulars irrelevant mass of science, those portions which are of real and paramount importance, and determined to have them properly taught.

religious motives as some imagine." He said grace. I am almost ashamed to call his prayer a "saying" of grace. In the language of Scripture it might be described as the petition of a son, into whose heart God had sent the spirit of His Son, and who with absolute trust asked a blessing from his father. We dined on roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and potatoes; drank sherry, talked of research and its requirements, and of his habit of keeping himself free from the distractions of society. He was bright and joyful—boy-like, in fact, though he is now sixty-two. His work excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elvates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength, but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness, and sweetness in the character of Faraday." I fear the lesson was but imperfectly learned.

Faraday's progress in discovery, and the

salient points of his character, are well brought out by the wise selection and arrangement of letters and extracts by Dr. Bence Jones. The labors of Faraday's biographer are, in fact, of incalculable worth. I will not call them final. So great a character will challenge reconstruction. In the coming time some sympathetic spirit, with the requisite strength, knowledge, and solvent power, will, I doubt not, render these materials plastic, give them more perfect organic form, and send through them, with less of interruption, the currents of Faraday's life. Dr. Bence Jones's labors have rendered such a result possible; but the public appreciation of those labors, as they now stand, has been declared by the rapidity with which the first considerable edition of the *Life and Letters* has been diffused. Let me, in winding up, express my high estimate of the value of this labor of love.

JOHN TYNDALL.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LORD MACAULAY'S SCHOOLBOY: A BIOGRAPHY.

LORD MACAULAY, in one of the Essays which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, alludes prophetically to the time "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This prediction became famous as soon as it appeared; and the hero of it, though as yet unborn, attained at once a notoriety which many travellers of our day, with all the advantages of birth, have been unable to achieve. It is not extraordinary that a reputation, so easily made, should have been quickly lost. Thirty years have scarcely elapsed, and "Lord Macaulay's New Zealander" has already sunk into a very insignificant place amongst pseudo-historical characters. This, as we have said, is hardly to be wondered at; though it may be very deservedly deplored. The very New Zealander, of whose future existence we moderns think and speak so lightly, may possibly be more closely connected with any one of ourselves than we are at all aware. Any man who carelessly reads these pages, or still more carelessly passes them by, may be himself already destined to emigrate, and to become, by intermarriage with some native

New Zealand beauty, the lineal ancestor of that great man concerning whose adventures so much has been foretold. In one respect, certainly, our traveller has been very unkindly treated. There were none, even at the time of his greatest popularity, to write his biography. It may, of course, be urged that the history of the life of a man who had never lived would partake in great measure of the character of a purely imaginative work. Such a book might at least be referred by Mr. Carlyle to that "semi-illicit species of composition—the historic novel." But though difficulties might lie in the way, we cannot help expressing our regret that, in an age like the present of literary curiosities, no one should have been found to inaugurate a new branch of composition, and to cultivate a popular taste for imaginary biographies. Even as Herr Wagner is giving us the music of the future, so might some one, surely, provide us with the words. The amount of glory to be won in the new field is simply inestimable. Any man who troubles himself to consult authorities may write a tolerable history of the past. It requires no very great abilities to be a chronicler of contemporary events. But to give a detailed

account of occurrences which have still to occur,—to become a literary Pygmalion, and create the memoirs of a man as yet unborn,—this demands more than ordinary talent. The reward, we fully believe, would be proportioned to the labor. If we could persuade ourselves that such a task fell within our own circle of duties, there is no biography which we would have more pleasure in attempting than that of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander. We can fancy the anxiety with which we should search in his earlier life for traces of that energy which subsequently prompts him to travel, and of that respect for departed greatness which induces him to select England as his destination. We may picture to ourselves the pleasure which we should derive from noticing that the same love of retirement which in his distant antipodean home tempts him to studies in architecture and antiquities, is sufficient, even in England, to reconcile him to that solitude where the Cathedral's ruined walls rise darkly above him. We should long for a peep into his sketch-book; we should envy him the leisure and the funds which made his achievement possible; and we should assuredly dwell, not without a word of admiration, upon his taste for adventure and upon his talent for climbing.

But, however compassionately disposed we may feel towards one who is fast losing a well-won reputation, we must still reserve our sincerer and more sacred pity for another of Lord Macaulay's *protégés*, who has never attained to the celebrity which he deserves. This is "Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy," the schoolboy *par excellence*,—the model schoolboy of whom all other schoolboys are miserably inadequate imitations. Those of our readers who are familiar with Macaulay's "Essays," will not need to be reminded of the frequent use which the great Edinburgh Reviewer makes of the formula, "Every schoolboy knows." In the "Essays" alone we have counted more than twenty passages in which direct allusion is made to some wonderful young scholar whom the writer must have had in his mind. There is a theory, we are aware, which is held by many respectable critics, that the Schoolboy is no more than a myth, and that he never had a personal existence. We maintain, on the contrary, that he was a creature of flesh and

blood; and we wonder much how any one who professes to have studied the "Essays," or "Miscellaneous Writings," could have come to any other conclusion. We read of his punishments and his tears, of the studies which he loved and the prizes which he won. The events of his life are constantly brought before us, with an accuracy of detail which quite forbids us to believe that he could have been an historical fiction.

We confess to having held a belief at one time that the great writer and the character of whom he wrote were one and the same person, and that the object of Lord Macaulay, in alluding so constantly to his Schoolboy's acquirements, was to leave behind him materials for a biography of his own early intellectual life. But this belief we have now rejected as untenable, for a reason which we shall presently state. It is now our object to present to our readers as accurate a memoir of the "Schoolboy" as is possible under the somewhat unusual circumstances. We have collected from Lord Macaulay's writings all the passages which seem to us to bear upon our subject; and from these passages we have endeavored to construct something like a connected narrative. However small the historical merit of the result may be, we shall console ourselves by reflecting that we have produced a work which, if it be not true, may claim at least to be original.

At a very early age, and before we have ceased to hear of him as "the pet of the nursery," our Schoolboy commences his intellectual career by dashing his playthings to pieces,* an act to which he is prompted, doubtless, by that philosophical impulse, which, we are told, induces even children to search for the internal truth of things. † At the same time he institutes a crusade against adulteration in the most practical manner by quarrelling with his food. ‡ In the absence of all evidence to prove that there was ever anything unusual in his physical conformation, we decline to believe that the child was at that time taller than his father. Once, indeed, when mounted on the paternal shoulder, he is related to have cried, "How much taller I am than Papa!" † But we

* Essays, vol. i. p. 83.—The references are to the small edition in double columns.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 321.

conceive that this remark, even if it were ever made, is capable of a very much simpler interpretation. It is, however, scarcely probable that so silly a thing should have been said by a child who could already see through the sophistries of the historian of British India.* There is a very interesting fact in the Schoolboy's life which must be referred, as it should seem, to this period. Lord Macaulay was himself present when the child asked whether Bonaparte was stronger than an elephant.† We have attempted, but without success, to obtain a list of the books which the young student had now read. We have only been able to discover that the "Pilgrim's Progress" already pleased him better than "Jack the Giant-killer."‡

Hitherto, we must remember, our hero has not left his father's roof; he cannot, therefore, as yet claim to be called a schoolboy. We are taught to think of him at this time as a "delightful child."§ We are told that "there is a grace beyond the reach of affectation in his awkwardness, a malice in his innocence, an intelligence in his nonsense, an insinuating eloquence in his lisp."|| Soon, as we may fancy, he is sent to search for the truth amongst the groves of some long-founded academy. Here, from the very first, his range of study is extensive. He makes himself acquainted—superficially, perhaps—with Linnæus; ¶ he learns by heart the dates and adventures of a long line of barbarian kings;** and even in his least thoughtful moods he never omits to practise the inductive method.†† At a time when ordinary boys are heating their imaginations with badly-written histories,‡‡ our intelligent child applies himself to the Epitomes of Goldsmith, considering them to afford, not a task, but a pleasure.§§ From these he derives his first knowledge of constitutional history; we subsequently find him quoting from Goldsmith instances in which sovereigns have allied themselves with the people against the aristocracy, and in which the nobles have allied them-

selves with the people against the sovereign.*

At the age of twelve, as we have roughly calculated, our Schoolboy appears to have first been troubled with religious scruples. It is, doubtless, to this stage of his career that the scanty information which has been handed down to us respecting his later home life must be considered to relate. It was found necessary to compel him to attend family worship, and to forbid him to read irreligious books.† He refused once to learn his catechism, and was punished by being sent to bed without his supper.‡ He constantly played truant at church time, and for this fault frequent tasks were set him.§ Upon one occasion, when he ventured to display the precocity of his talents by expressing impious opinions before his brothers and sisters, his father cut short the controversy with a horse-whip.|| Under troubles such as these he had recourse for consolation to the society of his favorite authors. Homer¶ and Cervantes**—in wretched translations—were his constant companions. He knew Don Quixote's lantern jaws and Sancho's broad cheeks as well as the faces of his own play-fellows.†† Want of space forbids us to dwell any longer upon the dear classical recollections of his childhood,—the old school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, the first prize, the tears so often shed and so quickly dried.‡‡ We must hasten forward to the time when the Schoolboy, as may be believed, adopted for his motto that celebrated saying of Lord Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

He now began to take especial delight in the study of history; and here his enormous powers of memory served him in good stead. He never forgot a detail, however apparently unimportant. He could tell, for example, at a moment's notice, who it was that imprisoned Montezuma, §§ who strangled Atahualpa, ||| or

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 139.

† Ibid.

‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 134.

§ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 107.

|| Ibid. ¶ Ibid. p. 70.

** Ibid. p. 81. †† Essays, vol. i. p. 404.

‡‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 117.

§§ Ibid. p. 304.

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 140.

† Essays, vol. ii. p. 61.

‡ Ibid. § Ibid.

¶ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 62.

|| Ibid. vol. i. p. 156.

** Miscellaneous Writings, p. 86.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 6. Miscellaneous Writings, p. 56.

§§ Essays, vol. ii. p. 83. || Ibid.

how Montrose was executed.* His allusions in conversation to facts of ancient history were so pregnant with sense and learning that, compared with them, the quotations and classical stories of the great Pitt appear trite indeed.† But ancient history, as the Schoolboy well knew, could furnish him with something more than mere classical allusions: ‡ he studied the records of antiquity, to gain from them lessons which should guide him in his future career. He fully appreciated his own talents, and he felt that in public life alone could he find full scope for them. The affectation of ignorance, which might have been pardoned in a boy of his years,§ could never be laid to his charge; he was also free from any artificial excess of modesty. He resolved, therefore, to be a statesman. To practise himself in English composition and in oratory, he devoted much of his time to writing essays and speaking at a school debating club. Amongst other works he produced a theme on the death of Leonidas,|| a paper upon the thesis—*Odise quem leseris*,¶ and also a description of the Plague of 1527, concerning which description we can hardly believe that it was worthless, since the Schoolboy himself thought it “much finer than the incomparable introduction of the Decameron.”** Of his prowess as a debater we are enabled to speak very highly. We read that he was the equal of Isocrates in rhetoric,†† and of Dr. Johnson in argument.‡‡ We are told, again, that the proceedings of the debating club which the Schoolboy attended, contrasted not unfavorably with the discussion in the Convention held at Paris on the 21st of December, 1792.§§

Little, as we imagine, need be said of our hero's knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. It is true that his Latin verses were as good as those of Addison;||| but we must remember that to be a verse-writer is no rare accomplishment. Many clever boys, whose knowledge of the language and literature of Greece and

Rome is very superficial, sometimes have the knack of versification.* It is true, again—to compare the Schoolboy once more with the great lexicographer—that he was as deeply read as Dr. Johnson in the works of Greek authors, and that he understood them very nearly as well;† but it should not be forgotten that a knowledge of Greek, which would have been thought respectable at Oxford in the reign of Queen Anne, is evidently less than that which many lads may be expected to carry away every year from Eton and Rugby.‡ We need not stay to compare the scholarship of our hero with that of the late Mr. Croker;§ nor will we dwell upon the fact that the former would have been right, and that the latter was wrong, as to the possible meanings of “*puella*”|| — the estimation in which Lucina's beauty should rightly be held¶—or the true interpretation of the phrase *θυγατρι φιλον*.** We could tell, if we would, how the illustrious Pitt was guilty of false quantities at which the Schoolboy would have shuddered;†† and how Atterbury and his confederacy committed, during their controversy with Bentley upon the spurious letters of Phalaris, disgraceful blunders for which the Schoolboy would have been whipped.‡‡ But we conceive that we should scarcely add to our hero's fame by comparing his critical acumen with that of those Christ Church scholars who allowed themselves to be imposed upon by classical imitations so feebly and rudely executed.§§ Besides, to borrow Lord Macaulay's words, “we are ashamed to detain our readers with this fourth-form learning.”|||

If multiplied acquirements and versatility of genius can insure success in life, then of a truth was that prospect a fair one which opened before the Schoolboy as he entered his fifteenth year. He had mastered philosophy at an age when most scholars are only beginning to study it. He had thought enough on the Divine Attributes, the Origin of Evil, the Necessity

* Essays, vol. i. p. 167.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 294.

‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 126.

§ Essays, vol. i. p. 267.

|| Ibid. vol. i. p. 30.

¶ Ibid. vol. i. p. 236.

** Ibid. vol. i. p. 42.

†† Miscellaneous Writings, p. 78.

‡‡ Ibid. p. 324. §§ Ibid. p. 243.

|| Ibid. p. 103.

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 329.

† Ibid. p. 59.

‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 170.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid. ¶ Ibid.

** Ibid. vol. i. p. 171.

†† Ibid. vol. i. p. 288.

‡‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 47.

§§ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 283.

|| Essays, vol. i. p. 170.

of Human Actions, and the Foundation of Moral Obligation, to be fully entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zadig; * he could laugh at the jargon which had imposed on Bacon.† He had acquired by practice a singular facility in transmitting his thoughts to others, whether by writing or speech. His style was elegant, and probably free from those "fine things which boys of fifteen admire;"‡ his remarks made in general conversation do not appear to have ever fallen below the intellectual level of a Boswell.§

Of the Schoolboy's politics we have not much to say. He was probably a Liberal; but he was assuredly never a bigot. He was intimately acquainted with the fundamental maxims of our polity; || and he could criticise the policy which the Liberals of the 17th century adopted towards the native Irish, ¶ no less than the attitude which the Conservatives of his own day assumed with reference to Reform.

Our authorities up to this point have kept us fully informed as to the important events in the Schoolboy's intellectual life; but, after he has passed his fifteenth year, for some mysterious reason, we hear of him no more. This appears to us the most extraordinary fact in his very extraordinary life. Is it possible that he quarrelled with Lord Macaulay, who thereupon determined to chronicle his successes no longer? Can it be that the great prom-

ise of the boy failed to be fulfilled in the man? Or are we to solve our difficulty by boldly asserting that the Schoolboy emigrated to New Zealand in his sixteenth year, and that he will be heard of no more until some Maori descendant of his shall represent him on the banks of the Thames? We confess that we are little pleased with any of the hitherto suggested explanations of the problem. We have given much attention to the point; and, after careful weighing of probabilities, have arrived at a conclusion which we reluctantly pronounce to be the true one. Our opinion is that Lord Macaulay ceased to speak of the Schoolboy after the age of fifteen because it was at that age that the Schoolboy died. The intense application, the unceasing brain-work, which had been the pleasure of his life, proved the cause of his death: he himself had winged the shaft which struck him down. It was indeed a sad fate to have labored, and to have shown no public fruit of that labor; to have died prematurely, while as yet unborn into the literary world.

We feel that any remarks of ours upon the story which we have attempted to tell would be as a farce after a tragedy; but we cannot help briefly expressing our satisfaction that it should have been permitted to us to collect into a narrative, however unworthily, the achievements of a hero in whose case justice had been so long delayed as to have appeared likely to be eternally denied.

Chambers's Journal.

WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE learned author of *Domestic Manners and Sentiments during the Middle Ages*, *The History of Caricature in History and Art*, and other like volumes, has recently given to the world a history of the gentler sex in Western Europe.** Mr. Wright is equal to the task, and is wise in confining himself to the division

of mankind to which we belong. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is the picture of woman's life in the feudal castle, which has only been briefly attempted by other writers, but which, as Mr. Wright remarks, has contributed more than anything else to the formation of her character in modern society. Our author is thoroughly at home among illuminated manuscripts, quaint chronicles, ivory carvings, embroidery—in short, anything which can shed a ray of light on the so-called "dark ages."

To show the excellent domestic character of the Roman women of an early period, it is only necessary to state, that although the Roman husbands had almost unlimited

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 129.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 319.

‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 184.

§ Essays, vol. i. p. 176.

|| Ibid. vol. i. p. 64.

¶ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 2.

** *Womankind in Western Europe, from the earliest Times to the Seventeenth Century*. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1869.

power of divorce, the first occasion on which it was exercised is said to have occurred five hundred and twenty years after the foundation of Rome. At the time of Cæsar's invasion here, social life among the Britons was at a very low ebb; and, if we are to believe him, the natives wore no clothing, merely dyeing their bodies blue. Roman costume was, however, soon adopted in this country. The Romano-British lady wore the tunic, *stola*, and the *palla*, just as the Roman ladies of Pompeii wore them; and the female personal ornaments now often discovered are all Roman. A sepulchral monument discovered at Ilkley, Yorkshire, commemorating a family named Olicana, and a statue found at Chesters, Northumberland (the site of the Roman station of Cilurnum), show well the costume at this period. The inscriptions on the few sepulchral monuments found sometimes exhibit touching affection. At Carvoran, a Roman site on the line of the Wall, Aurelius Marcus, a centurion, erected a monument, as a testimony of love for "his most holy wife, who lived thirty-three years without a single stain." A woman is frequently spoken of in Anglo-Saxon poetry under a word meaning "a weaver of peace." At first, the patriarchal spirit existed in full force among that people, the father being absolute master in his family, disposing of his children at will. He sold his daughters, the price being generally so many head of cattle. Their feelings were seldom consulted. Even when Christianity was introduced, it was no uncommon thing for a father to dedicate one of his daughters to a monastic life when she was a mere child.

The early marriage-ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons was of a very primitive character: it consisted merely of hand-fastening (*hand-fæstnung*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money, called a *foster-lean*, or payment for nourishing. At a later period, the early custom of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*. Under the influence of Christianity, the bride was allowed to have a voice in the contract, and break off the contract be-

fore her tenth year; and the father had not to return the money paid by the lover. If the lady wished to refuse before her twelfth year, the father had to return the money, or pay a fine. By this means, a father could espouse his daughter to several lovers, obtaining their money, and persuading her to cancel the contract. The church soon saw the impropriety of this, and ordered a girl who had refused the husband provided for her, to retire into a convent. Rather a harsh measure. The clergy soon introduced more formalities into the marriage ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom put a ring on the maiden's right hand at the espousals, which, at the marriage, was removed to her left, on the first finger. The father at the same time delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom; and the latter touched her on the head with it, to show his authority. This ceremony is still preserved now in the popular custom of throwing shoes after a newly-married couple. It has been supposed that the gift of the shoe had its origin in that of placing the foot on the neck of a prisoner or slave. The morning after the marriage, the husband presented the wife with a valuable present, called the morning-gift; and in later times, the amount was stipulated before the ceremony. At the close of the tenth century, the Lady Wynflæd left an estate to a relation, which she states had been her morning-gift. When Athelstan's sister, Eadgith, married Otho, Emperor of Germany, he gave her the city of Magdeburg as her morning-gift.

If a widow married again within a year of her husband's death, she forfeited everything she had received from him—the origin, doubtless, of our feeling that a widow ought to wait a year before marrying again. Mr. Wright points out that the position of women under the Danes was comparatively good. A woman had actually a right by law to the custody of her husband's keys. The Anglo-Saxon females were very industrious; and the whole process of the construction of clothing was entirely in their hands. The Penitential of Theodore of Canterbury (seventh century) forbids women to sew clothes, card wool, or shear sheep on Sunday. William of Malmesbury says that the daughters of King Edward (successor of Alfred) employed themselves in

the labors of the distaff and the needle. The Normans were much struck with the beauty of the Saxon needlework, which was called, by way of distinction, "*Anglicum opus*," or English work. According to *Doomsday Book*, Alwyd, a damsel, held lands at Ashley, Bucks, given her by Earl Godwin for teaching his daughter gold embroidery.

According to Adhelm, the Anglo-Saxon women loved to deck themselves with rings and bracelets, curled their hair, and dyed their cheeks with stibium. The manuscript illuminations which have come to us show the women clothed in a very modest manner; in fact, only the face and hands appear to be uncovered. They wore the *camisia* next the skin, then the tunic, *cyrtel* (kirtle), and over all a mantle like the Roman *palla*. The head was covered with a head-rail, as it was called. In many manuscripts, the hair is painted blue, and it is probable that both men and women dyed their hair. Before marriage, a girl wore her hair long, hanging down; but after, it was cut shorter or bound up. Gloves and stockings were worn by both sexes; the term hand-shoes (*hand-sceo*) was applied to the former. The head of a family was often called *hlaf-ord*, the origin or source of the bread; his wife, *hlaf-dis*, the distributor of the bread; and his servants and retainers, *hlaf-atas*, or eaters of the bread.

According to the ecclesiastical Anglo-Saxon laws, the bishops gave the right to divorce; and marriage was not permitted within the fifth degree of consanguinity—a ridiculous rule, frequently set at naught. The clergy of the old school then had their wives, though this was altered by Dunstan at a later period. The convents were frequently places of luxurious living, to say the least. Mr. Thrupp, in his *Anglo-Saxon Home*, page 231, gives this description of the lady abbess of one of these establishments: "She appeared in a scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, over an under-vest of fine linen of a violet color, with shoes of red leather. Her face was rouged, and her hair curled with irons over the forehead and temples; ornaments of gold encircled her neck, heavy bracelets adorned her arms, and jewelled rings were upon her fingers. Her nails were worn long, and cut to a sharp point, to resemble the talons of a hawk."

After the death of Charlemagne came the terrible invasions of the Northmen, and to withstand this, the *feudal system* arose. This consisted in granting lands on condition that the tenant should perform military services to the crown, according to its extent. In the tenth century, the whole landed property of France passed into this sort of tenure. Almost impregnable fortresses arose, and the castle became the symbol of feudalism. Isolated from the world, the male part of the household were only too glad to go forth to seek adventures. But, notwithstanding this, never in any other form of society, says M. Guizot, has a family reduced to its most simple expression, husband, wife, and children, been found so closely drawn together. When the lord left his castle, his lady remained as mistress, which often gave to women of the feudal epoch a dignity, courage, and virtues which they would not have displayed in any other circumstances. This solitary, sombre, castle life was favorable to the development of domestic life and the elevation of woman. In the eleventh century, the spirit of family domestic life had acquired a development and empire previously unknown. Dress was comparatively simple in the reign of the Conqueror, and when extravagance is mentioned, the men incur the blame.

Ladies became frequently nobles in their own right, conveying their vast estates by marriage into other families. When married, such a dame occupied a high position in the household, sitting in the place of honor beside her lord at the table, and taking his place when absent. It was the general custom for the lady of the castle to go to the gate to receive a visitor. It was not considered courteous in her to retire to array herself when he was announced. The knight of La-Tour-Laudry urges that "all women should come to receive their friends in the state in which they happen to be." When a guest departed, the lord and lady of the castle conducted him to the gate.

Sons of the vassals were sent to be educated in the castle of their suzerain, and were called *damoiseaux* (*damoiseil*, a little lord); and the daughters (*demoiselles*) were similarly placed with the lady of the castle, and attended on her, and were called *chambrières*, or chamber-maidens. They were taught to behave themselves demure-

ly and modestly; and several of the codes of instruction are extant. Two words, never to be forgotten, arose out of the condition of society in the feudal castle—*courtesy* and *chivalry*. The first of these meant the manners and sentiments prevailing in the household, for every baron's household was a court. Courtesy distinguished the society inside the castle from the people outside. A poem of the thirteenth century thus expresses the source of courtesy:

There is reason enough why
We ought to hold woman dear;
For we see happen very little
Courtesy, except through women.
Well know I that for the love of the ladies
The very clowns become courteous.

The word *chivalry* we owe to the influence of womankind on feudal society. The feeling of devotion to the fair sex was called *chevalerie*, the duty of the *chevalier*. The spirit of gallantry had made its way from the South, and the knight looked upon woman as his patron, and considered himself bound to offer himself in her defence. At joust and tournament, the presence of ladies encouraged the knights, who wore their favors (generally a richly embroidered sleeve), and received the prizes from their hands. At the tournament in Paris in 1389, the ladies met after supper each day and adjudged the prize of valor. A successful competitor was often allowed to kiss the fairest of the ladies present.

Not content with this, a fair demoiselle of rank and wealth sometimes offered herself as the prize of the tournament. Guarin de Metz in this manner won the hand of the fair Melette Fitz Warine and the manor of Whittington to boot.

The greatest accomplishment a young bachelor could possess was the art of composing love-verses upon his lady. This knightly love-poetry formed a large portion of the literature of the middle ages, and much of it is preserved. Sometimes, when a lady had a husband she did not like, she got another knight to challenge him, and, if successful, accepted him as her lover.

But notwithstanding the external pomp and pride of the medieval castle, Mr. Wright's facts prove that the degree of morality was not very high. Illegitimacy of birth was hardly considered dishonorable. The first of our Norman kings was William the Bastard, and one of the most

distinguished of the romance heroes was in similar plight.

Ladies are represented in illuminations more frequently spinning thread than in any other occupation. During the feudal period, property which went in the female line was said to descend to the *quenouille*, or distaff; hence our word *spinster* has become the legal designation of a woman who has not been married, spinning then being looked upon as unmarried woman's chief occupation. In Queen Mary's Psalter, in the British Museum, Eve is represented spinning in Eden. Curiously enough, the medieval ladies were the physicians, and often surgeons of the household. Their skill in these professions is often mentioned in romance literature.

The day in the castle began at sunrise, and ended about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, when the household usually retired to rest. The two chief meals of the day were *dinner*—about the middle of our forenoon—and *supper*, which was taken about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. At a later period, the hours became much later, and a second supper, called the *rere-supper*, was eaten. After dinner, knights and ladies sat round the table in the hall, or adjourned to a chamber near, listening to the songs of the minstrels, or playing at games, or *gabbing*. The last amusement was derived from the old northern races, and consisted in uttering extravagant boasts of the feats which each had done, or could do, and passing satirical jokes upon others. The word *gabban*, in Anglo-Saxon, means to joke or jeer, and a good gabber was a great acquisition in feudal society. In the fourteenth century, sarcastic characters were drawn upon rolls of vellum, with marks attached to each, and each drew one by chance. A like custom was kept up in the Elizabethan period in the roundels, or fruit-trenchers, which were turned up after the fruit or confectionery had been eaten, and the satirical motto was supposed to apply to him or her who found it. The medieval ladies were passionately fond of dancing and games of skill, especially to tables and chess. The former was like our backgammon, and was of great antiquity. *Draughts* (or, as it was then called, *dames*) was also played. Instruction in chess was always considered part of a liberal education. Both sexes delighted to escape from the castle into the garden, or into the fields

beyond. The garden was often extensive, and adorned with fountains, and was usually placed so that easy access could be had from the apartments of the ladies to it. The people of the middle ages had a great taste for singing-birds and pet animals, though the cat must not be reckoned among these. The favorite bird for the cage was the pie or magpie. Many stories of its skill in talking are told in the romances.

Feudal ladies of the higher class were very careful in keeping their inferiors at a respectful distance, and the rules of behavior were very formal. Ladies and gentlemen when walking out held each other's hands, never arm-in-arm. In riding, ladies frequently, like the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, rode astride like men. When sitting sideways on the horse, a lady, in illuminated manuscripts before the sixteenth century, is always represented sitting with her legs on the right side of the horse, with her left hand towards its head, exactly contrary to the way in which ladies ride now. At an early period, mules were in favor, but as the age of feudalism advanced, ladies took to the palfrey. Carriages or charrs were seldom used, and were clumsy and inconvenient. When Richard II. was reconciled to the citizens of London, and entered London, two charrs of court-ladies were in the train of the queen. One of these was overturned, as Richard of Maidstone exultingly tells us, as he looked upon it as a judgment of Heaven for such extravagance as the use of charrs. Hawking was considered quite a lady's accomplishment; and the earliest treatise on hawking and hunting written in the English language was by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Albans. John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, tells us how eagerly ladies followed the sport.* They were also very fond of hunting the hare, hart, wolf, and bear—the four beasts of *venerie*, or hunting. A hound like our modern one was used for hunting these animals, the hare, and sometimes a deer also, being pursued with a greyhound. Spaniels were used in

hawking. In manuscripts, ladies are represented frequently shooting or ferreting rabbits. Mr. Wright says the use of the ferret for this purpose is of great antiquity. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, lib. viii. c. 81) speaks of it as common among the Romans in Italy. An act of 13 Richard II. prohibits any priest or other clerk not having a benefice of ten pounds yearly value, to take rabbits with ferrets, under a penalty of a year's imprisonment. The Italian clergy were in the middle ages very fond of this amusement. An illumination in Queen Mary's Psalter represents a lady placing a ferret in a rabbit's hole. The books of the middle ages show that hawking was considered quite the province of the ladies. They even carried them into churches; but this we cannot wonder at, when we find that ecclesiastics of rank and position adopted the fashion themselves, though this was condemned by the stricter among them. The merlin was the ladies' hawk, and the hobby that for a young man. The hawking season began with the month of August, and the ladies rose early and sought partridges about that month.

The perfumes used by the medieval ladies were not of a very refined nature—saffron appears to have been the principal; and mercers sold frequently "wimples perfumed with saffron." Ladies soon came to be distinguished for extravagance in dress; and fashions changed with great rapidity. Chaucer's *Personne* inveighs against the wild extravagance of contemporary fashions in dress. Mr. Wright points out that there was no law of fashion, but each high dame seems to have chosen her fashion for herself, though at any particular period a general character prevailed. The whole extent of feudalism formed, in some respects, one great domain, in which each feudal castle was a sort of little state, complete in itself. At certain times, the ladies of these castles went to the king's court, and saw variations and peculiarities in dress, which they carried home, to introduce into their own lesser court. The dresses in the thirteenth century were often made of rich materials, richly embroidered. Gloves were generally worn; and it was considered the height of ill manners to keep the gloves on the hand during visits, or in soirées, or in balls, or in the presence of great people; and when two persons met in the public road, they drew off their gloves before touching hands.

* He alleges as a proof of the frivolous character of hawking that the "less worthy" sex was the most skilful of the two in bird-hawking, which, he says, we might make an accusation against Nature herself that "the less worthy are always the more prone to rapine."

The hair, at the end of the thirteenth century, was arranged so as to project above the ears on each side. False hair was added, called *atours*, and this assumed the form of horns, which excited the indignation of the satirists of the period. The Knight of La-Tour-Laudry (c. 1371) tells us of a bishop who, preaching to ladies thus dressed, told them that Noah's flood was brought on by similar vanities, and that he had no doubt that the Demon made his ordinary seat between the woman's horns.

There was a great difference of opinion in the middle ages as to whether a knowledge of letters was good for the female sex or not. It generally happened, however, that the ladies of the knightly household were the most learned part of the family. They appear to have excelled in literary composition. The Provençal poets counted among their ranks a number of poetesses, the most distinguished of whom lived in the twelfth century. Marie de France was a poetess of great reputation in the thirteenth century. She acknowledges as her patron our King Henry III. She wrote a collection of love-tales, professing to be derived from Breton legend, and another work consisting of a number of fables in Anglo-Norman verse. In the latter volume she says she was induced to do it by "the Earl William," who is supposed to be the celebrated William Longue-épée, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. The great poetess of the fourteenth century was Christine de Pisan, daughter of an eminent physician in Venice, who settled in Paris at the invitation of Charles V. At this time, 1368, Christine was only five years

old. She received a learned education, and while still young, married a gentleman of Picardie, named Etienne Castel. In 1396, she was well known for her poetry. Her husband died in 1402; and she had to support her five children, being probably the first woman who, in Western Europe, sought to live by her pen. She tells us, in 1405, that she had already composed fifteen principal works, without reckoning her smaller and more playful writings; that is, the poems of various kinds composed in her youth, which, altogether, she says, "filled seventy quires of a large volume." She appears to have made copies of her writings also. One of her presentation copies is preserved in the British Museum, and is richly illuminated. It was written in 1404, for presentation to Isabelle of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. At the head of the prologue is an illumination representing Christine presenting her book to the queen. In 1405, Christine presented herself as the champion of peace, and wrote a letter to the queen, entitled "The Weeping Request of Loyal Frenchmen." The peace of Vincennes was concluded soon after, but did not last long; and Christine composed her *Lamentation*. Soon after, she retired into a nunnery, where she remained eleven years, until the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, in whose praise she composed a poem, a copy of which was discovered by M. Jubinal among the manuscripts of the library at Berne, and published by him in 1838.

The remaining three or four chapters of Mr. Wright's book are devoted to a later period, namely, the transition from feudalism, and the sixteenth century.

Leisure Hour.

EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

IN the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, the picture of the Execution of Ney made a deep impression, as it had already done when first exhibited in Paris. It appeared in London, the contribution of M. Gérôme, as one of the foreign honorary Academicians. It is a picture the first impression of which is painful, but which gains upon the eye till the mind is riveted by the grim simplicity with which the tragic story is told. The common

civilian costume of Ney helps the first impression of surprise, but really adds to the satisfaction with the artist's work. There is nothing of the romance that the mere title of the picture might suggest, nothing in dress or martial pomp to bring to mind the captain of "the old guard," "the bravest of the brave!"

Under the walls of the Luxembourg, in a misty December morning, lies a middle-aged gentleman in a long blue surtout,

black pantaloons, and shoes with buckles. You see the mark of his two feet in the wet earth where he stood till he fell forward thus, a prone and lifeless mass, his face crushed against the ground. A few paces in front of the body the cartridge cases are still smoking on the ground. On the wall are the fresh dints of the bullets, among the half-legible inscriptions that tell of the rise and fall of kings and republics and empires; and, as if in irony, one bullet has struck the plaster from the middle of a "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Through the gray mist the firing party is marching off, only the officer giving one last backward glance at the morning's work.

The narrative of the closing scene of Ney's life we give from the graphic pen of M. Lamartine ("History of the Restoration," Book 34):—

At three o'clock in the morning the secretary of the Chamber of Peers appeared at the door of the prisoner's cell, to read his sentence to him officially. The guards, regretting the necessity of interrupting that peaceful sleep, which death, as if jealous of the short repose, was about to disturb so rudely, hesitated for a long time to awake him. They at length, however, obeyed, and touching the Marshal's hand, called him with a low voice. Though in a profound sleep he sat up quickly, and perceived the officials of the Chamber, and the secretary, M. Cauchy, whose features, which were known to him, indicated the sorrow and pity that disturbed his mind. The Marshal immediately got out of bed, advanced towards M. Cauchy, and prepared to listen to a sentence too well foreseen. Before he read the paper he held in his hand, the secretary begged the prisoner to separate his official duty from the personal sentiments of respect and admiration with which he was penetrated, and to pity him for having to perform a duty which was repugnant to his heart. "I am grateful, sir," replied the Marshal, "and touched by the sentiments you express, which I fully comprehend. But we all have our duties in this world; fulfil yours, I shall perform mine." Then pointing to the paper he held in his hand—"Read, sir," he said, with a resigned and gentle accent. The secretary accordingly began, in a voice which seemed to ask pardon for the words; and as he read con-

scientiously, word for word, the long enumeration of the names, titles, rank, and dignities by which the sentence designated the condemned: "To the fact, to the fact," said the Marshal with an accent of impatience, and an expression of disdain for these baubles of a life on the point of extinction: "say simply Michel Ney and soon a little dust!"

The reading having terminated, the secretary of the Chamber informed the condemned that the curate of St. Sulpice had come to offer him the consolations which religion gives to the dying, and that he was authorized by the regulations to receive him. "I want no one to teach me how to die," replied the Marshal. "At what hour to-morrow?" he added, with an interrogative expression of countenance which finished the suspended sense of the question. "At nine o'clock," replied M. Cauchy, bowing, as if ashamed of the brevity of the time doled out to him for his preparation. "And my wife and children," said the condemned; "can I, at least, embrace them for the last time?" This M. Cauchy was authorized to promise him. "Well, then," said Ney, "let my wife come at five in the morning; but keep her ignorant, above all things, of my condemnation: let her learn it only from myself, who alone can soften its horrors to her." He was promised that this precaution should be taken with his family; and he then begged to be left alone for the remainder of the night. He lay down again on his bed, wrapped his cloak around his head, and fell asleep, as if on the bivouac and ready for action. Nature, more merciful than his judges, veiled from him his agony in sleep.

At five o'clock Madame Ney, accompanied by her sister and her four sons, was introduced into his prison. The period fixed for this interview sufficiently indicated that it was one of final separation. The Marshal, who adored this young and charming companion of his happy days, received her fainting in his arms, and with difficulty restored her with his tears and kisses. Then taking his four young sons upon his knees, and pressing them to his heart, he uttered to them in a low voice those last sad words by which a father transfuses the purest portion of his soul into the memory of his children. His sister-in-law anxiously endeavored to

console by turns the father, the mother, and the children, and prayed aloud amidst the sobbing of these hapless groups. The Marshal, who had solaced his heart with the sight and farewell endearments of all that he loved upon earth, maintained sufficient coolness to deceive his wife and withdraw her from the agony of his last moments, by imparting a hope to her which he did not feel himself. He flattered her with the idea that the heart of the King might still be overcome by the sight of her grief and the energy of her prayers. He thus succeeded in withdrawing himself from her arms; and the suppliants were conducted amidst the darkness to the gates of the palace, where the King and the Duchess of Angoulême were still sleeping.

By the favor of the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the King, the family were admitted into the ante-rooms of the royal apartments, where Madame Ney, uneasy, but still confiding, awaited the monarch's rising. She did not doubt that even the permission to weep so near their hearts was a tacit promise of mercy. The first light and noises of day penetrating into the palace impressed her with mingled feelings of hope and terror. Her mother had been in friendly intercourse with the mother of the Duchess of Angoulême. Would the daughter of Maria Antoinette allow the widowed daughter, and the little orphan boys, to leave that palace where she was more than queen? This hapless group waited in the ante-chamber in vain until the irreparable hour had elapsed. The princess had known or heard nothing of it. What an hour lost for nature and the Monarchy!

The Marshal had not lain down again after the last embraces of his wife and sobbing of his children. He had dried up his own tears, that he might no longer think of anything but the dignity of his death. He wrote his will; then rising from his chair, he walked about his chamber, exchanging with great composure a few words with his guardians. One of these royal body-guards, disguised as grenadiers, of whom we have spoken, had conceived for the hero that involuntary tenderness of admiration and pity which the familiarity of a prison, misfortune, and approaching death create in noble hearts. This was a royalist gentleman of Dauphiny, named M. de V——. His handsome

countenance, his martial character, his accent of free but respectful frankness, had deceived the prisoner himself, who thought he saw in M. de V—— one of the old sub-officers of his great campaigns. He gladly conversed with this guard during the long hours of this weary captivity. "This is the last sun I shall ever see, comrade," said he, approaching M. de V——. "This world is at an end for me. This evening I shall lie in another bivouac. I am no woman, but I believe in God and in another life, and I feel that I have an immortal soul. They spoke to me of preparation for death, of the consolations of religion, of conferring with a pious priest. Is that the death of a soldier? Let me hear what you would do in my place." "*Monsieur le Maréchal*," replied M. de V——, "we still hope that the King will be worthy of Henri IV., and that he will not suffer France to be deprived of one of her most glorious servants, for one day of forgetfulness: but death is death for all mankind, and he who has seen it so near on so many battlefields is not afraid to hear it spoken of in a dungeon. The voice of a last friend has never been painful to a soldier in the hospital wagon. Were I in your place, I should allow the curate of St. Sulpice to enter, and I should prepare my soul for every event." "I believe you are right," replied the Marshal with a friendly smile; "well, then, let the priest come in." The curate of St. Sulpice, who was patiently waiting the favorable moment in a room of the Luxembourg, was introduced, and conferred piously with the Marshal in a corner of the chamber. The hour which brought no pardon at length sounded for the execution. The prisoner, who had read in the features, and heard in the murmurs of the Chamber of Peers, the inexorable vengeance of party spirit, had expected nothing from the tears of his wife and children. It was for her sake and theirs that he had affected to hope. He dressed himself, therefore, to appear with propriety before the last fire he was ever to face. He wore a military frock coat on the occasion. The noise of the troops, who were stationed from the gate of the Luxembourg to the railing of the avenue of the observatory, and the rolling of a carriage in the courtyard, apprised him of the hour of departure and the route. He thought he was to be con-

ducted to the plain of Grenelle, to the spot marked by the blood of Labédoyère, the ordinary place of execution. His door opened; he understood the sign. He descended with a firm step, a serene brow, and a lofty look, his lips almost wearing a smile, but without any theatrical affectation, through the double ranks of the troops drawn up on the steps of the stair-case, and in the vestibule of the palace, like a man happy once more to see the uniform, the arms, and the troops—his old family. On arriving at the bottom of the flight of steps where the carriage awaited him with the door open, he stopped instead of mounting, through politeness to the priest who accompanied him, and who was yielding him the precedence. Taking the curate by the arm, "No, no," said he, with a manner at once playful and sad, in melancholy allusion to the object of his journey, "go in first, Mr. Curate; I shall still arrive above there before you;" indicating with a look the haven of his rest.

The carriage proceeded at a foot-pace through the broad alleys of the Luxembourg, and between the silent ranks of the soldiers. An icy fog crept along the ground, yielding only glimpses of the leafless branches of the lofty trees in the royal garden. The priest murmured by the side of the soldier spiritual consolation and resignation to death. The Marshal listened to him with manly attention, and expected to listen still longer, when the carriage suddenly stopped midway between the railing of the Luxembourg and the Observatory, in front of a long wall of a black and fetid enclosure, that bordered an alley leading out of the avenue. The Government, ill-advised even in the choice of a place of execution, seemed desirous of rendering it more abject and contemptuous, by striking down this illustrious enemy like some unclean animal, on a cross-road, and at a few paces from a palace, the name of which will forever be stained by the memory of so foul a deed.

Ney was astonished, and looked around for the cause of this halt, half-way, as he supposed, when the carriage-door opened, and he was requested to alight. He felt that he was never to return, and gave to the priest who accompanied him the few articles he had about him, with his last remembrances to his family. He emptied his pockets also of some pieces of gold

for the poor of the parish; he then embraced the priest, the last friend who supplies the place of all absent friends at this final hour, and marched to the wall towards the place indicated by a platoon of veterans. The officer commanding the party advanced towards him, and requested permission to bandage his eyes. "Do you not know," replied the soldier, "that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to look balls and bullets in the face?" The officer, disturbed, hesitating, undecided, expecting perhaps a cry of pardon, or fearing to commit a sacrilege of glory by firing on his general, stood mute between the hero and his platoon. The Marshal availed himself of this hesitation, and of the immobility of the soldiers, to cast a final reproach upon his destiny. "I protest, before God and my country," he exclaimed, "against the sentence which has condemned me. I appeal from it to man, to posterity, to God!"

These words and the countenance, enshrined in their memory of the hero of the camp, shook the steadiness of the soldiers. "Do your duty," cried the commandant of Paris to the officer, who was more confused than the victim. The officer, stumbling, resumed his place beside his party. Ney advanced a few paces, raised his hat with his left hand, as he was accustomed to elevate it in desperate charges to animate his troops. He placed his right hand on his breast to mark well the seat of life to his murderers. "Soldiers!" said he, "aim right at the heart!" The party, absolved by his voice and commanded by his gesture, fired as one man. A single report was heard: Ney fell as if struck with a thunderbolt, without a convulsion, and without a sigh. Thirteen balls had pierced the bust, and shattered the heart of the hero, and mutilated the right arm which had so often waved the sword of France. The soldiers, the officers, and the spectators, turned away their eyes from the body, as from the evidence of a crime. During the quarter of an hour which the military regulations required that the corpse should lie exposed upon the place of execution, no spectators, except a few passers-by and some women from the neighboring houses, looked upon the body, or mingled their tears with its blood. Some groups demanded, with a low voice, who the criminal was, thus abandoned on the public highway, and

shot to death by soldiers of the grand army. None had the courage to reply that it was the body of the "bravest of the brave," the hero of the Beresina. After the legal period of exposure, the hospitable sisters of a neighboring convent claimed the body to bestow funeral honors upon it in private, had it carried to their chapel, and watched and prayed alternately around the forlorn coffin.

When the Parisians awoke and found that Ney had been executed, bitter shame seized upon every soul. The court party stupidly rejoiced at being revenged. But for one heroic enemy, disarmed and repentant, whom they had immolated, they made thousands of new enemies amongst those who looked for an act of clemency, called for by so many services rendered to the country, and so much fame acquired

for France. A feeling more dangerous than anger, because it is more durable, smouldered in the hearts of impartial youth, of an outraged army, and of a grateful people. This was disgust for the pusillanimity of that Court which had never fought, and which allowed to be shed in its cause such popular and glorious blood, as a libation to the foreigner, on a soil still trampled under the feet of our enemies.

So Ney was left to die. His fault was great, but he might have been pardoned. The Court was cruel, the King weak, the ministers complaisant, the Chamber of Deputies implacable, Europe goading, the Chamber of Peers cowardly as a senate in the fallen days of Rome. Let each of these bear a part in the murder of the hero : France disclaims the deed.

The Spectator.

RECENT SOLAR RESEARCHES.

SINCE the great eclipse of August, 1868, our knowledge respecting the constitution of the Sun has been steadily progressing. One discovery after another has been made, and there really seems to be no reason for believing that we have as yet nearly reached the limits of the knowledge which spectroscopic analysis is capable of supplying. Indeed, the invention of a new form of spectroscope—the ingenious automatic spectroscope of Mr. Browning—promises soon to be rewarded by a series of discoveries as important as any which have hitherto been made. We propose briefly to indicate the present position of our knowledge respecting the great central luminary of our system.

The spectroscopic observation of the eclipse of August, 1868, had shown that the strange prominences seen during total eclipses of the sun are vast masses of luminous vapor, hydrogen flames, we may call them, considering how largely hydrogen enters into their constitution. Only we must remember that it is hydrogen glowing from intensity of heat simply, and not burning hydrogen, that constitutes these prominences. Now it had long been recognized that the colored prominences spring from an envelope of a similar nature surrounding the whole surface of the sun. Father Secchi, of the Collegio Romano, in a lecture given to the pupils of the

École Ste. Gèneviève, had thus in 1867 described this envelope (whose existence he was the first to recognize):—"The observation of eclipses furnishes indisputable evidence that the sun is really surrounded by a layer of red matter, of which we commonly see no more than the most elevated points." One of the first and most interesting results of the eclipse observations was Mr. Lockyer's confirmation of the justice of this opinion. He and Janssen had independently shown that the existence of prominences can be recognized when the sun is not eclipsed; and the same method supplied clear evidence of the existence of this red envelope, to which Mr. Lockyer gave the name of the "*Chromosphere*." Remembering who first indicated its existence as "indisputable," we may conveniently call it Secchi's Chromosphere.

Both the chromosphere and the prominences consist of glowing vapor. But there is a difference in their constitution. In the prominences there are usually but very few constituent vapors. Hydrogen is there, and another vapor whose name is as yet undetermined, while occasionally there are the vapors of other elements. But in the chromosphere there are commonly several elements, and sometimes there are many.

Here, then, we have above the photosphere of the sun a vaporous envelope,

obviously of a complicated structure, and perhaps far more complicated than it has yet been proven to be. For it must be remembered that the lowest layers of this envelope might be composed of the vapors of numerous elements, and yet no record of their existence be recognized. A depth of ten miles would correspond to so small a proportion of the sun's diameter (about the 85,000th part) as to be wholly unrecognizable by any telescopic power men can hope to obtain. If any of our readers are telescopists, they will know what force lies in the remark that such a distance would subtend about the 44th part of a second of arc, so that no less than twenty-six such distances could be placed between the components of that well-known test-object, the double companion of the star Gamma Andromedæ.

Next below this colored envelope there is the mottled photosphere, either a white-hot surface with relatively dark pores all over it; or, according to other and better authorities, a surface of white-hot spots spread over a relatively dark background. Here we are describing merely its appearance; what the constitution of this surface may in reality be, remains yet to be determined.

Beneath the photosphere there are vast depths of vapor; for when the photosphere is broken through where spots are formed, the spectroscopic tells us that the relatively dark regions thus disclosed are filled with the vapors of various elements. We know that the dark lines which cross the rainbow-tinted solar spectrum are caused by the light-absorbing action of the vapors which surround the sun, and these lines are seen more distinctly in the spectrum of a sun-spot than in that of the photosphere.

Now it is worthy of notice that all that has thus far been discovered tends to confirm the theory put forward nearly a century ago by Sir William Herschel. That thoughtful observer recognized in the solar photosphere a widely-extended layer of luminous clouds, while he regarded the light of the penumbrae of sun-spots as coming from a lower cloud-layer. He conceived that up-rushes of vapor, thrusting aside both layers, caused the appearance of a solar spot. We have heard a great deal lately of the English and Continental theories of the solar constitution; but the evidence we have recently obtained goes far to show that, after all, Sir William Her-

schel, without the aid of spectroscope or polariscope, formed a juster view of the solar constitution than any which has been recently propounded. He was doubtless mistaken in the view (which he put forward as a mere hypothesis) that the real surface of the sun may be not very intensely heated. We have every reason to believe that the whole mass of the sun is raised to an inconceivable degree of heat. But for the rest, there seems far more reason to believe in Sir William Herschel's cloud-layer theory, than in any other which has been put forward in recent times.

Let us consider some of the consequences of such a constitution. Imagine the ascent of vapors of many elements from the fluid surface of the solar oceans. This mixed atmosphere is in reality aglow with the intensest heat and light, so that if we could examine its spectrum separately, we should see the bright lines of the various vaporous elements which constitute it. But intensely hot as it is, it must yet be less hot than the surface from which it has risen, because the formation of vapor is a process in which heat is used up. And therefore, by a well-known law, the spectrum of the light from the white-hot surface shining through the atmosphere will be a rainbow-tinted streak, crossed by the dark lines corresponding to the various elements composing that atmosphere. But as the lighter vapors in this mixed atmosphere ascend, they reach a region of less pressure, and a region where they can part more freely with their heat. Thus, precisely as the cumulous clouds form in our own atmosphere, so would a layer of clouds be formed somewhat low down in the solar atmosphere. But from the upper surface of this layer the vapors of the elements composing the clouds would rise, again to condense at a higher level, much as the light cirrus clouds in our own atmosphere form at a great height above the layer of cumulous clouds.

The great difference between this process and what takes place in our own atmosphere would consist in the fact that, whereas the only kind of cloud which can form in our air is a water-cloud, there can be formed in the solar atmosphere clouds of iron, copper, zinc, and other such elements, each element having its own distinct range, so to speak, within the limits of the solar atmosphere.

Now with such processes as these going on, we can conceive how rushes of heated gas might from time to time thrust aside the cloud-layers; and how, where this happened, we should occasionally recognize the bright lines corresponding to the more intensely heated gas, as well as the dark lines corresponding to the deep vapor-masses laid bare by the removal of the photosphere. And precisely in this way do the observations recently made by Mr. Lockyer seem alone to be explicable. He sees the glowing vapors above the photosphere stirred from time to time as by fierce tempests; nay, he is enabled to measure (very roughly, of course) the velocity with which these solar winds urge their way through the chromosphere itself,

in the neighborhood of the spots. The progress of these hurricanes is often indicated by the appearance of bright lines in the spectrum where usually dark lines are seen.

Truly Kirchhoff's discovery of the significance of the spectral lines is bearing wonderful fruit! Who would have thought that researches carried on with a few triangular prisms of glass on the light from such a substance as sodium, the basis of our commonplace soda, would lead to the result that solar tornadoes could be watched as readily with the spectroscope, as in Galileo's time the sun-spots themselves could be traced across the sun's disc with the telescope?

MOLIÈRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF all the great men who illustrated the era of Louis XIV. in France, there are few whose fame was so great in his own time, or whose genius has been so cordially recognized by posterity as MOLIÈRE. He was by far the greatest comic poet of France, if not of the world, and as the drama was at that time about the only sphere of poetic effort, he produced plays which almost alone in literature have been thought worthy of being compared with Shakespeare's. Hallam, than whom it would be difficult to find a more conservative and non-committal writer, claimed that Shakespeare had the greater genius, but admitted that MOLIÈRE wrote the better comedies. Indeed, of Comedy in its modern sense, MOLIÈRE may be considered as the founder; and he gave to the French the superiority in this field which they have since maintained almost without a rival. Scarron and Mlle. Scudery preceded him it is true, but their "comedies" were clumsy, laborious, and tedious at best, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* was as marked a deviation from them as from the older Spanish and Italian models.

MOLIÈRE is the stage alias of JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, who was born at Paris on the 15th of January, 1622. His father, and his grandfather before him, were "valets-de-chambre-de-tapisier" to the King, and until the age of fourteen young Poquelin was intended for the same

trade. Arrived at this age, however, his disinclination to the work, and his marked predilection for the stage, induced his father to give him a better education, and he was sent to the College de Clermont, which was under the care of the Jesuits, where he remained till 1641. Two or three years afterward he was admitted to the bar as an advocate, but in 1645 he yielded to his propensity for the stage, and became the head of a company which exhibited first in the provinces. His decision, it is said, was influenced by his passion for the beautiful actress Madeleine Béjart. His first play, "*L'Étourdi*," was produced at Lyons in 1653, and was very successful; and the year following, in Languedoc, he produced his second piece, "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," which was likewise a success. The Prince de Conti was so pleased with his productions as to make him director of the entertainments which he gave in the province, and even to offer him the place of private secretary. MOLIÈRE, however, declined this offer.

After remaining four or five years in Languedoc the company quitted that province for Grenoble, whence they went to Rouen, and subsequently to Paris. Here MOLIÈRE played before Louis XIV., and so impressed the king that he invited the company to remain in Paris, gave them the title of "Troupe de Monsieur," and allowed them to play alternately with the Italian comedians at the

theatre called La Petit Bourbon. Subsequently the company became "La Troupe du Roi," and was far the most popular in the capital. This was in 1665.

During the remaining nine years of his life, MOLIÈRE produced thirty or more plays, the most famous of which are "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," "*Le Tartuffe*," and "*Les Femmes Savantes*." The "*Précieuses*" is a wonderfully brilliant satire upon the Parisian "blue-stockings," who rendered themselves ridiculous by their affectations of the manners and talk of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the "*Femmes Savantes*" is on the same subject and in the same strain. "*Le Tartuffe*" is the most powerful exposure of religious hypocrisy ever made, unless we are to make an exception in favor of Pecksniff; and that it hits somebody or some class is pretty clearly indicated by the fact that it was interdicted at Court, and that the Archbishop of Paris threatened to excommunicate whoever should act, listen to, or read it. The other best known plays of MOLIÈRE are "*Les Fâcheux*," "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*," "*Le Misanthrope*," and "*L'Avare*." His last composition was "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," and it was while playing in this that he was attacked

by the illness which put an end to his life, on the 17th of February, 1673.

MOLIÈRE was married in 1662 to Armande Béjart, but by her coquetties and flirtations she almost drove him mad with jealousy, and rendered a separation necessary. They were reconciled, however, in 1672, and she was with him in his last moments.

The genius of MOLIÈRE displayed itself chiefly in the delineation of character. His plots and his method of work, judged by any high standard of art, must be pronounced loose and extravagant; but he has never been surpassed in developing an individual character (as in "*L'Avare*"), or in typifying a class (as in "*Les Précieuses*" and "*Tartuffe*").

MOLIÈRE was assailed and traduced throughout his life by those who were envious of his fame; and we can scarcely refrain our indignation even now, as we reflect that it was only by special request of the king that his body was permitted to be buried in consecrated ground. But that happily was two hundred years ago, and the senseless intolerance of priesthood has become as uninteresting as a twice-told tale, and as insignificant as the vagaries of witchcraft.

POETRY.

THE TELBIN STONE.

BRUNNEN, June, 1870.

[ON the highest point of the Axenstrasse, near Brunnen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, the passing traveller sees a monumental stone by the wayside, recording the death of a young English artist, in 1866, by a fall from the precipice into the lake below. The lake hereabouts is said on sounding to have been found to be 8,000 feet deep. No bodies drowned in these depths are ever seen again. The simple inscription on this stone is: "To the memory of Henry Telbin, who fell from this spot while sketching, September 14th, 1866, aged 25 years."]

O! wan gray stone, thus sadly set on high,
Telling my tale to every passer by,
Still looking down from thy stupendous cliff,
Telling my tale to every passing skiff,—
Why this appeal incessant for a woe
That came and went four passing years ago?
Within four years how many myriad men
Have died ungraced by chisel or by pen!
Within four years how many myriads tread
All unrecorded to the nameless dead!
Sharp was the horror of the dread descent,
Wild was the parent's wail, the friend's lament,

For the young artist from my own far land
Who plunged in terror to the unknown strand.
But shall we grieve for those who in life's morn
Pass to the scenes to which mankind are born?
Life here at best is but the anchored stay
Of some strange bark which comes and sails away.
But who, like this young Telbin, lies in state
Which kings might envy, conquerors emulate?
No tomb like this did genius ever plan
Or nations raise to some immortal man.
A thousand fathoms deep his bones repose,
In mystery's fane, which no intrusion knows.
No mortal glance shall there forever fall;
No mortal hand shall lift the sleeper's pall:
Forever and forever—or while Time
Holds his forever—Nature's chant sublime
Shall peal about him, winds and waves intone,
The rushing avalanche fall with shuddering moan,
And thunders answer from the summits lone.
Still the tall pines their murmured requiem sing,
And odors breathe from all the flowers of spring;
And summer still the awful cliffs shall gem
With the red radiance of the lily's stem.
Vast are the crystal chambers of his shrine
And roofed above with purest hyaline;
And the huge mountains in their mantles hoar
Keep deepest, wordless watch for evermore!

The dead—who calls him dead who never died—
Who only passed unto the other side?
Life has no pause, the soul no rifted chain,—
So ancient seers and modern truths maintain,
To other lands the artist's gifts belong,
In other lands the poet hymns his song,
And on far loftier themes, with nobler fire,
Than Raphael knew or Milton did inspire.

To the dead leave the dead—'tis ours to climb
Through heights of life to life yet more sublime.
The sons of God no chance nor change surprise;
Onward they march through kingdoms to the
skies;

Great pilgrims of the ages—radiant bands
Before whose feet the Eternal still expands,
Forever and forever. Hark! they call—
"On to Life's Source, where Love is All in All!"

WILLIAM HOWITT.

BRECON BBIDGE.

[BRECON, built at the confluence of the rivers
Honddhu and Usk, has hence its native name
Aberhonddhu (pronounced *Aberhonndy*). Llew-
elyn, the last independent Prince of the Welsh,
was killed in Breconshire.]

Low to himself beneath the sun,
While soft his dusky waters run
With ripple calm as infant's breath,
An ancient song Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

'Tis not of deeds of old, the song,
Llewelyn's fate, or Gwalia's wrong:
But how, while we have each our day
And then are not, he runs for aye.

He sees the baby dip its feet
Within his limpid waters sweet:
And hears when youth and passion speak
What smites with fire the maiden's cheek:—

Then, manhood's colors tamed to gray,
With his fair child the father gay:
And then Old Age who creeps to view
The stream his feet in boyhood knew.

From days before the iron cry
Of Roman legions rent the sky,
Since man with wolf held savage strife,
Usk sees the flow and ebb of life.

As mimic whirlpools on his face
Orb after orb, each other chase,
And gleam and intersect and die,
Our little circles eddy by.

But those fair waters run for aye,
While to himself, *Where'er they stray,*
All footsteps lead at last to Death,
His ancient song, Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

A SEA-TOWN.

A LONG street straggling up a church-crowned
hill,
Whitened from end to end with rain and wind,
The brown old houses, e'en more straggling still,
Branching therefrom, cluster to cluster joined,

Craft oddly grouped, and craft in ordered rows,
Crowd the quaint wharf whence now and then a
gray

And grim old lugger scuds with surfy bows
And press of dingy canvas. Far away,
A white-winged ship makes for the dim coast-line
Where hides a busy port; while farther far
A wee sail flashing like a falling star
Gleams and is gone. The sunset's fiery sign
Is set on all the hills; and evening soon
Brings home the boats beneath the brightening
moon.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

DIM Child of Earth!
With eye uprais'd to Heaven,
No record of thy birth

To thee is given:
The rockings of thy cradle are but known
To ONE alone.

Thou seek'st to fathom far that hidden past;
To reach the shore thine infant being bounding:
In vain thy plummet toward the abyss is cast;
The line's too short for such a Deep-Sea sound-
ing.

But the Eternal Future lies before thee:
Whence thou dost come 'tis plain we cannot
know;
But thro' the cloud that spreads its shadows o'er
thee,
Say,—whither dost thou go?

What realm unknown, thro' all the bright crea-
tion,
Shall be thy dwelling-place?
Where, rapt in joy and holy aspiration,
Thou shalt behold His face.

We point our telescope to search the Ages:
We find no star!
Thou ponderest over Revelation's pages:
What read'st thou there?

Upon that page one written line I see;
The hand I know:—
"Where I am, there my servant, too, shall be."
To HIM I go.

S. GREG.

SLEEP.

*Somne veni! et quanquam certissima mortis
imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
Huc ades, haud abiture cito; nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.*

COME, Sleep! tho' image thou of Death most
meet,
Yet on my couch for thy embrace I sigh!—
Come then, nor soon depart!—for 'tis most
sweet,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to
die.

Life,—yet no pain of living,—oh, how sweet!
Death,—yet no sting of death he fears or knows
Whose eye thou closest,—in his bosom meet
The bliss of being and the grave's repose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, &c. By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A. New York: Harper and Bros., 1870.

THIS is not the first time that Mr. Macgregor has come before the public with a record of his experiences as a traveller, nor is it the first time that the canoe "Rob Roy" has been heard of, upon the obscure and little known waters of the world. The "Rob Roy on the Baltic" was a popular book a year or two ago, and, if we recollect aright, this canoe was the first to penetrate the inland rivers of Norway and Sweden, and the head-waters of the Danube, among the mountains of Central Europe. But we confess that in following up this last trip on the Jordan, we make our first acquaintance with the author. It would hardly have been necessary to make this confession if the companionship had proved as interesting as the theme and the novelty of the method of observation had led us to expect; but the Rob Roy, we suspect, will have to carry another master before many readers will be anxious to accompany it through more than the six or seven hundred pages of the present volume.

Mr. Macgregor seems to be a young man, with plenty of bravery and pluck and love of adventure, who, by a somewhat extended experience, has acquired a certain facility in making books, but who is signally deficient in the judgment and discrimination that are so necessary in one who would tell us of strange lands; whose ideas are crude and restricted, not to say narrow; and whose literary style approaches very nearly to what Voltaire held was the only fatal one in writing—the dull. The want of discrimination between what is important and what is comparatively insignificant, between what is likely to prove valuable to the reader and what is interesting only to the author himself, strikes one as the most conspicuous deficiency of the volume.

There are few peoples in the world about whom so little is known as about the Arabs of Syria and Palestine, or who ought to be more interesting to intelligent readers; yet, though Mr. Macgregor would seem to have had exceptionally good opportunities for observing them, he devotes twenty pages to his own mishaps and the personal aspect of his adventures, where he devotes one to this singular people, or, in fact, to anything else. Nothing can be found in his book to give so much as a hint as to their government, customs, habits, and modes of life,—whether they are shepherds, agriculturists, hunters, or traders. True, he somewhere apologizes for this by remarking that his record is confined to facts, incidents, and adventures afloat, but a rigid adherence to this rule would have excluded at least half the matter to be found in the book. The author, doubtless, found it exciting work to protect his boat, while floundering with his caravan through swamps and morasses; but adventures which are confined to this soon become commonplace, if not tedious, and it is surely of scarcely less importance for each traveller to record his impression of the country and its inhabitants than to give his opinion as to the precise course of the Jordan, or whether the Pharpar really ends in the marsh of Ateibeh.

Despite these drawbacks, however, the "Rob Roy on the Jordan" will be found by many both instructive and interesting, and probably some of the very reasons which render it somewhat dull to the general reader will enhance its value in the eyes of those who support the Palestine Exploration Fund, for instance. The River Jordan, the Lake of Genesareth, and the surrounding country, must ever be interesting to a large part of the human race, and no book regarding them would be absolutely without a *raison d'être*, and Mr. Macgregor has settled finally two or three geographical problems which have long puzzled travellers. Whether the decision to which he has come will, in every case, be accepted as conclusive, remains to be seen; but he is unquestionably entitled to the credit of first adopting the only method by which such problems can be settled. If he has failed to write a satisfactory book, he has done some good work, and done it bravely and well, which is doubtless a much more important matter.

The route of the "Rob Roy" was from Port Said through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea; thence overland to Damascus, and down the Pharpar to the marsh of Ateibeh; from the head waters of the Jordan (the three branches) down that river to the Sea of Galilee; and from there back again to the Mediterranean. Quite daring enough, we should say, and lengthy enough for a canoe fourteen feet long.

The illustrations of the volume are numerous and well executed, but are open to the same criticism that has been made upon the book itself—they are too personal to the author, and not as interesting as they might be. The maps, however, of which there are six, are excellent, and are probably more nearly correct than any which have ever been made of that portion of Palestine and Syria.

Free Russia. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. New York: Harper & Bros., 1870.

BEFORE saying anything in favor of this work it is doubtless advisable to warn the reader that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is considered very suspicious authority, whether he records conclusions drawn from his own observation, or whether he attempts to gather spoils from the "ample page" of history; and that "Free Russia" has been treated with special contempt by the best Russian critics, who alone, probably, are capable of pronouncing accurate judgment as to its merits and deficiencies. One of these critics, Professor Kapustin, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *S. Petersburg Góloss* in which he disclaims all responsibility in connection with the book, and says: "My respect for the author made me endeavor to induce him to abandon all idea of writing about a country perfectly unknown to him; or, at least, to postpone doing so. I did not succeed. It was necessary for Mr. Dixon to bring out his book at once, in order to anticipate the work on Russia by Sir Charles Dilke, which was to appear in the spring of the following year. Signs of the haste with which Mr. Dixon has written are very evident. . . . I will not undertake to enumerate the errors of which the composition is full. Having read it in proof only, I still hope that

much which provokes laughter in its pages is to be attributed to the compositors. Nevertheless, the views expressed belong undeniably to the author himself, and the boldness and originality which distinguish them awaken this sad thought:—That there exists in Europe a nation about which it is permitted to speak unrestrainedly without knowing its language, and without taking the trouble to become acquainted with its life, even at second-hand."

After such a verdict from such a source there would seem to be nothing more to be said, for certainly no outside critic would have the temerity to differ with Professor Kapustin upon a subject connected with his own country; yet there can be no doubt that to the vast majority of readers "Free Russia" will prove not only a very entertaining, but a very instructive work. Of the rest of Europe we have numerous histories which picture the past to us more or less accurately, and innumerable travels, sketches, papers, and periodicals which enable us to gain a pretty clear conception of what is going on at present; but of Russia the average reader knows absolutely nothing, except that it is a vast territory, nearly as large as the remainder of Europe, inhabited by heterogeneous tribes of Tartars, Finns, Lapps, Samoiedes, and Russ; whose government is an absolute despotism, and whose people have been raised by the reigning Emperor from a condition of serfdom to something like citizenship. Of the customs, laws, religion, and habits of the people; of their peculiar social organization; and of that new basis for the structure of civilization which the Russian conservatives claim is being developed, we have been in darkness which not even the encyclopedias attempted to dispel. Now, whatever may be the deficiencies of Mr. Dixon's book, however false may be its conclusions (and that they are many and glaring can very well be believed), there can be no question that it does at least this much: it lifts the curtain upon a new drama in the growth of peoples, and gives us a glimpse at least of what the Russians really are while serfdom is being abolished; of the relation which religion bears to their ordinary life; and of what customs and habits they are retaining, and what they are giving up. All this is done very imperfectly, it is true, and with the very faintest perception of the relative importance of facts; but we know of no other popular work in which it is done at all.

Until, therefore, some other book* on the subject makes its appearance, which shall be popular and at the same time better, we feel called upon to commend "Free Russia" to the perusal of all who would learn something of that peculiar people whose life and whose civilization (if civilization it can be called) are based upon ideas which Western Europe is prone to look upon as the wildest of transcendental vagaries.

The Modern Job. By HENRY PETERSON. Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co.

WHATEVER else the author of "The Modern Job" may be, there can be no doubt that he is a thinker—a bold, strong, courageous thinker—who is not afraid to confront some of the deepest and highest problems that challenge the intellect of man, and who is yet no vulgar rebel, impatient of

all restraint merely because it is restraint, and proud of his own infidelity. That his book will awaken fierce opposition in many, and even frighten some, is more than probable; but he has at least proved himself to be an earnest, devout, and reverential seeker after truth.

"The Modern Job" is a dramatic poem, and as its whole substance consists of speculations upon the Divine government of the world, the nature and origin of evil, and the relation which the individual bears to religion, it may be questioned whether the drama is the best form in which it could have been cast. The advantages of dramatic treatment are too obvious to require mention, but there are also disadvantages which have succeeded pretty well in keeping abstract reasoners out of the field, such, for instance, as the fact that the argument is effective or ineffective in proportion to the impression which the personality into whose mouth it is put has made upon us; and that it is shorn of its just weight when we are compelled to regard it as the spontaneous expression of individuals like ourselves, with whom we are brought face to face. That Mr. Peterson has succeeded, nevertheless, in touching our convictions so closely, and inspiring us with an interest in his characters, shows that he has genuine dramatic talent; and though his work is too "impact with thought" to leave much room for poetry, there are some very powerful passages. The whole of it, moreover, with a few exceptions here and there, is written at a sustained elevation of thought commensurate with the dignity of the theme.

The spirit of the poem will be sufficiently indicated by the statement that it is the old story of Job adapted to the nineteenth century, and that it is modelled upon, or at least suggested by, Lord Byron's "Cain." The figure of Job himself is grand, patriarchal, and dignified, not unworthy of his immortal prototype; and the Dwarf is a striking and strong characterization. The other characters are lay figures merely. The poem is divided into three parts, the first two of which contain the history of Job in prosperity and adversity, and various theological discussions; while the third is the "Vision of Job," in which he has an interview in space with the Archangel Michael, who corroborates and amplifies his ideas on morals and theology. It is somewhat startling to read the following, by way of stage directions:—"Michael waves his hand and the walls of space open, and Job beholds myriads of flaming suns and glittering planets and spheres, a huge network, as it were, of infinite splendor;" and after Milton and Goethe it is certainly daring for any author to tamper with this celestial machinery; but except where Michael speaks of "the late civil war" and the Reconstruction policy, dragging the subject down from high Heaven and questions of eternal moment to the vulgar level of a political debate, the treatment does not impress one as being altogether inadequate.

Of the author's doctrines, of course, opinions will differ. His idea that the world is governed, not by the Almighty, but by some intermediate agent who is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, is curious at least; and though Hawthorne undoubtedly expressed the aspiration of many when he wished that if there be a hereafter he might be permitted to rest a few thousand years before

being put to work again, there is no doubt in our mind that Mr. Peterson's conception of an immortality in which angels and men work forever in the line of their nature toward something higher and better, is a far grander and nobler one than the vague beatitudes which haunt the dreams of enthusiasts. As for the principles of toleration which he maintains, we wish that they were preached every Sabbath from every pulpit in the land.

† *Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain.* By HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

NEXT to our Patent Office Reports, the dreariest reading in the world probably is to be found in the average guide-book; but in "Skeleton Tours" Mr. Sargent has given us as charming a little volume as one could wish for a summer leisure hour, when the spirit, indeed, is willing to roam, though the flesh is weak. The secret of this charm is that Mr. Sargent is a gentleman, and views everything from the stand-point of a cultured traveller; and without boring us with second-hand history and dismal statistics, gives just such hints and suggestions as the tourist finds most valuable. In addition to this, the routes which are sketched off include many places of interest which are off the common line of travel, and scarcely to be found mentioned in the ordinary guide-book. The English tours are the most elaborate in the volume, and on the whole the most attractive, and illustrate very strikingly the remark which we made last month as to the number of places, famous from historical and other associations there are in England, of which the ordinary reader and traveller never so much as heard.

"The object of the author," says Mr. Sargent, "in publishing these little tours, is twofold. One, and the principal, is to answer the universal question of all travellers—'How do you get from one place to another, and how long does it take?' and, secondly, 'What does it cost?'" Perhaps the best way of showing his method of answering these questions will be to make a quotation. Turning therefore to page 27 we find: "Oct. 10.—Leave Nottingham at 10, in carriage with post-horses. 11 miles to Newstead Abbey (Lord Byron's), passing Westwell Hall, Duke of St. Alban's. Newstead very interesting, on a lake, the older parts of the Abbey beautifully preserved, and the Italian gardens exquisite. The monument (tomb) to the memory of the poet's dog, Boatswain, being very conspicuous. From Newstead 3 miles farther to Annesley Hall, where Mary Chaworth, Byron's first love, lived; a beautiful park of 800 acres, an old Elizabethan house, with heavy mullioned windows and court-yards; a most charming Italian garden, heavy stone balustrades and pilasters, with large stone balls on top; an old church immediately adjoining and in connection with the house, 900 years old. Mary Chaworth's flower-garden exists just as it did in her day, and a little oaken door in the garden wall still shows the marks of Lord Byron's balls, who used it as a target. From here 2 miles to Hucknall, where, in the old

church, built in 1100, is a mural tablet on which is inscribed, 'George Gordon, Lord Byron of Rochdale, Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, born in London, 1788, died at Missolonghi, 1824.' From here to Wollaton Hall, Lord Middleton's, a superb, ornate, though gloomy house, with a splendid avenue and numerous deer. Back to Nottingham by 5, where, taking the train, reach Derby at 6. Bill at Nottingham £2 7s.; carriage to Newstead, £1 15s.; lunch, 6s.; fare to Derby, 10s. Total, £4 18s. for a party of four."

The above is a fair specimen of the author's manner of imparting his instructions, though most of the entries are shorter, while a few are much more elaborate, such as the description of the Villa Pallavicini, copied elsewhere in our Art Department.

Whoever reads "Skeleton Tours" will be likely to have his nomadic propensities pretty thoroughly awakened, but the author has performed a work which will be very gratefully received by tourists; and it is to be hoped that he will occupy the field more thoroughly before some bore gets into it and destroys the confidence of the public.

The American Annual Cyclopædia for 1869. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

THE endeavor of the Israelites to make their quota of bricks without straw was scarcely a more cruel and hopeless task than would be the labors of the student without the assistance which he gets from cyclopædias. Whatever may have been possible in the time of Bayle and Voltaire and Diderot, the boundaries of human knowledge have now been pushed far beyond the capacity of any individual mind, and the most that we can hope is that its essence and necessary facts may be condensed within the limits of a single work.

The greatest work, undoubtedly, that was ever done for American literature was done by the Appletons when they published the American Cyclopædia; and they are doing a work scarcely less important, and even more necessary, in compiling the supplementary volumes which they issue every year. The information contained in these volumes is of the utmost value to legislators, editors, economists, and students generally; and it would be utterly impossible to procure it elsewhere, or, if possible, only with great labor and difficulty. As long as Appleton's Annual is issued, we may feel certain that at least one valuable work will be published every year.

The Annual for 1869 is a complete register of the important events of that year, "embracing political, civil, military, and social affairs; public documents; biography, statistics, commerce, finance, literature, science, agriculture, and mechanical industry." Its manner of execution is already familiar to the public, and the highest praise that we know how to bestow upon the present volume is to say that it is fully up to the level of the preceding ones. It is embellished by portraits on steel of Hamilton Fish, our Secretary of State; of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and of Pope Pius the IXth,—a mild genial-looking, and intelligent gentleman, whom one would scarcely think capable of the antics which he has been exhibiting for the past year or so.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Man and Wife. By WILKIE COLLINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 239. Illustrated.

Days of Bruce. By GRACE AGUILAR. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 353, 229. Illustrated.

Miriam Alroy. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 108.

Silvia, A Novel. By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 206.

Life and Letters, Lectures and Addresses of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Complete in one volume. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 840.

Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens, with a Sketch of the Author. By GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. 8vo, paper, pp. 147. Illustrated.

John, A Love Story. By MRS. OLIPHANT. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 110.

The Captive, Fallen Spirits, and other Poems. By INMAN. New York: 4to, cloth, gilt, pp. 70.

On Sea-Sickness. By FORDYCE BARKER, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 36.

The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law, &c., &c. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 99.

True to Herself, A Romance. By F. W. ROBINSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 173.

SCIENCE.

Value of Sunflowers.—Persons who are condemned to live in the fens of Lincolnshire may be glad to learn that a simple method has been discovered of neutralizing the deleterious influence of marshy exhalations. M. Martin, in a memoir presented by him to the Société Thérapeutique de France, affirms that this desirable result may be obtained by the cultivation on a large scale of the sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*). The experiment has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, and the Dutch, who, from the peculiar nature of their country, have every opportunity of studying such phenomena, and must be looked upon as high authorities on the subject, have a firm faith in this specific, asserting that intermittent fever, the scourge of the country, has totally disappeared from every district in which a

fair trial has been given to it. The fact appears to be proved, but the *modus operandi* is uncertain; it being a disputed question whether the sunflower acts on the atmosphere merely like any other plant of rapid growth by the production of oxygen, or whether, like the coniferæ, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the germs, animal and vegetable, generally supposed to constitute the miasms which produce fever when present in the atmosphere in large quantities.

The Size of Atoms.—Sir William Thomson contributes an important paper on the "Size of Atoms" to "Nature," and thus sums up:—"The four lines of argument which I have now indicated lead all to substantially the same estimate of the dimensions of molecular structure. Jointly they establish, with what we cannot but regard as a very high degree of probability, the conclusion that in any ordinary liquid, transparent solid, or seemingly opaque solid, the mean distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than the hundred-millionth, and greater than the two thousand millionth of a centimetre. To form some conception of the degree of coarse-grainedness indicated by this conclusion, imagine a raindrop or a globe of glass as big as a pea to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule to be magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be coarser grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of cricket-balls."

Deep-Sea Water.—During the progress of the reasearches in the voyages of H.M.S. Porcupine, sea-water was brought up from various depths for chemical analysis; and attention was early called to the character of its retained gases. Near the surface it was found that the gas consisted of about 24 or 25 per cent. of carbonic acid, the rest being chiefly oxygen and nitrogen, but at greater depths the proportion of carbonic acid greatly increased, and reached 45 per cent. at 700 fathoms. After storms of wind, however, by which the surface of the ocean had been much agitated, the quantity of its carbonic acid was very much diminished. In one of the surface specimens taken scarcely any was found at all, and its absence was at first set down to some error in analysis. Afterwards, however, it was remembered that this water had been dipped up from abaft the paddles of the steamer, and not, as usual, at the bow. The inference from these facts is that the agitation of the sea by storms, by liberating its superficial carbonic acid, and thus permitting the ascent of that which is constantly formed by the abundant animal life below, furnishes one of the conditions which render the continuance of that life possible. The inquiry into the sources of food for the deep-sea animals resolves itself into the single question of the maintenance of the globigerina, or chalk animalcules. Directly or indirectly, all their neighbors can live upon them, but it was at first difficult to conjecture how they could live themselves. Professor Wyville Thompson has suggested that they may be supported by the organic matter diffused through the deep-sea water, and analysis has shown that such organic matter is present in considerable quantities, and in assimilable, as distinguished from decomposing forms. Besides the analyses conducted on board, some specimens

of water were brought to Professor Frankland, and he has fully confirmed the conclusions that had been reached.

A French savant has invented a method of preserving paleontological specimens. All fossil bones, upon being exposed to the air, are apt to fall away into dust. To prevent this, it is proposed to form over them a solution of silicate of potash. The liquid is absorbed immediately, and thoroughly hardens the objects.

The Absorbing Power of the Sun.—"It is absolutely certain," says a writer to the *Edinburgh Review*, "that all planetary matter is inevitably gravitating towards the sun, which will be the common bourne of our system. 'As surely,' writes Sir William Thompson, 'as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from a source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun; not one can escape its fiery end. As it has been proved by geology that our earth had a fiery beginning, so it is shown by the law of gravitation that it will have a fiery end.'"

A Field Transformed into a Lake.—The *North German Correspondent* says—A singular phenomenon has been witnessed in the vicinity of a village in Upper Austria. On the 19th inst., the soil covering several yokes of land in the neighborhood of Moll, a few leagues from the town of Steyer, suddenly fell in with a crash like thunder, and where the oats were waving a few seconds before, there suddenly appeared a lake. The water of this newest addition to Upper Austrian scenery is clear, its temperature is very low, and it is said to have much resemblance to that of the glacier lakes. Though the river Steyer passes the place at no great distance, it does not appear that any communication exists between them: at all events, there is reason to believe that the lake received no contribution to its waters from the river, though the contrary may be possible. The water of the stream is said to be chemically different from that contained in the newly-discovered natural reservoir. As may be supposed, all sorts of theories have been invented to explain this surprising phenomenon. According to one of them, the ground had been gradually undermined by the action of subterranean water, and the fall of the roof of the space thus hollowed out occurred as a matter of course. The village of Moll is situated at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and the spot where the lake is now to be found was before this unexpected change a gently undulating plain.

The Detection of Logwood Color in Wine.—This is an important application of chemistry to hygiene, and may interest some of our readers. In the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April, M. Lapeyrière states that, while studying some of the properties of the coloring principle of logwood, he found that the hematine it contains yields a sky-blue color with salts of copper. In order to apply this test to wines for detecting if they are doctored with logwood, it is only necessary to place strips of good filtering-paper, Swedish being preferred, into an aqueous solution of neutral

acetate of copper, and, after drying, use one of these slips to test the wine suspected to be adulterated with logwood color, by dipping the paper into the wine; and, on removing it from that fluid, care should be taken to cause the adhering drop of wine to flow backwards and forwards over the paper, which is next rapidly but carefully dried. If the wine be as it naturally ought to be, the color exhibited after drying will be gray, or rose-red grayish; but, if logwood is present, the tinge will be distinctly sky-blue.

Dust and the Germ Theory of Disease.—The *Scientific American* reports that the New York Officers of Health have been examining the dust of the air in the city. Over one hundred specimens of the particles floating in the air and falling as dust were collected on plates of glass, and were examined under the microscope. The proportions of the different ingredients varied, but the same substances were found in all the specimens. The composition of the matter subjected to the microscope was as follows:—"The dust of the streets, in its finer or coarser particles, according to the height at which it had been collected, with a large proportion of organic elements; particles of sand, of quartz, and felspar; of carbon, from coal-dust, and lampblack; fibres of wool and cotton of various tints; epidermic scales; granules of starch, of wheat, mainly the tissues of plants; the epidermic tissue, recognized by the stomata, or breathing pores; vegetable ducts and fibres, with spiral markings; vegetable hairs or down, either single or in tufts of four or eight, and of great variety, and three distinct kinds of pollens. Fungi were abundant, from mere micrococcus granules to filaments of mould. When water was added to a portion of dust, from whatever source, and exposed in a test-tube to sunlight or heat for a few hours, vibrios and bacteria made their appearance."

Artificial Teeth.—The following account of the mode of making teeth is from one of the United States' scientific journals, and it may suggest something to those interested in such matters:—"It is stated that at least 3,000,000 of teeth are annually made in this country alone. The first operation, according to the method of manufacture pursued at one of the most extensive and celebrated establishments, is the choosing of the materials. These are felspar, silica, and clay. To these are added various metallic oxides to produce any shade of color desired. The felspar, clay, etc., are ground to an impalpable powder under water, dried, and made into a paste. That composing the body of the tooth is of different materials from that composing the base or enamel. The teeth are made in brass moulds, and this is quite a delicate process. The enamel is first put in place with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are fastened to the plate, are placed in position, and then the body is pressed into the mould. They are then submitted to powerful pressure and dried. After being dried, they are submitted to a process called biscuiting, in which they can be cut like chalk. They are then sent to the trimmers, who scrape off all projections, and fill up all depressions which may have been left in the operation of moulding.

and then wash them with what is technically termed enamel. This is composed of various substances, more fusible than the tooth itself, and answers the glaze in common porcelain-making. It is ground to a fine powder, and suspended in water, and is laid on with a camel-hair brush. They are now sent to the gummery, who apply the gum. This is chiefly composed of oxide of gold, and is applied in the same manner as the enamel. After being dried, they are burned. This operation is carried on in a muffle. The teeth are placed on a bed of crushed quartz, which is placed on a slab of refractory clay. After being exposed to an intense heat for some hours, they are taken out, cooled, and assorted."

Action of Alcohol on the Body.—A paper was read before the Royal Society in May by Professor Parkes and the Count Wollowicz, M.D., detailing their experiments on the action of ordinary alcohol on the human body. Among the results were the following:—Small quantities of absolute alcohol (1 and 2 fluid ounces—respectively to 28.4 and 56.8 c.c.), given in divided doses to a perfectly healthy man, seemed to increase his appetite; 4 fluid ounces lessened it considerably, and larger quantities almost destroyed it. In other healthy persons it may be different from the above, while in most cases of disease it seems probable that a much smaller amount of alcohol would destroy appetite. The number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours (as calculated from eight observations made in fourteen hours) increases very largely—viz., an average of more than 13 per cent.; while the actual work done by the heart in excess was found to be equal to lifting 15.8 tons 1 foot, and during the two last days of the experiment it did extra work to the amount of 24 tons lifted as far.

The Fossil Horse in Missouri.—In a paper read before the St. Louis Academy of Science, and reported in the *American Naturalist* for March, Mr. G. C. Broadhead records some interesting facts on the above subject. Alluding to the fact that horse remains had been found in the altered drift of Kansas, he says he is now able to announce that similar remains have recently been discovered in a well at Papinville, Bates county, Missouri. Mr. O. P. Ohlinger procured a tooth at the depth of thirty-one feet from the surface, resting in a bed of sand beneath a four-inch stratum of bluish clay and gravel. Above the last was thirty feet ten inches of yellowish clay reaching to the surface. Beneath the sand, containing the tooth, was a gravel bed five feet in thickness, consisting mostly of rounded pebbles resembling river gravel, generally hornstone, many partially, and some firmly adhering together. Other pebbles shown him from the same bed were of iron ore, coal, and micaceous sandstone. He was farther informed that some remains of fluviatile shells were found. He sent the tooth to Professor Joseph Leidy of Philadelphia, who pronounced it to be the last upper molar of a horse, probably an extinct species. From a similar gravel bed on the banks of Marais des Cygnes, a fragment of a tusk was given him resembling very much that of a mammoth. Its whole length was said to be seven feet four inches. About ten

miles above Papinville, the banks of Marais des Cygnes River appear to be of a similar formation to the well of Ohlinger, consisting of about twelve feet of brown sandy clay resting on ten feet of blue clay with many pebbles of worn gravel at the lower part. These gravel beds he considers as of more recent age than the drift, but older than the bluff or loess, and regards them as altered drift. They seem rather to abound on the Osage and its tributaries, and are often reached in digging wells.

Antiquity of Man in North America.—In the Transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences (vol. i. part 2) Dr. J. W. Foster contributes a paper of some interest relative to the above. He gives man a great antiquity, and refers to the discovery in California by Professor Whitney of a human skull buried deep in the gold drift, and covered with five successive overflows of lava.

Isothermal Phenomena.—Professor Dove, the well-known meteorologist, has read a paper at the Academy of Sciences, Berlin, on the temperature of last winter. The cold throughout Germany was, he remarks, severe. In February, the mean temperature near Königsberg corresponded to that of Archangel, Catherinenburg, and Orenburg; at Ratibor (Silesia) it agreed with Smolensk; Breslau was colder than Moscow; Tilsit had exchanged with Novgorod; Berlin had the low temperature of Abo; Schwerin had become Kieff; Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, were Memel; Treves was Posen; and Wiesbaden dreaded the loss of its reputation as the German Montpellier, for it was colder than Elbing, in East Prussia. This extraordinary weather lasted from the middle of January to February 21, when it was suddenly broken up by a south-west wind which streamed across Western and Central Europe. Beyond the Atlantic, there was a remarkable contrast; for during January the weather in New York was as warm as May, flowers were in bloom, and rain fell abundantly. To those who know what American winters usually are, these facts will appear incredible. Professor Dove is working out the explanation of the phenomena: meanwhile, he states as a law that in Europe anomalous cold generally moves from east to west, and onwards in the same direction to America; while the anomalous warmth that commonly succeeds travels in the contrary direction—that is, west to east.

Relation between Temperature of the Earth and Sun-spots.—Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-royal for Scotland, has made a long series of observations on the temperature of the earth with underground thermometers, and is thereby led to conclude that some relation exists between this temperature and the amount of sun spots, and that it takes place in a certain order, deducible from the observations. Following this out to a conclusion, he is of opinion that next winter will be unusually severe throughout the British Islands.

Light in the Sea.—As we mentioned some months ago, a very important question is: To what depth does daylight penetrate the sea? If

the light does not reach the bottom, how is the color of shells and animals living at even the greatest depths to be accounted for? Mr. C. W. Siemens, whose name we have often mentioned, has invented an apparatus by which the problem will perhaps be solved. A rotating disk, fitted within an iron framework, is connected with an electric coil and with the wires leading from a battery. The disk carries six glass tubes, each containing a small roll of sensitive paper. The apparatus is sunk to any required depth; the electric current is passed; causes the disk to make a slight turn, which brings one of the tubes from the dark chamber; strips off its cover, and exposes it to whatever light may be diffused in the water, and to light concentrated by a lens fixed in the upper part of the iron framework. If, as before remarked, the light does descend to great depths, the sensitive paper will be darkened generally, and the concentrated light will produce a black spot. And if there be any phosphorescent light, the effect of that will be seen on the under side of the paper. The experiments can be repeated at different depths until the six tubes have all been tested, after which they may be hauled up, and a fresh supply inserted. In this contrivance, Mr. Siemens has again shown proof of his philosophical ingenuity, and we trust he may succeed.

"On the Mechanical Firing of Steam-boilers" is the title of a paper read at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, which ought to be interesting to all who burn coal under steam-boilers. The paper shows that if the coal is brought gradually into the furnace upon an endless iron web, a much smaller quantity is consumed, and the engine does more duty than when the furnace is fed by hand. The Vickers mechanical furnace in use at Seaham Colliery, county Durham, is described as the most successful of all, inasmuch as it will burn the small coal known among the miners as "peas" and "duff," and which can be bought at the pit's mouth at from one shilling to three shillings per ton. Another advantage of the mechanical furnace is that it consumes all the smoke.

Steel Rails.—The use of steel rails for railways is increasing, and apparently not without reason; for the "life" of a steel rail is reckoned to be five times as long as that of an iron rail. From experiments made in the United States, the engineers of that country estimate the life of a steel rail at forty years; and if the estimate is well founded, it would be more economical to lay steel rails than to lay the best iron rails, even if they were a free gift.

The Combustion of the Diamond.—Professor Morren, of Marseilles, recently laid a paper before the French Academy (May 2) on the combustion of the diamond in various gases. When the diamond has been heated in a platina tube, through which some hydro-carburetted gas has passed, the diamond becomes covered with an adhering black layer, which does not alter the diamond, and can easily be removed by a simple elevation of the temperature. This elevation should not be carried too far, however, as it would change the polish of the stone and its brilliancy; but if, instead of such

a gas as the above, pure dry hydrogen is passed through the tube, the diamond may be submitted to a higher temperature without in any way altering its appearance. If carbonic acid be used this gas is decomposed, and oxygen and carbonic oxide are formed in the tube. But this decomposition takes place when there is no diamond in the tube, and is, therefore, merely an effect of the temperature. When the diamond is heated in oxygen it burns, being surrounded by a sort of halo; and after a certain time it completely disappears. If the diamond be examined with a microscope before it has entirely disappeared, it is seen that the faces of the crystal, instead of being a plane, are covered with a number of small elementary facettes.

ART.

An Italian Villa.—In his charming little volume "Skeleton Tours," which we have taken occasion to commend elsewhere, Mr. Sargent gives the following description of the Villa Pallavicini, near Genoa:—After seeing the town [Genoa], drive a few miles to the Villa Pallavicini, not usually visited by travellers, but more remarkable than any gardens in Italy, or possibly in the world. The estate is kept in order by 20 directors, 8 gardeners, and 30 assistants, the usual pay being two to three francs a day. You pass from the house on to a superb terrace of white marble, having a very extended view over the city and the Mediterranean, as far as the mountains of Corsica; below, a series of terraces with white marble balustrades and steps—these terraces bordered by espaliers of oranges and lemons, 20 feet high, and standard camellias (10 to 20 feet high) of every color, in full flower; these were interspersed with large azalias and rhododendrons, also in bloom. From the other side of the house you enter (through avenues of laurel and laurestinus, heath in flower 12 to 15 feet high, eight or ten varieties of holly) the beautiful Grecian temple in white marble, with exquisite frescos. On the other side of this is a long Italian walk, bordered by vases and planted with dwarf oranges in fruit, with a background of firs, and terminating in another beautiful temple. From this again you pass through narrow, tortuous walks, to a little rustic cottage, designed to show the contrast between high art and simple nature. Ascending through dense woods of holly, laurel, Portugal laurel, and sweet bay, surrounded by majestic Italian pines, you come suddenly upon a wild picturesque fall, the water brought five miles, forming a small lake in which the fish are fed at a cost of \$2.50 a day. This walk, with occasional stopping-places, indicated by rustic seats, leads to the summit of the mountain, upon which is a ruined tower with superb views in every direction. Descending the mountain through similar plantations, you come amidst dense undergrowth of yew and holly, upon some ruins intended to represent a city destroyed by war—mossy and ivy grown. A turn in the walk suddenly brings you in front of a cavern of stalactites, brought at great expense from every part of Italy; you pass through intense gloom and shadow for some way, presently emerging into a lighter cavern, 30 feet square, the crevices of the rocks overgrown and draped with

ivy and parasites, admitting sufficient daylight to perceive a large lake, occasionally appearing and disappearing between the columns and walls of a cavern. Your guide now saluting you, says, "Addio, Signor! I shall behold you in the Temple of Flora!" and suddenly leaves you. Presently, in the dim distant windings of this mysterious cavern, a gilded boat appears, propelled by a picturesque Charon; you enter, and after several minutes of alternate light and shade, passing through narrow, gloomy passages, where the dimmest light only is seen, and again into large caverns—luminous through crevices in vaulted roofs of rock—you suddenly emerge into the bright sun in a beautiful lake. In the centre is an island on which stands a most charming and exquisitely-sculptured temple, containing a statue of Diana; at some little distance, in the water, are four statues of the Tritons. There are several other small islands, connected by Chinese bridges elaborate in color and gold; under one you have, from your boat, a most exquisite view of the Mediterranean, some 700 feet below. On another side of this little lake is a charming garden, surrounded by dense, umbrageous plantations of arbutus, oleander, and laurestinus, containing a parterre exquisitely laid out and planted in azalias and camellias of every shade of color; in the midst stands a lovely little temple of purest marble, called the Temple of Flora. Here you disembark, and are again received by your former guide, who informs you that this grotto and lake cost nine hundred thousand francs, and occupied four hundred men daily for two years to complete it. Passing a cork-tree, said to be the largest in Italy, you come to a rustic bridge leading to a summer house, beyond which is a swing. On crossing the bridge, a loose plank touching a spring covers you with water; running into the rustic-house to escape this, you find yourself the centre of four horizontal sheets of water. If you attempt the swing, you are drenched from all the adjacent trees.

A Painting by Correggio rescued.—In the palaces of the kings of Spain there was only one copy of Correggio, and there was therefore nothing in them to give up to the Museo del Rey. But the Escorial was able to supply this deficiency, as it had done in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. It has given to the museum one of the most beautiful as well as least known works of Correggio. This precious picture had been hidden under a cover of paint, with which it had been outrageously smudged, under pretence of veiling some very innocent nudities. Happily, some one guessed what was concealed under this sacrilegious covering; it was removed skilfully, and now the picture of Correggio, which had been thus protected from the ravages of time, has assumed the fresh and brilliant coloring which three centuries would necessarily have injured. The figures are half the size of life, and there is a landscape background; the subject is that usually known as the *Noli me tangere*, and represents the appearance of Jesus after His resurrection to Mary Magdalen. On her knees, her hands joined, her head cast down, the Magdalen drags her rich garments in the dust. The attitude of the Saviour, in whose hands the painter has placed a spade, is truly admirable, as also is the expression of His counte-

nance. Nothing in the work of the pencil can surpass the execution of that fine figure, the soft tints and harmonious colors which stand out against the deep blue of the sky and the dark green of a thick foliage. This is a true and complete Correggio, a charming picture, which, without possessing through its proportions and subject the importance of his great compositions in Parma or Dresden, yet yields in charm and value to none of the rare works of its immortal author.—*From the Wonders of Italian Art.*

Delaroche's Picture of the Execution of Lady Jane Grey.—Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, and Paul Delaroche were arguing upon which feature in a figure-subject an artist mainly relied for giving dramatic intensity to his conceptions. The two former agreed that, above all things, perhaps the eloquence of the eye was most indispensable, especially if the thoughts to be embodied were in any degree of a pathetic nature. Delaroche dissented, and remained unconvinced, though confronted with his own magnificent work, "Marie Antoinette Condemned," which really seems to have been painted to illustrate the astonishing power and variety of emotion the eye is capable of expressing. He then undertook to compose a picture the story of which should be of the most distressing nature conceivable, and yet represent the subject pictorially through the medium of five eyeless personages! This noble masterpiece is the result. It may be interesting to add that the engraving from this work—though only 14 inches by 11½—occupied the engraver twenty-five years, and cost £4,500.

Blackening a Dancing Figure.—A good deal of excitement has been caused by an attempt, on the part of some person unknown, to disfigure the group in front of the New Opera House in Paris, executed by M. Carpeaux, by breaking a bottle of ink over it. The group in question when first exposed was variously criticised, some people contending that the artist deserved well of his country for launching into something original, and others declaring that his originality was nothing but indecency. The centre figure of the group is a man holding aloft a tambourine, and beneath him are some naked women dragging each other round in a ring, and supposed to be dancing. It must be acknowledged that these nude figures seem heartily ashamed of being thus exposed to the public gaze. A great outcry has been raised against the author of this piece of vandalism, and no such attack has been made on a public monument since a gentleman broke the nose of one of the colossal female figures in the Place de la Concorde because the lady resembled his wife. A similar outrage has been committed in the garden of the Luxembourg. A bottle of ink was thrown over the marble group of Acis and Galatea of the Médicis fountain.

Restoration of the Alhambra.—The Spanish Cortes have recently made a grant of 65,000 dollars towards the restoration and preservation of this building; and in the *Revista de España* for April 25, Señor Raphael Contreras discusses the project of turning it into a museum for Oriental antiquities. There are a variety of other projects under consideration in Spain for the collection,

classification, and preservation of the Celtiberian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Hebrew, Arabic, Hispano-Arabic, and Christian historical antiquities now in process of dispersion and destruction throughout the country. S. Contreras offers some suggestions for their temporary preservation.

Subscriptions are being made in England toward the long-contemplated renovation of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that Dean Milman's ideas will possibly be carried out at last. The *Athenaeum* suggests that before any large amount of money is spent, a part of one of the side-aisles ought to be colored by way of experiment. It also wishes that some of the wretched statuary could be expelled.

Prizes for the best designs for a Schiller monument, to be erected in the Schiller-place at Vienna, have been offered, and 50,000 francs have been already subscribed.

A statue of Leonardo da Vinci is to be erected in Milan.

VARIETIES.

Hereditary Peculiarities.—An officer whose little finger had accidentally been cut across, and had in consequence become crooked, transmitted the same defect to his offspring. Another officer, wounded at the battle of Eylau, had a scar reproduced on the foreheads of his children. When the new-born infants of Europeans are compared with those of savage nations, the shape of the toes in the former is found to have been modified by the fact that their parents were in the habit of wearing shoes. It has often been observed that the Hapsburg, or Austrian royal family, for some generations back, have had a thick upper lip, which first appeared after an ancestor of theirs had intermarried with the Polish family of Jagellon. A gentleman communicates the information that he has himself witnessed a single white lock of hair in two successive generations of a family, which family moreover bore a surname that may possibly have been first suggested by the phenomenon now described. Observations analogous to those which have been recorded have been made also in the case of the lower animals. In Carolina, a dog which had accidentally lost its tail transmitted the defect to its descendants for three or four generations. A sheep in Massachusetts, with a long body and short legs, in 1791 became the progenitor of an apparently permanent breed, possessing the same characteristics. This now occurs in various parts of North America, is called the otter sheep, and is prized by farmers, as its short limbs prevent its being able to leap over the fences.

There were Giants in those Days.—In one of his recent lectures, Prof. Silliman alluded to the discovery of the skeleton of an enormous lizard of eighty feet. From this the professor inferred, as no living specimen of such magnitude has been found, that the species which it represents has become degenerated. The verity of his position he endeavored to enforce by allusion to the well-known existence of giants in olden times. The following is the list upon which this singular hy-

pothesis is based: The giant exhibited at Rouen, in 1830, the professor says measured nearly eighteen feet. Gorapius saw a girl that was ten feet high. The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was ten feet high. The giant Ferregusa, slain by Orlando, a nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high. In 1814, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isorant, who was no less than thirty feet high. In 1850, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high. The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1704 near the river Moderi. In 1823, near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, sixteen wide, and eight high, on which was cut in gray stone these words: "Kintolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the back. We have no doubt that "there were giants in those days," and the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, several of whom were even smaller than the Thumbs and Nuts of our own time.

Marvels of Memory.—The following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible, had they not been given to us upon the highest authority:

Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides.

It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the *Æneid*; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to

take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

Illumination of St. Peter's.—The tramontana was still blowing, not hard, indeed, but enough to make the task of the 365 lamplighters employed not only unpleasant but difficult. In a perfect calm, the right course is to go first to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and see all the lines of the architecture picked out in light. I elected to take first the view from the Pincian. At that distance the mischance of a few lamps here or there did not signify; and what one saw was an edifice not so much illuminated as itself of fire. I never saw the architectural design to better advantage, inasmuch that I said to myself, "Now, this is St. Peter's as it existed in the architect's mind before he had to do it in stone and lead." Yet there is a novelty in the fiery design. The outline of the dome and the cupola surmounting it becomes more flowing and graceful, and acquires even an Oriental character. At that distance the illuminated colonnade vaguely suggests a region of light out of which rises its own fitting temple. The sky was a clear green, and the stars a pale blue, over the redder fires of human art. The sword of Orion hung just over the cross as the illumination was completed. But the chief contrast was that of the glowing pile with all the domes and towers and towering edifices between us, on the Pincian, and the fading twilight. In a moment—and had one not been looking that way, one must have missed it—a shower or mantle of brighter glory seemed to fall from heaven, and, beginning with the cross, changed every light to a brighter and purer flame. It is scarcely possible to conceive how it is done, but the change is really instantaneous. At first the wind blew flakes and sheets of fire far away from every part, as in our own city conflagrations, but soon the lights were all as steady as before, and much more brilliant. The effect is due, not to a multitude of smaller lights, but, I believe, to only 4,000 large ones—literally fire-pots. By this arrangement the design of the dome is improved, even in its lower portion, or bulb, the lines being relieved with what we should call lozenge-shaped interruptions. Later in the night, when even the larger lamps were beginning to expire, and the smaller ones were mostly out, I went to the Piazza. From the bridge of St. Angelo what one saw was a mountain, as irregular as an Alp, and any height one might imagine, for it might be near and it might be far, all of a glow, as if it had burst out of the burning centre of the earth by the fracture of its crust. It looked an incandescent mass, the stones only glowing somewhat less vividly than the flames themselves, bursting out where they could. The Piazza itself

was almost as light as day, and, as it were, wrapped in the surrounding, though now expiring flames. So closed Easter Day, 1870.—*The Correspondent of the Times*.

English Authorised Bible.—Mr. Faber, writing as a Roman Catholic, says: Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

Flogging in Russia.—Many noble ladies have been flogged in Russia; indeed, anecdotes of such flagellations could be multiplied to almost any extent. It was stated a few years ago in a German newspaper that three of the most beautiful women of St. Petersburg were driven direct from one of the imperial balls in their own carriages, in all their finery of satin and lace, to the police station, and, after being mounted on a man's shoulders, with their dress tucked up, were smartly whipped with a birch rod. No explanation was given, but they were dismissed with the significant caution to hold their tongues in future. At another imperial party some young ladies, who had been chatting too freely, were politely escorted by a *maitre d'hôtel* to a distant apartment, where, being made to kneel over an ottoman, they were severally smacked by a female housekeeper with their satin slippers, and then sent home.—*A History of the Rod in all Countries*.

The Dickens Family.—With respect to Mr. Dickens's family it may be news to many to hear that he had ten children (eight of whom are living), namely, two daughters and eight sons. Of the sons one is in the Royal Navy, and now stationed at Valparaiso; one in India, and two sheep-farming in Australia, near Melbourne. The youngest of the sons is at college, and the eldest is now the conductor of *All the Year Round*. Of the daughters, one is married to Charles Collins, brother to Wilkie Collins. She is the heroine of Millais's famous painting of the "Black Brunswicker." The unmarried daughter, like Miss Thackeray, is a novelist of more than average talent, her best known works being, "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," and "Veronica." The best and largest photographs of Dickens were taken in America, and a large supply of them is daily expected in England.—*Court Journal*.



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BLAISE PASCAL.

